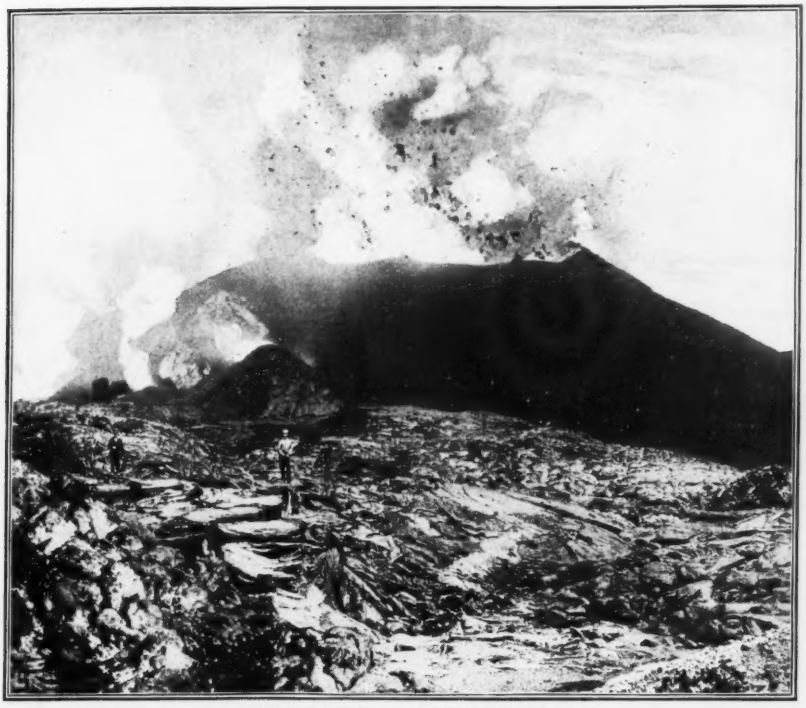
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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VESUVIUS DURING A RECENT ERUPTION.

VESUVIUS, DESTROYER OF CITIES.

BY B. F. FISHER.

THE feeling of him who for the first time sees looming in the distance Vesuvius, destroyer of cities, is one of awe not unmixed with admiration. As one approaches nearer the dark, somber wastes and looks up at the smoke-wreathed brow of the "burning mountain," one cannot help thinking of the history of devastation and ruin which surrounds it. The fate of Pompeii, through whose ruins we are to pass in our ascent to the flaming crater, comes to our minds. The stately streets and pillared houses, the men and women pursuing their usual vocations without a thought of danger, life going busily on as in many other Roman cities—then the sudden destruction which this monster volcano had been brewing for centuries.

More than eighteen centuries ago—and yet the story of that dreadful day is as plain now as it was to the younger Pliny as he wrote the only good account which survives of the destruction of the splendid city. The number of lives blotted out can only be guessed at, but the mode of death can be seen in the moulds of bodies

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AFTER THE ERUPTION.

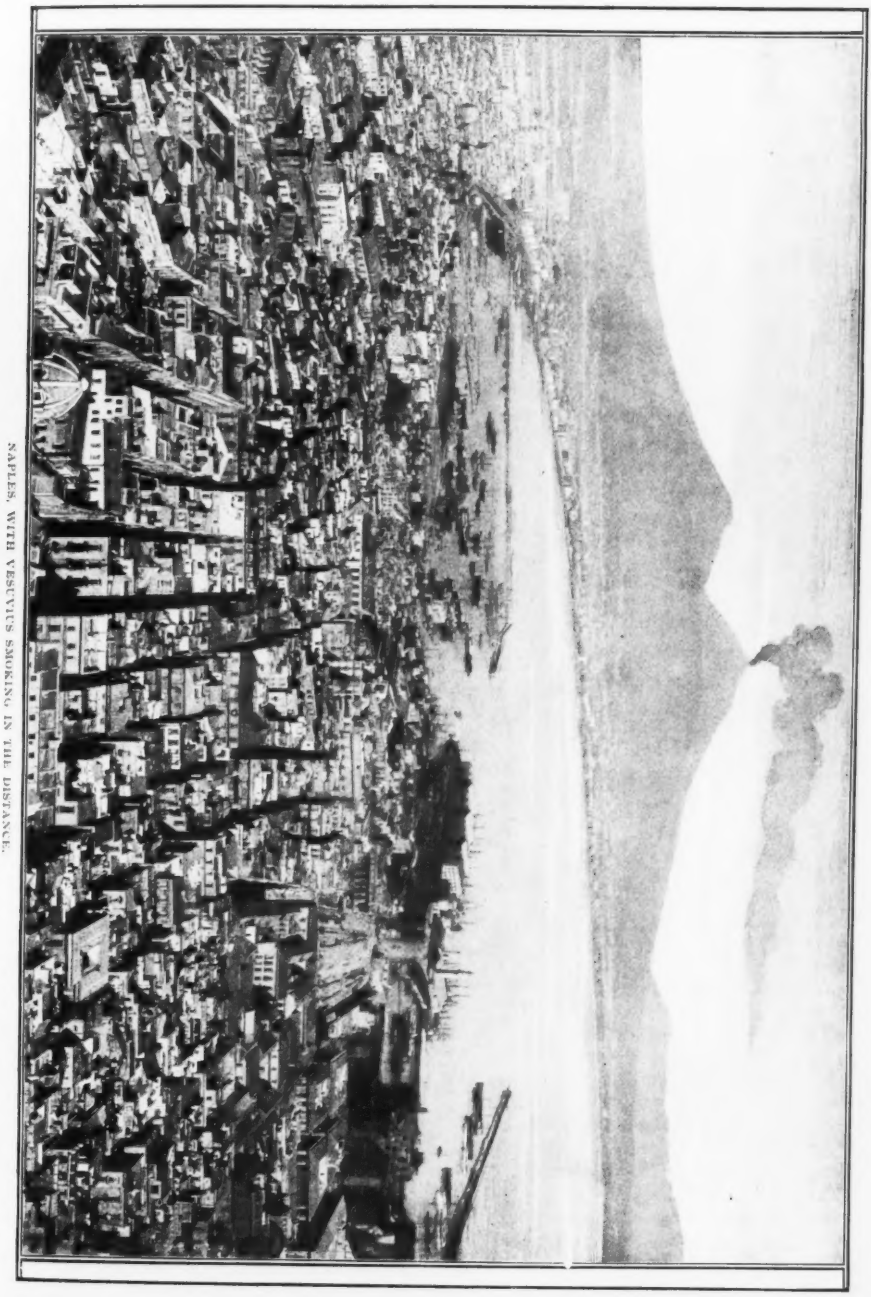
which have been obtained from the ashes of the dead city and which are preserved in the observatory on the spur of the mountain, twenty-two thousand feet above the sea. The sculptor in search of a tragic subject could nowhere find anything approaching these human beings suddenly turned to statues, the gamut of emotions frozen in their features. Here is a mother found crouching over her babe in a last endeavor to protect it from the ashes and suffocating fumes, here a man roused from slumber with only awful fear in his tense face, here an old man in supplicating attitude, his faith in the gods unshattered on this final day of doom—all preserved for centuries under a stagnant sea of lead-colored lava.



A POMPEIAN RESIDENCE.

In view of the fate of Pompeii, one might think that cities would no longer spring up within striking-distance of Vesuvius, but, strangely enough, the people who inhabit the near-by towns refuse to profit by the warnings of the past and will not believe that what has been shall be again.

The town of Torre del Greco, for instance, has been overwhelmed by the wonderful power of Vesuvius sixteen times, yet the seventeenth city stands over the ruins of the first, only four and a half miles away from its destroyer.



NAPLES, WITH VESUVIUS SMOKING IN THE DISTANCE.

Perhaps there is a certain fascination in living in such close proximity to the volcano, such as attracts crowds to the cage of the tiger who has killed his keeper. "If he should escape——" you think, as you watch his every motion. But Vesuvius, unlike the beast, can never be tamed or chained. The best one can do is to hope for some sign of warning in time to effect an escape. The man who watched Vesuvius as the beast-tamer watched his captive was Professor Palmieri, who was in charge of the observatory. Each day he observed Vesuvius closely and he was able in many cases to predict its activity. He himself, however, admitted the uncertainty of being able to foresee its sudden outbursts with any degree of sureness. Indeed, during the eruption of thirty years ago his finely adjusted instruments failed to indicate any unusual disturbance. During this eruption he passed through one of the most terrible experiences which have ever fallen to the lot of any man. While two torrents of molten lava rushed down at each side of the observatory, and the inhabitants of Naples in the valley below were fleeing headlong with what few household goods they could carry with them, he stuck to his post. All the doors and blinds of the observatory were closed tight, but despite this the temperature rose rapidly to one hundred and seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit. The fiery sea surrounded it on all sides, and huge blocks of stone were ejected from the crater and fell around it. Professor Palmieri was unable to leave the observatory until two days had passed, when the mercury fell sufficiently. Deeds of instant bravery fade before his long record of service logically carried out in the face of such a force.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF POMPEII.

Tourists have invaded Vesuvius to such an extent that the ascent by day is no longer fraught with the difficulties that might be expected. The average visitor hires a tumbledown landau, with weary horses and lazy driver, and reaches the observatory after an uncomfortable drive. Here he boards the Vesuvius cable railway, which is an interesting and difficult bit of construction, its grade being often sixty-three per cent. Even after this road had

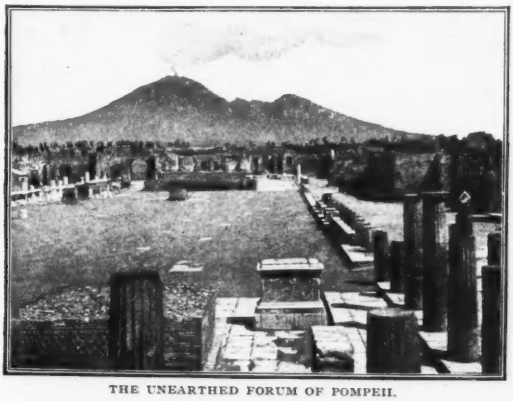
been built, troubles multiplied, for Vesuvius has always resented its presence and has repeatedly buried it in lava since its inauguration in 1880.

Our party had climbed the Alps of Switzerland and Austria and had camped on the mountain slopes of Italy and Greece, so we decided to avoid the usual group of tourists under careful guides and to make the ascent alone and by night when the full grandeur of Vesuvius can be seen at its height. We were informed that such a feat was unlawful and impossible of accomplishment, but we reasoned that judicious bribery could overcome the first objection, and as to its impracticability—that remained to be seen.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN SEBASTIANO IN 1872.

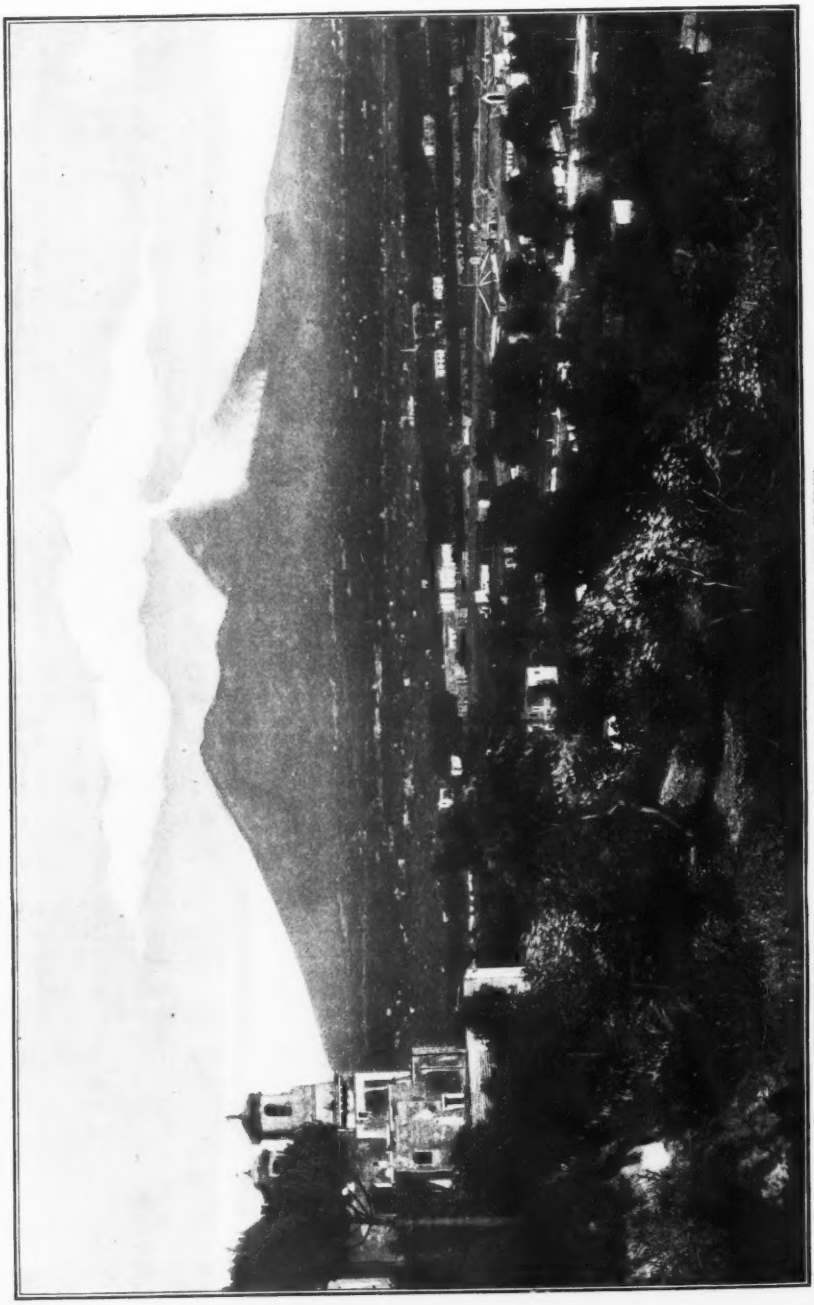
When we arrived at Pompeii we trudged past the guards innocently enough, though the brass tripod of our camera, which had to be smuggled through in my trouser-leg, tore the skin at every step. Once within the silent walls, a paltry bribe to the guards sufficed to make them overlook us as we photographed everything we wished. Then we hurried to the Gate of the Tombs, resolved to gain forbidden egress here instead of at the main entrance. The custodian, scenting prey, rushed up at full speed. We handed him a few coins, followed him through the creaking gate to the top of the broad wall, and, leaving him, descended from the crumbling lava blocks.



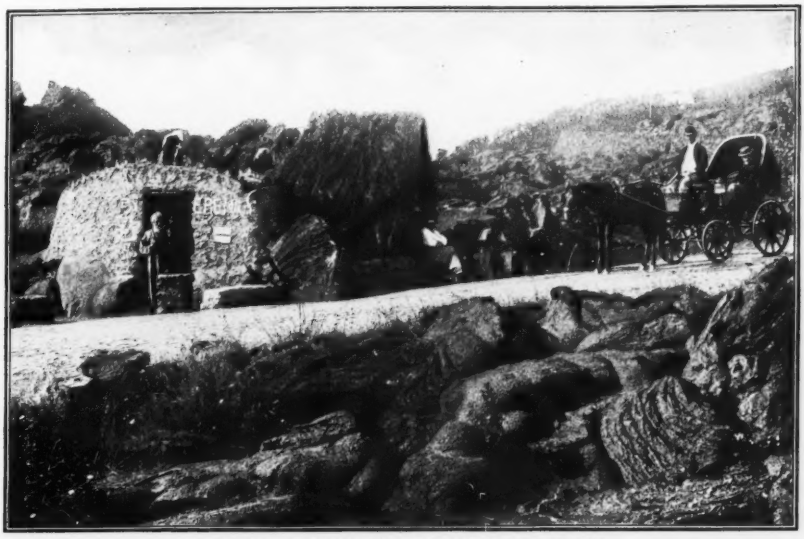
THE UNEARTHED FORUM OF POMPEII.

We stumbled through marsh lands and underbrush tenanted only by green lizards who scrambled away as we approached. Soon we entered Boscoreale, the last town on the nether slope—a second Pompeii on a smaller scale.

By this time we were hungry, and managed to find a restaurant which was at the same time the parlor, kitchen and dining-room. Here we procured quantities of bread, cheese, figs and sour wine, and we ate ravenously until we noticed that the sun had almost set. Evading the



LOOKING TOWARD VESUVIUS FROM NAPLES.



THE HUT OF A HERMIT ON THE ROAD TO THE CRATER.

crowd of guides and venders of souvenirs who had collected around us to get some of our money by different means, we struck off on the old road. The guards followed us angrily, and a good many epithets were exchanged as the two parties—the law-abiding and the lawless—proceeded up parallel ridges. Finally the guards raised their rifles, but a prompt display of revolvers on our part put an end to their hostile demonstration, and we continued our journey alone, leaving them to console themselves with the thought that our expedition could end only disastrously for us. A second party of guards appeared above us, but we deceived them by striking off



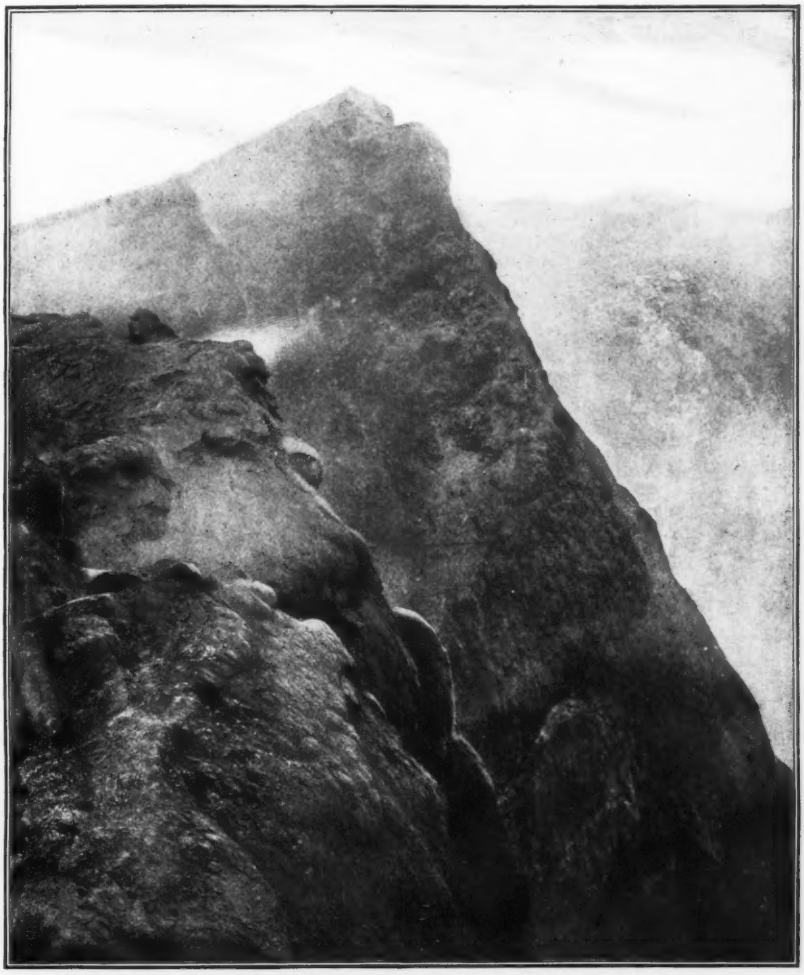
THE RAILWAY TO THE OBSERVATORY.

on a path leading to the new crater, a thousand feet below the main summit. Then, suddenly turning, we again ascended the pathless waste of scarred lava, cinders and ashes straight toward the lofty cone. At every step the ashes gave way, and sometimes we could not make more than three or four inches real progress with a long stride.

By this time the sun had set and the merest red glow illumined the western horizon. Past steam-holes we toiled, which breathed out heat and suffocating fumes. It was scarcely possible to see anything except the flaming crater which we had made our goal and the tiny glimmers of light along the shores of the Bay of Naples far below us. There was imminent danger of stepping into a lava-pit or steam-hole, and our fears increased as the choking fumes grew thicker. Suddenly, as we rounded the last slope, a sheet of flame and cinders burst from the crater with a rumbling which carried us almost off our feet and enveloped us in sulphur fumes so dense that we were obliged to throw ourselves flat on the ground to get breath, covering our faces with our handkerchiefs. How long we could have borne it, I do not know. Our thoughts were confused and there was no escape from the dense clouds which enveloped us so closely that we could judge that the others were near only from their coughing. After what seemed to us ages, the wind suddenly veered around and we breathed freely once more, with only the faintest sulphurous smell in the air. We drew back from the crater precipitately and were lucky enough to see in the red glow a little lava house half covered with cinders and ashes, dark and desolate. The door was partly open and we entered. Two rude benches stood against the wall and two mattress cots were spread on the floor near a small stove filled with charcoal. Best of all, an olive-oil lamp, of the most primitive kind—composed of a drinking-glass almost full of water supporting a thin layer of lighter oil on which rested a tiny wick floating on a base of



THE NEW ROAD TO VESUVIUS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CRATER DURING A PERIOD OF INACTIVITY.

cork—stood on a shelf, and we were not slow to light it. Its rays disclosed a huge earthen jug like those used by the Pompeians of centuries past.

We both ran toward it—almost afraid to lift it, for disappointment would have meant so much to us. The jug, however, was half full, and we drained it eagerly almost to the dregs. We wished ourselves anywhere but where we were, for the rumblings and flashes continued with greater and greater violence and we were in constant fear of destruction. The guards who occupied the little house which was now giving us shelter had evidently fled on the first sign of unusual violence from the monster volcano, for their hut was reasonably comfortable and the embers in the little stove were still glowing. The heat was becoming more and more intense, as the fumes from the crater swirled down around the hut. Its walls and floor grew hotter and hotter. Indications had for weeks pointed to an eruption, and every

appearance now verified that fear. In the darkness—for the light had now burnt out—I scrawled a note, so that if anything should happen we could be identified and the proper notifications sent.

When one knows all the facts about a danger to be met, one can logically nerve oneself to undergo the ordeal, but apprehension of the unknown is truly terrible. The man of iron nerve and physical courage who can hold a mob of his fellow-beings at bay, will often start with fear at an unfamiliar noise or sight. Vesuvius is practically unknown, and science can no more account for its slumber than for its violent outbursts. When one comes to sum up all the human knowledge on the subject, it is found to be slight, indeed, and one must content oneself with speculation. The record of its past we know, but the record of its future can only be guessed at. Even its physical aspects are not altogether clear. We know that about six hundred feet below the crater rim is a molten lake of lava constantly churning and splashing, but why this lake should be comparatively quiescent sometimes and eruptive at others one tries vainly to explain satisfactorily.

Whenever the smoke subsided and there was not much difficulty in breathing, I strolled out and gazed about me. Once, when Vesuvius's activity had partially quieted, I climbed to a point where I could obtain a view of the molten interior of the crater which has been answerable for almost eleven thousand human lives. As you stand on the brink, the isolated cases of deaths on the mountain slope or near the crater itself strike most terror to you. I could not help thinking of the story of the young Brazilian who, some fifteen years ago, had ascended Vesuvius, and, slipping at the crater's rim, had plunged to instant death. In the spring of 1873 thirteen ladies and gentlemen, who composed a party of tourists, visited Vesuvius during a period of inactivity. No sooner had they reached the summit, however, than a slight eruption occurred which opened a small lava-pit some feet below



POMPEII AND ITS DESTROYER.



THE OBSERVATORY.

and at the side of the main crater. In the sudden bright flashes of light they became confused, and two of them fell before they could reach higher ground, and were covered with molten lava. Of the entire party only four survived, for the rest were suffocated before they could crawl sufficiently far away to obtain a little air until the eruption ceased.

Any one who visits Vesuvius by night without guides must take the risk of a similar fate, and above all he must not give way to fear, for even a slow retreat in the darkness would be almost certain to end in a misstep and a plunge into one of the many reeking steam-holes.

Somehow, moment by moment, the long night dragged itself out. At length we could see through the rifts in the thick fumes the first bright, golden rays of daylight glancing on the cities and bay below us. Around our lava hut the effect was that of dim twilight except at intervals when the wind blew the smoke in another direction, and left us air to breathe and clear vision. We took every advantage of these brief intermissions to photograph all the aspects of the crater. Then we turned the camera on the splendid scene below and around us and obtained excellent views of the Bay of Naples.

The coming of day was a great relief and when we had finished making photographs we packed up our camera and abandoned the lava hut which had been such a welcome shelter to us in our distress. With a single leap down the sheer slope we cleared more space than we had been able to gain in twenty painful steps during the ascent. Rolling, jumping, falling and sliding in headlong haste we reached the base of the cone. Here we were confronted by a new difficulty, but after our experiences of the night, any merely human obstacle seemed slight in our estimation. The guards, with whom



VESUVIUS BEFORE THE LAST ERUPTION.

we could now recollect having exchanged heated words, had organized a little surprise party and were very eager to capture us and earn the reward offered for the arrest of those who break the law. We could see them in little groups below us, casting furtive glances upward as we descended, but all the while preserving the bearing of loafers at a corner grocery store, who had just dropped in to discuss the weather.

Perhaps the knowledge that Neapolitan justice moves slowly and by ways devious and incomprehensible to the foreigner, lent us agility. Moreover, our first offense—breaking through the gates without the usual formalities—meant only incarceration and the extortion of a heavy fine, but our display of weapons was punishable by at least six months in prison, and to have a summer pleasure-party end in an ill-kept foreign lock-up was not to be thought of.

By leaping over precipices, dodging behind lava masses and taking not a few chances we managed to evade the guards again, and, approaching Torre del Greco from the side, we trudged innocently past the custom-house and into the village. The inhabitants were already astir and moved to and fro before their curtains of drying macaroni.

Here we refreshed ourselves at a little inn, and then started back for Naples with the conviction that, no matter where we traveled—whether to the Rocky Mountains, the Caucasus Range, the Pyrenees or the Himalayas—we should never be able to pass through a night combined of greater horror, grandeur and danger.

SOME AMERICAN FIGURE-PAINTERS.

By Kenyon Cox.

IT is so generally acknowledged that the exhibition of paintings at the Pan-American Exposition was the best and most thoroughly representative collection of American pictures ever got together that a review of it affords an admirable opportunity for a sort of stock-taking of what has been really accomplished for art in this country in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Almost every American painter who has attained to any eminence during that period was represented by at least one picture, and the cases were few in which, for any reason, the work shown was not adequately expressive of the talent and the aim of its author. The variety of work shown was astonishing; landscape- and figure-painters, draftsmen and colorists and "tonalists," impressionists and Whistlerites, American painters at home and those who have long lived abroad—all were there together, and from their assembled efforts certain general conclusions might be drawn.



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"THE ANGEL WITH THE FLAMING SWORD."—PAINTED BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

The first of these is that the standard of excellence attained by American painters is, both absolutely and relatively, a very high one; the second, even more satisfactory, that the aim of American painters is almost uniformly artistic. It is hardly too much to say that no country in Europe could have got together so large a collection of works, by so many differing talents, produced in the same years, which should contain so much to admire and so little to condemn—which should show so many evidences of directness of purpose and of artistic conscience, and so few of preoccupation with other than artistic ends. It has not been an unmixed evil for the development of art in this country that we have offered few great rewards to our artists, that few medals or prizes are given the taking of which is of much importance to the winner, and that, as yet, there are no great annual exhibitions here the conditions of which might lead to a violent struggle among



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"HER TRIBUTE."—PAINTED BY WILLIAM FAIR KLINE.

competitors for public notice. The exhibition picture, the "machine du Salon," the perfunctory performance which endeavors to attract attention by its mere size, its sensationalism of subject or its eccentricity of method, has been little attempted by our artists, and scarcely at all by those who have resided in this country. There has been little temptation to mere display, and the greatest efforts of our painters have been directed to the solution of purely artistic problems—to learning to paint, and to expressing their own personal view of nature and their own personal conception of art. Whatever powers nature may have given them and whatever training they have acquired, all that they have learned for themselves or been taught by others has been generally employed with the single aim of producing as fine and as perfect art as they might be capable of. It is much that in several different fields American artists should have produced some works equal to the best that have been done elsewhere in the same period. It is still more promising for the future that even our less accomplished work should be so single-minded and so genuine. To those who know the general average of foreign exhibitions such an exhibition as that at Buffalo had an atmosphere of freshness, of sincerity and of power that was extremely inspiriting.

Of such brilliant cosmopolites as Whistler and Sargent it is unnecessary, at this time, to speak. Their careers are a part of the art-history of the world, and the merits of many other American painters who have chosen to make their residence abroad are now sufficiently recognized by all Europe as well as by America. Even of our more purely native art, one branch, and that, perhaps, the most native of all, has long been given its due recognition. That landscape-painting has reached a high level in America it needed not the splendid showing at the Pan-American of the works of Inness and Wyant and Homer Martin, and of such living successors to them as Tryon and Horatio Walker, to convince us. Walker, indeed, with his cattle and occasional human figure, occupies, with Winslow Homer, a sort of middle station between the landscape-painters and the figure-painters proper. The latter chose to exhibit a series of water-colors only, which, vigorous and striking as they are, inadequately represent one of the most original and powerful personalities in American art. The former showed half a dozen works in oil and water-color which gave an approximate measure of his powers of dramatic composition, vigorous color and grave tone.



"LE DESTIN."—PAINTED BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.

Courtesy of John D. Archbold, Esq.



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"THE SINGERS."—PAINTED BY H. O. WALKER.

It is, however, to a group of figure-painters, essentially such, that this article is to be devoted—painters who, differing in many things, have this much in common, that, wherever their studies were accomplished, they are now resident in this country, and that they are all, each according to his light, serious students of artistic problems. Their work, taken together, seems to me to refute some of the most frequently made accusations against American painting. One of these is that nearly all our painting is reminiscent of this or that foreign master; that it is imitative rather than original; and that, in short, it has no national and little personal accent. Another is that we produce studies and sketches rather than pictures; that our

artists have learned to paint, but not to think or to compose; that our exhibitions are made up of notes and suggestions and impressions rather than of completed works. Now, of the score of painters with whose work I am about to deal only one seems to me to show such clear evidence of his training that it would be possible, from that alone, to say with assurance who had been his master; and he only in his earlier work, while not more than two or three show in any special way the influence of any particular modern painter, though, of course, they all show more or less the effect of modern training. Neither has any of them been content to produce only notes or suggestions, but each is, in his way, a painter of pictures—a maker of completed works of art.



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"THE YELLOW ROSE."—PAINTED BY IRVING R. WILES.

I hasten to add that by picture-making I do not mean illustration, or the preoccupation with the development of a definite "subject." I am willing to admit, with the extremest of the realists or impressionists, that subject is a very secondary matter in the work of art, and that a still-life by Chardin or Vollon may take a higher rank as art than a "historical picture" by David. Only, I believe that illustration is also a legitimate interest of art, and that, if the art be otherwise equal, a picture need not be the worse, and may be the more interesting, for having a recognizable subject and for treating that subject in an intelligent way. What I mean by picture-making, then, is only in a very minor degree the development of subject. It is, rather, the carrying to the utmost limit permitted by the artist's ability of one or more of the purely artistic qualities of painting, and the combining with them of as many other such qualities as possible. It is the refusal to rest content with a clever bit of painting, or a pleasing suggestion of nature, and a resolute effort to attain such noble harmony of composition, exquisite

significance of drawing, or splendid orchestration of color as the talent and training of the painter will admit of. In a word, it is seriousness of purpose and thoroughness of method. Such qualities are by no means lacking in our art, and it is of the evidence of them in some of the work shown at Buffalo that this article is written.

Of all our artists, those who have devoted themselves largely to mural decoration are the most difficult to represent with adequacy in an exhibition, as their most important work cannot be moved and is therefore unavailable; and of all these, none is so impossible to measure from one or two works only as John La Farge. From the first, Mr. La Farge's activities have been varied, and in each branch of art which he has touched upon he has produced work of a high and singular quality and has given evidence of a powerful individuality. Scarcely anything in modern black-and-white work can be compared for strength and personality to some of his early drawings, such as "The Wolf-Charmer" or the illustrations to "Enoch Arden"; the only things coming to mind as at all equivalent to them being some of the contributions by Rossetti and Holman Hunt to the famous Moxon Tennyson. In his Newport days he produced some landscapes which are certainly among the best and most interesting of the century, and his water-color paintings of flowers have such a combination of delicacy and power as is to be found nowhere else. His mural paintings in Trinity Church, Boston, are the earliest important works in that branch of art produced in this country, as his great picture in the Church of the Ascension, in New York, is still the finest; and as a decorator he has experimented in many materials and methods, inventing and carrying to its highest expression the so-called "American method" of Stained Glass. Although not an academic draftsman, he has a remarkable gift of significant and beautiful line, so that his drawing, if not always "correct," is often better than correct; while the splendor and the refinement of his color are unique in our time and mark him as one of the world's greatest colorists. Judged by the universal standards of art, he is sure of his place. His influence has been great, is greater, and it will be well for American art if it shall be greater still.

Two other decorators of great talent, Mr. Simmons and Mr. Blum, were, unfortunately, very insufficiently represented at the Pan-American: Mr. Simmons by two of his sober and admirable marines, and Mr. Blum by one of his brilliant little Japanese street-scenes. What either has done in the higher walks of figure-painting may be seen on the walls of several public buildings. Others who have taken a high place in the recent development of mural painting in this country, Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Mowbray, Mr. H. O. Walker and Mr. Low, gave a fairer taste of their quality in easel-pictures of some importance.

Mr. Blashfield has been, materially, the most successful of our decorative painters and, since his entry on that field with the Chicago Exposition of 1893, has been almost constantly occupied with important decorative work. The reasons of his success are not far to seek. He has combined, in an unusual degree, the purely artistic with the illustrative element of art, and to a skill in composition and a trained draftsmanship which have insured the respect of his brother craftsmen he has added an intellectual treatment of subject, a sentiment, and a feeling for physical beauty which have gained the applause of the public. "The Angel with the Flaming Sword" is serious in subject and in treatment, brownish and somewhat heavy in color, well drawn and well modeled, and interesting as a study of unusual lighting. It serves as a fair measure of the technical acquirements of the artist, though not of his ability as a decorator or of the charm of his feminine types.

Long before the opportunity was given him to try his hand at mural painting, Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray was known as a painter of delightful easel-pictures on a small scale; gay little fantasies and allegories in delicate tonality, or Oriental interiors rich and glowing in color. Several of these latter were to be seen at Buffalo, as well as two or three of the small portraits, finished like miniatures and full of elegance and style, of which he has lately made something of a specialty; and beside them was a work of much more serious quality, a preluding of his decorative manner. "Le



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Courtesy of
Samuel T. Shaw, Esq.

"NIGHT AND WANING DAY."—PAINTED BY GEO. R. BARSE, JR.



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"THE AFTERNOON CALL."—PAINTED BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

Destin" might be enlarged to the size of life and painted upon a great wall-space in a dignified building without seeming to fall below the seriousness of style demanded by such a situation.

Henry Oliver Walker is an artist who, in his earliest efforts, showed a strong decorative bias; and though, for want of walls to paint on, he was long obliged to confine his work within the limits of easel-painting, yet the decorations he has lately produced are much of a piece with the pictures which preceded them, differing, mainly, in a greater amplitude of composition and a less accentuated individuality in the heads. His quiet coloring is often beautiful, and he is endeared to the public by the more illustrative qualities of expression and sentiment —those qualities which make up the fame of Raphael for all but the few.

In an already long career, whether as the illustrator of Keats, the author of small easel-pictures or the painter of vast ceilings, Mr. Low has always shown the same qualities and has been essentially a decorator. His is an art of intricacy rather than of concentration, of lightness rather than of gravity, of grace rather than of force. As he delights in the complicated pattern of intertwined ribbons, so he loves the dappling of scattered lights through thin leafage and the many-folded involution of clinging draperies. His trees never gather themselves together into broad and somber masses, his draperies never fall in monumental lines, but an essential flatness is gained by the equal diffusion of small and glittering oppositions like the reticulations of a Moresque tracery. His subject is youth, and young men and maidens are his protagonists. His coloring is in a very light, high-pitched scheme, very delicate and often very charming; his draftsmanship, if not profound, is always graceful and, at his best, reaches to great purity and beauty of line; his sense of arrangement is unfailing. It is impossible to regard his best work with anything less than high admiration, or his least successful efforts without sympathy for the purely artistic nature of his aims. At Buffalo "The Elysian Lawn" gave a fair idea of his manner, while "At the Spring," though more nearly a direct study from nature, showed clearly his personal point of view.

Although Mr. John W. Alexander is probably best known to the public as a portrait-painter, and though he was never less the decorator than in his professed decorations in the Library of Congress, yet I think his

talent is unmistakably of a decorative order. His mere technique, with his fondness for rough and absorbent grounds on which the color is lightly dragged, gives a tapestry-like flatness to his pictures; while his conception of drawing and modeling as subordinate to a few sweeping curves and a few broad patches of color is that of an ornamental designer. His most characteristic works say nothing, pretend to nothing, struggle with nothing; two or three lines interestingly arranged, two or three tones knowingly combined, and it is enough. His decorative feeling is far from monumental, and the traditional, the conventional and the architectural do not appeal to his temperament. It is the temperament of a decorator, nevertheless, and if he was led astray by illustration when he painted his "History of the Book" for Washington, yet, if he would condescend to it (as greater painters have done), he would make a delightful painter of fans, and his "Autumn" is, as it stands, an admirable design for hangings. As painting it is slight and summary, as illustration nugatory; but its color is rich and harmonious, its spacing eminently agreeable, and its line suave and entertaining. What it attempts it attains, and we need not quarrel with it for what it does not attempt.



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"THE WOODLAND MAID."—PAINTED BY DOUGLAS VOLK.

Two other painters who have been more or less engaged with purely decorative work, though not so conspicuously as some of the foregoing, are Mr. F. W. Benson and Mr. George R. Barse, Jr. Mr. Benson has done much in other lines, has experimented, more or less, with impressionism, has painted portraits and studies of plein air; but what is best in his work seems to me to be shown in such a picture as his "Autumn." The influence of Mr. Thayer is shown in an indefinable charm of type and, somewhat, in the technical handling; the open-air study has liberated and enriched his palette, providing it with a silvery gamut of colored grays, while the decorative spirit is marked in the arrangement of flowing curves almost too scroll-like in their character. Mr. Barse's "Night and Waning Day" shows in his most serious mood a painter who might sometimes be taxed with an amiable frivolity. He is an excellent



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"THE CHILD OF MARY."—PAINTED BY ELLIOTT DANGERFIELD.

academic draftsman and a capable, if somewhat monotonous, composer—a trained workman of approved skill. His color, which is often gay, is here quiet and subdued, the arrangement of line is dignified and handsome, the artist's idea very completely conveyed. We have artists whose personal contribution to art has been far greater, but few who have produced so balanced and evenly admirable a work as this.

Among our figure-painters in whose work the decorative qualities are subordinate to others (they are never absent in any art worthy of the name), it would probably be admitted by every one that the foremost three are Messrs. Dewing, Thayer and Brush. Mr. Dewing has painted several important and beautiful decorations, and his earlier work, even when small in scale, was notable for linear quality and flatness of effect, so that his easel-pictures resembled studies for mural paintings. He is best known by a number of small portraits and pictures of one or more figures, of which no fewer than nine were grouped together at the Pan-American. Terburgh and Ver Meer de Delft are the painters of the past in whom he delights, and his account of himself would probably be that he is a convinced naturalist whose effort is to record just what he sees—to paint nature just as it looks. Fortunately the temperament through which he looks at nature is a marvelously subtle and refined one, and what he sees is seen just in that way by nobody else. What seems mere naturalism to him is saturated with his own personality and no artist produces work more distinctly individual or less like the average vision of every-day fact. Indeed, to those who are insensitive to his exquisite quality, the fault of his work is its lack of reality, and he seems to be losing himself, more and more, in a vague cloudland of his own imagination. One of the earliest of his successes, in his later vein, was the famous "Lady in Yellow," which was a little masterpiece in its way; full yet subtle in color, charming in slender elegance of form, lovely in the dainty characterization of the head, yet with a sufficient concession to the average idea of reality to offend no one. He is peculiarly a master of blue, that most difficult and fascinating of colors—the color of fairy-tales—and "Contes Bleues" might well be the title of a collection of his pictures. Such work suffers more than almost any in the mixed scramble of an exhibition, and its finer part entirely evades reproduction.

It is more difficult to define the exact quality of the art of Abbott H. Thayer than of that of almost any other painter. He is hardly a colorist, though master of certain



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"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAIDEN."—PAINTED BY ABBOTT H. THAYER.

dovelike harmonies of brown and gray, for, besides the limitation of his range, there is at times an accidental look in the distribution of his warm and cold tones that seems unaccountable. He is hardly a draftsman, though well trained in a good school, for the strict notation of form is at any time sacrificed to self-expression. He insists much upon the study of values, yet in his pictures the values are seldom quite consistently those of nature, and often seem extremely fantastic. He cares neither for technical completeness nor for technical brilliancy, and the paint may get anyhow upon the canvas if only, when it is there, it will say what he requires it to say. Doubtless a part of his success is in his illustrative power—in the spiritual beauty of his heads, the representation of character and expression, the regard of an eye

and the sentiment of a lip—so that he seems sometimes to be trying to paint souls rather than bodies; but there is more in it than that. From this strange technique, full of violences and incompletions, a manifest material beauty is somehow evolved; the picture is fine though the parts of it may be ugly; one feels that an artist and a painter has been at work as well as a poet. There is a large tranquillity in the "Virgin Enthroned"; a large movement in that other "Virgin" striding across the fields with a child in either hand; an almost Greek nobility in the "Caritas." The hand may stumble, but the eye has seen things rightly and seen them whole. Inconsequences of execution evaporate as one looks, and a severe harmony, an almost majestic silhouette, a penetrating and unique beauty, disengage themselves. As for the artist's sensitiveness to the spiritual element, already referred to, it is so intense that I have often felt that the occasional brutalities of his handling were welcomed, unconsciously, by himself as an escape from possible sentimentality, and that they have a real utility as a sort of tonic shock—a preservative from oversweetness. Though not a capital example, the "Portrait of a Young Woman," exhibited at Buffalo, puts the man fairly before us with his great merits and his little faults.

If drawing be indeed the "probity of art," George de Forest Brush is our most conspicuous example of austere honesty. A pupil of Gérôme, he acquired not only that master's inflexible respect for form but something of his actual technical methods as well, so that, in spite of difference of subject and an individual point of view, it was, for a long time, easy to determine the school from which he issued. With the belief that an American painter should find American subjects, he devoted himself for some years to painting the life of our American Indians—endowing them, however, with sentiments which one may suspect they would hardly understand. Later, realizing perhaps that the Indian, however native to the country, is really as foreign to *us* as the Hottentot and vastly more foreign than the ancient Greek, he concluded that the painter should depict only the surroundings of his every-day life. Since then he has produced a series of portraits of his wife and children, has changed his scale and gradually altered his technical procedure, and, in his later work, is entirely personal, his incisiveness of line being almost the only direct inheritance from his master. If the little Indian pictures, of which three were shown at Buffalo, were drawn like a Gérôme and almost as well composed (though Mr. Brush has never attempted a multiplicity of figures), they were always much better colored, some of them being almost jewel-like in their somber brilliancy.

Mr. Douglas Volk was a fellow student with Mr. Brush in Gérôme's atelier, and the two were intimate friends and came back to America together. In the search for native subjects Mr. Volk hit upon the Puritans, and his "Accused of Witchcraft" was a very successful piece of illustrative genre painting. He now paints, generally, single figures of the size of life, having increased his scale at the same time that he has simplified his composition, and he has abandoned the illustration of incident, contenting himself with the expression of feeling rather than the telling of a story. The two more important works which he showed at Buffalo, "The Song of the Pines" and "The Woodland Maid," would do credit to any painter and to any school.

Julian Alden Weir is a painter who seems scarcely to have done himself complete justice and whose personality is finer than any of the expressions it has as yet found for itself. An artist to his finger-tips, his perfect sincerity and open-mindedness have been greater than his steadiness of will; he has always been ready to abandon an old road for the exploration of a new one, has been blown about by winds of doctrine, and has retained, with the enthusiasm of youth, something of its desultoriness and incompleteness. He has remained an experimenter—a man of new beginnings—and while everything that he has produced has shown high qualities, little has been carried through to a logical conclusion. Twenty years ago he was painting pictures and portraits, low in tone, blackish in color, which, if done today, would seem to be the height of artistic modishness, or, if one takes the movement more seriously, the top wave of the flowing tide. Then he was caught by the



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"THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS" (SUNSET).—PAINTED BY LOUIS LOEB.



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"IN THE SUN."—PAINTED BY THEODORE ROBINSON.

impressionistic current and his canvases became as bright as they had before been dark. Latterly his work, quieting down into a grayish half-tone, has shown, occasionally, more real force of color than in either of its previous stages, and, often, a renewed care for form. Of his earlier manner, one of the finest examples is a portrait of an old actor belonging to the Players' Club in New York; a picture that for portrayal of character and richness of quality would not be unworthy of the reputation of Rembrandt. Of the works exhibited at the Pan-American the best was the "New England Factory," a landscape of great truth and power. "The Open Book" was painted when he believed that light was to be gained by whiteness, and is one of the palest of his pictures. In its exceeding vaporousness, however, there is yet a delicate iridescence of color, and it is almost unique among his works in its ideality of subject and its research of linear beauty.

I might dwell on the work of a number of other painters of deserved distinction, but what was shown of it at Buffalo, either from its portrait-like nature or for other reasons, does not enter into the scheme of this article, and I prefer to devote the rest of my space to a number of younger men—men, at least, whose conspicuity is of more recent date—whose work seems to promise that serious figure-painting is not to be allowed to die out.

Mr. Louis Loeb has not been very long before the public, but he has done a few good portraits and small canvases, and in his "Temple of the Winds" has struck a higher note. Its tone of color is perhaps a trifle too yellow, its drawing not yet authoritative, the cast of its draperies not altogether satisfactory; but as an attempt to combine landscape with an imaginative treatment of the figure, it is an essay of much promise. A more recent attempt in the same line, "The Breeze," was, though on a smaller scale, a more unequivocal success, and was thought by many to be the best picture in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists, where it came within one vote of taking the Carnegie prize.

William Sergeant Kendall is another young man who is passing beyond the region of promise into that of performance. For a time he was too much dominated by the influence of Manet, but he is rapidly shaking it off and acquiring a clear individuality of his own. In "The End of the Day" that influence is but slightly marked in some minor matters of technique. The composition is good, the drawing admirable, the color forceful and original, and the expression delightful. Mr. Kendall shows still, at times, a certain harshness—the acridity of unripe fruit—but he is all the more likely to develop a full flavor and to escape at least from insipidity.

A pupil of Low and La Farge, winner of the Lazarus scholarship, William Fair Kline is by nature and choice a decorator, but the opportunity has been lacking, thus far, for him to show his hand in anything else than a few sketches and projects and two or three easel-pictures. The best of these



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"THE END OF DAY."—PAINTED BY WILLIAM SERGEANT KENDALL.

is "Her Tribute." It is charmingly old-fashioned and serenely uninfluenced by the fads and flurries of decadent art. Its inspiration may derive from the little Dutchmen and from Alfred Stevens, which is only to say from the best painting there is. The elegance of spacing, the precision of execution, the reticence and sanity of it all, are refreshing, yet it passed almost unnoticed on its first appearance. Such work does not speak loud, but its voice is sure to be heard in time.

Mr. Elliott Dangerfield is an older man than these three but has had, as yet, too little recognition from his professional brethren, and some of them are still blind to the fact that he has pushed certain qualities of painting farther than any one else among us. His draftsmanship is not assured, but he has struggled hard and with increasing success to remedy the defects of a training which none knows better than himself to have been insufficient. On the other hand, his composition is always serious and generally successful, and he has constructed, on the basis of the empirical methods of Inness, a technique of his own which is capable, in his hands, of remarkable results in color. I know of no modern painting which so nearly equals the glow of Rembrandt, is so luminous, so transparently deep in its shadow, as his "Child of Mary." Since it was painted he has been gradually mastering a fuller gamut of color, and has produced certain splendid harmonies of blue and rose and gold almost

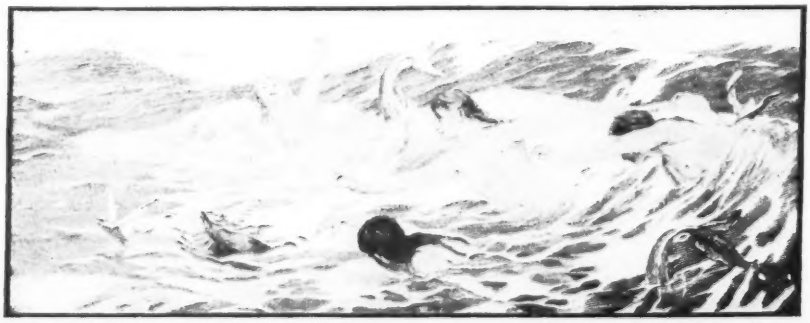
rivaling stained glass in brilliancy. No one is more sincere or more indomitable, no one more unfailingly does his best, and what success he has attained has been thoroughly earned.

Mr. Bryson Burroughs is, like Mr. Kline, a young man whose ambition and ability lead him to mural painting, but who has, as yet, had little opportunity to show what he can do in that direction. Meanwhile those who have an eye for art have watched with pleasure the steadily growing power of his smaller work. He has a certain heaviness of hand and the rugged surface of his paintings is displeasing to the fastidious, but their solid qualities are many. His "Mother and Child" is well composed within the circle; is, for the most part, well drawn and modeled; is pleasant in color without being rich or powerful, and has a delightful sentiment. A later and somewhat similar picture has all the qualities of this one in a higher degree and is notable for its glowing richness of color-quality. He has but to go on as he has begun to attain an assured position.

Mr. Edward A. Bell has been painting somewhat longer and is probably already at his best. His pictures are always charming in motive and sentiment, composed with a nice sense of arrangement and line, delicate in color, and carried out with entire seriousness and conscience. His is an art less robust than refined and more distinguished for rightness of spirit than for complete mastery of form, but capable of creating much true beauty.

Latest comer of all is Mr. Henry B. Fuller, whose picture called "Illusions" is almost his first successful work. He had preluded it with one or two small canvases, but had done nothing which prepared his friends for such excellence as this. There are still certain signs of inexperience in the picture—hard edges and meagerness of outline—but there are also dignified composition, elevation of sentiment, purity of type, a large feeling for form, and much beauty and fulness of color. One likes to believe that the son may yet add new glory to the name rendered famous by the father.

One might add other names, but here is enough. We have reviewed the work of twenty American figure-painters, some at the height of their powers, some but at the beginning of what may prove splendid careers. We have found each with a marked individuality, and all sincere and earnest. We have found, in many differing ways, a high level of achievement. The American nation has been often accused of spread-eagleism and of thinking everything it produces "the finest on this planet"; but if there is a provincialism that delights in undue self-glorification, there is also a provincialism that is prone to self-distrust —that cannot learn to believe that what is produced at home may be as good as what comes to us from abroad. We are far from the time when Thackeray's American friend asked him if he did not consider the statue of General Jackson "the finest equestrian statue in the world." To-day most of the artists I have named, and others as good, are struggling against a public indifference hard to overcome, and it is with the fear before one's eyes of being thought chauvinistic that one dares to say that America has produced a school of figure-painting worthy, by its vigor, originality, and seriousness of aim, to rank with the contemporary school of any other country.



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"SPORT."—PAINTED BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

I.—THE CRIME OF SAMANTHY NORTH.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

I HAVE been requested to tell this story, and exactly as it happened. The moral any man may draw for himself. I only want to ask my readers the question I have been asking myself ever since I saw the girl: Why should such things be among us?

Marny's studio is over the Art Club.

He was at work on a picture of a cañon with some Sioux Indians in the foreground, while I sat beside him, watching the play of his masterly brush.

Dear old Aunt Chloe, in white apron and red bandanna, her round black face dimpled with smiles, was busying herself about the room, straightening the rugs, puffing up the cushions of the divan, pushing back the easels to get at the burnt ends of abandoned cigarettes, doing her best indeed to bring some kind of domestic order out of Marny's Bohemian chaos.

Now and then she interpolated her efforts with such remarks as:

"No, doan' move. De Colonel"—her sobriquet for Marny—"doan' keer whar he drap his see-gars. But doan' you move, honey"—sobriquet for me. "I kin git 'em." Or "Clar to goodness, you pillows look like a passel o' hogs done tromple ye, yo're dat mussed." Critical remarks like these last were given in a low tone and, although addressed to the offending articles themselves, accompanied by sundry cuffs of her big hand, were really intended to convey Aunt Chloe's private opinion of the habits of her master and his friends.

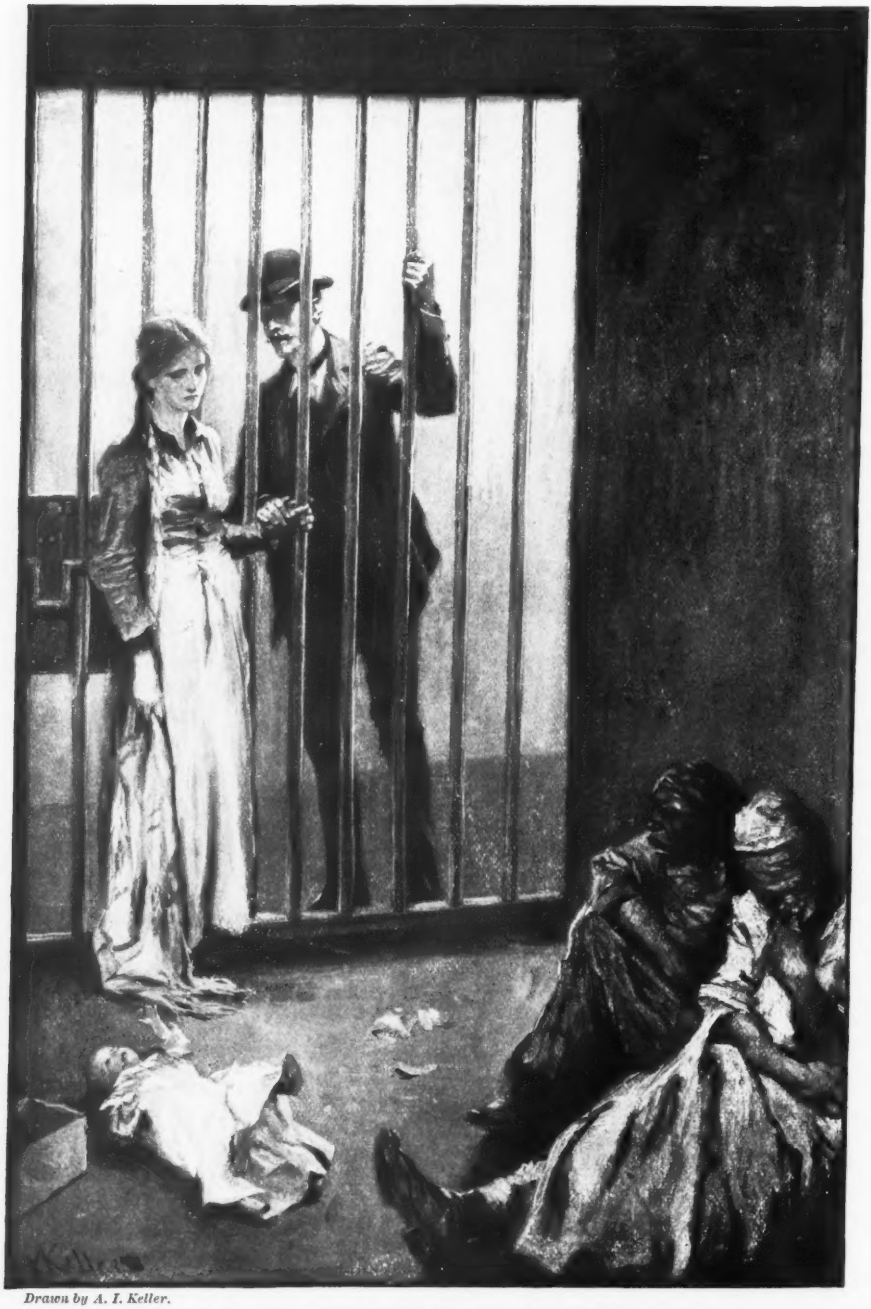
The talk had drifted from men of the old frontier to border scouts, and then to the Kentucky mountaineers, whom Marny knows as thoroughly as he does the red men.

"They are a great race, these mountaineers," he said to me, as he tossed the end of another cigarette on Aunt Chloe's now clean-swept floor. Marny spoke in crisp, detached sentences between the pats of his brush. "Big, strong, whalebone-and-steel kind of fellows; rather fight than eat. Quick as lightning with a gun; dead shots. Built just like our bordermen. See that scout astride of his horse?"—and he pointed with his mahl-stick to a sketch on the wall behind him—"looks like the real thing, don't he? Well, I painted him from an upcountry moonshiner. Found him one morning across the river, leaning up against a telegraph-pole, dead broke. Been arrested on a false charge of making whisky without a license, and had just been discharged from the jail. Hadn't money enough to cross the bridge, and was half starved. So I braced him up a little, and brought him here and painted him."

We all know with what heartiness Marny can "brace." It doubtless took three cups of coffee, half a ham and a loaf of bread to get him on his feet. Marny watching him with the utmost satisfaction until the process was complete.

"You ought to look these fellows over; they're worth it. Savage lot, some of 'em. Remind me of the people who live about the foot-hills of the Balkans. Mountaineers are the same the world over, anyway. But you don't want to hunt for these Kentuckians in their own homes unless you send word you are coming, or you may run up against the end of a rifle before you know it. I don't blame them." Marny leaned back in his chair and turned toward me. "The government is always hunting them as if they were wild beasts, instead of treating them as human beings. They can't understand why they shouldn't get the best prices they can for their corn. They work hard enough to get it to grow. Their theory is that the Illinois farmer feeds the corn to his hogs and sells the product as pork, while the mountaineer feeds it to his still and sells the product to his neighbors as whisky. That a lot of Congressmen who never hoed a row of corn in their lives, nor ran a furrow or knew what it was to starve on the proceeds, should make laws sending a man to jail because he wants to supply his friends with liquor, is what riles them, and I don't blame them for that, either."

I arose from my chair and examined the sketch of the starving mountaineer. It



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"'I PUT MY HAND THROUGH THE BARS AND LAID IT ON HER WRIST.'"

was a careful study of a man with clear-cut features, slim and of wiry build, and was painted with that mastery of detail which distinguishes Marny's work over that of every other figure-painter of his time.

The painter squeezed a tube of white on his palette, relit his cigarette, fumbled over his sheaf of brushes and continued:

"The first of every month—just about now, by the way—they bring twenty or thirty of these poor devils down from the mountains and lock them up in Covington jail. They pass Aunt Chloe's house. Oh, Aunt Chloe!"—and he turned to the old woman—"did you see any of those 'wild people' the last two or three days?—that's what she calls 'em," and he laughed.

"Dat I did, Colonel—hull drove on 'em. 'Nough to make a body sick to see 'em. Two on 'em was chained together. Dat ain't no way to treat people, if dey is ornery. I wouldn't treat a dog dat way."

Aunt Chloe, sole dependence of the Art Club belowstairs: day- or night-nurse—every student in the place knows the touch of her hand when his head splits with fever or his bones ache with cold; provider of buttons, suspender loops and buckles; go-between in most secret and confidential affairs; mail-carrier—the dainty note wrapped up in her handkerchief so as not to "spile it"!—no, *she* wouldn't treat a dog that way nor anything else that lives and breathes or has feeling, human or brute.

"If there's a new 'drove' of them, as Aunt Chloe says," remarked Marny, tossing aside his brushes, "let's take a look at them. They are worth your study. You may never have another chance."

This was why it happened that within the hour Marny and I crossed the bridge and left his studio and the city behind us.

The river below was alive with boats, the clouds of steam from their funnels wreathed about the spans. Street-cars blocked the roadway; tugging horses, sweating under the lash of their drivers' whips, strained under heavy loads. The air was heavy with coal-smoke. Through the gloom of the haze, close to the opposite bank, rose a grim, square building of granite and brick, its grimy windows blinking through iron bars. Behind these, shut out from summer clouds and winter snows, bereft of air and sunshine, deaf to the song of happy birds and the low hum of wandering bees, languished the outcast and the innocent, the vicious and the cruel. Hells like these are the infernos civilization builds in which to hide its mistakes.

Marny turned toward me as we reached the prison. "Keep close," he whispered. "I know the Warden and can get in without a permit," and he mounted the steps and entered a big door opening into a cold, bare hall with a sanded floor. To the right of the hall swung another door, labeled "Chief of Police." Behind this door was a high railing closed with a wooden gate. Over this scowled an officer in uniform.

"My friend Sergeant Cram," said Marny as he introduced us. The officer and I shook hands. The hand was thick and hard, the knotted knuckles leaving an unpleasant impression behind them as they fell from my fingers.

A second door immediately behind this one was now reached, the Sergeant acting as guide. This door was of solid wood, with a square panel cut from its center, the opening barred like a bird-cage. Peering through these bars was the face of another attendant. This third door, at a mumbled word from the Sergeant, was opened wide enough to admit us into a room in which half a dozen deputies were seated at cards. In the opposite wall hung a fourth door, of steel and heavily barred, through which, level with the eyes, was cut a peephole concealed by a swinging steel disk.

The Sergeant moved rapidly across the room, pushed aside the disk and brought to view the nose and eyes of a prison guard.

As our guide shot back a bolt, a click like the cocking of a gun sounded through the room, followed by the jangle of a huge iron ring strung with keys. Selecting one from the number, he pushed it into the keyhole and threw his weight against the door. At its touch the mass of steel swung inward noiselessly as the door of a bank-vault. With the swinging of the door there reached us the hot, stuffy smell of unwashed bodies under steam heat—the unmistakable odor that one sometimes meets in a court-room.

Marny and I stepped inside. The Sergeant closed the slab of steel, locking us inside, and then nodding to us through the peephole, returned to his post in the office.

We stood now on the rim of the crater, looking straight into the inferno. By means of the dull light that struggled through the grimy, grated windows, I discovered that we were in a corridor having an iron floor that sprang up and down under our feet. This was flanked by a line of steel cages—huge beast-dens really—reaching to the ceiling. In each of these cages was a small, double-barred gate.

These dens were filled with men and boys; some with faces thrust through the bars, some with hands and arms stretched out as if for air; one hung half-way up the bars, clinging with hands and feet apart, as if to get a better hold and better view. I had seen dens like these before: the man-eating Bengal tiger at the London Zoo lives in one of them.

The Warden, who was standing immediately behind the attendant, stepped forward and shook Marny's hand. I discharged my obligations with a nod. I had never been in a place like this before, and the horror of its surroundings overcame me. I misjudged the Warden, no doubt. That this man might have a wife who loved him and little children who clung to his neck, and that underneath his hard, forbidding exterior a heart could beat with any tenderness, never occurred to me. As I looked him over with a half-shrinking glance, I became aware of a slash indenting his pock-marked cheek that might have been made by a saber cut—was, probably, for it takes a brave man to be a warden; a massive head set on big shoulders; a square chin, the jaw hinged like a burglar's jimmy; and two keen, restless, elephant eyes.

But it was his right ear that absorbed my attention—or rather, what was left of his right ear. Only the point of it stuck up: the rest was clipped as clean as a rat-terrier's. Some fight to a finish, I thought: some quick upper-cut of the razor of a frenzied negro writhing under the viselike grasp of this man-gorilla with arms and hands of steel; or some sudden whirl of a stiletto, perhaps, which had missed his heart and taken his ear. I did not ask then, and I do not know now. It was a badge of courage, whatever it was—a badge which thrilled and horrified me. As I looked at the terrible mutilation, I could but recall the hideous fascination that overcame Josiane, the heroine of Hugo's great novel, "The Man Who Laughs," when she first caught sight of Gwynplaine's mouth—slit from ear to ear by the Comprachicos. The outrage on the Warden was not so grotesque, but the effect was the same.

I moved along the corridor and stood before the beasts. One, an old man in a long white beard, leathery, sun-tanned face and hooked nose, clasped the bars with both hands, gazing at us intently. I recognized his kind the moment I looked at him. He was like my Jonathan Gordon, my old fisherman who lived up in the Franconia Notch. His coarse homespun clothes, dyed brown with walnut-shells, slouch hat crowning his shock of gray hair, and hickory shirt open at the throat, only heightened the resemblance; especially the hat canted over one eye. Why he wore the hat in such a place I could not understand, unless to be ready for departure when his summons came.

There were eight other beasts beside this old man in the same cage, one a boy of twenty, who leaned against the iron wall with his hands in his pockets, his eyes following my every movement. I noticed a new blue patch on one of his knees, which his mother doubtless had sewn with her own hands, her big-rimmed spectacles on her nose, the tallow dip lighting the log cabin. I recognized the touch. And the boy. I used to go swimming with one just like him forty years ago in an old swimming-hole in the back pasture and hunt for honey that the bumblebees had stored under the bank.

The old man with the beard and the canting hat looked into my eyes keenly, but he did not speak. He had nothing to say, perhaps. Something human had moved before him, that was all: something that could come and go at its pleasure and break the monotony of endless hours.

"How long have you been here?" I asked, lowering my voice and stepping closer to the bars.

Somehow I did not want the others to hear. It was almost as though I were talking to Jonathan—my dear Jonathan—and he behind bars!

"Eleven months and three days. Reckon I be the oldest"—and he looked about

him as if for confirmation. "Yes, reckon I be."

"What for?"

"Sellin'."

The answer came without the slightest hesitation and without the slightest trace in his voice of anything that betokened either sorrow for his act or shame for the crime.

"Eleven months and three days of this!" I repeated to myself. Instinctively my mind went back to all I had done, seen and enjoyed in these eleven months and three days. Certain individual incidents more delightful than others stood out clear and distinct: that day under the trees at Cookham, the Thames slipping past, the white-sailed clouds above my tent of leaves; a morning at Dort when Peter and I watched the Dutch luggers anchor off the quay and the big storm came up; a night beyond San Giorgio, when Luigi steered the gondola in mid-air over a sea of mirrored stars and beneath a million incandescent lamps.

I passed on to the next cage, Marny watching me but saying nothing. The scout was in this one, the "type" in Marny's sketch. There were three of them—tall, hickory-sapling sort of young fellows, with straight legs, flat stomachs and thin necks, like that of a race-horse. One had the look of an eagle, with his beak-nose and deep-set, uncowed eyes. Another wore his yellow hair long on his neck, Custer-fashion. The third sat on the iron floor, his knees level with his chin, his head in his hand. He had a sweetheart, perhaps, who loved him, or an old mother who was wringing her hands at home. This one, I learned afterward, had come with the last batch and was not yet accustomed to his surroundings; the others had been awaiting trial for months. All of them wore homespun clothes—not the ready-made clothes sold at the stores, but those that some woman at home had cut, basted and sewn.

Marny asked them what they were up for. Their answers differed slightly from that of the old man, but the crime and its penalty were the same.

"Makin'," they severally replied.

There was no lowering of the eyelids when they confessed; no hangdog look about the mouth. They would do it again when they got out, and they intended to, only they would shoot the quicker next time. The earth was theirs and the fulness thereof, that part of it which they owned. Their grandfathers before them had turned their corn into whisky and no man had said nay, and so would they. Not the corn that they had stolen, but the corn that they had plowed and shucked. It was their corn, not the government's. Men, who live in the wilderness, and feed and clothe themselves on the things they raise with their own hands, have no fine-spun theories about the laws that provide revenue for a government they never saw, don't want to see and couldn't understand if they did.

Marny and I stood before the grating, looking each man over separately. Strange to say, the artistic possibilities of my visit faded out of my mind. The picturesqueness of their attire, the browns and grays accentuated here and there by a dash of red around a hatband or shirt-collar—all material for my own or my friend's brush—made not the slightest impression upon me. It was the close smell, the dim, horrible light, the quick gleam of a pair of eyes looking out from under shocks of matted hair—the eyes of a panther watching his prey; the dull stare of some boyish face with all hope crushed out of it: these were the things that possessed me.

As I stood there absorbed in the terrors before me, I was startled by the click of the catch and the clink of keys, followed by the noiseless swing of the steel door as it closed again.

I turned and looked down the corridor.

Into the gloom of this inferno, this foul-smelling cavern, this assemblage of beasts, stepped a girl of twenty. A baby wrapped about with a coarse shawl lay in her arms.

She passed me with eyes averted, and stood before the gate of the last steel cage—the woman's end of the prison—the turnkey following slowly. Cries of "Howdy, gal! What did ye git?" were hurled after her, but she made no answer. The ominous sound of drawn bolts and the click of a key, and the girl and baby were inside the bars of the cage. These bars, foreshortened from where I stood, looked like a row of gun-barrels in an armory rack.

"That girl a prisoner?" I asked the Warden.

I didn't believe it. I knew, of course, that it couldn't be. I instantly divined that she had come to comfort some brother or father, or lover perhaps, and had brought the baby with her because there was no place to leave it at home. I only asked the question of the Warden so he could deny it, and deny it, too, with some show of feeling—this man with the sliced ear and the gorilla hands.

"Yes, she's been here some time. Judge suspended sentence a while ago. She's gone after her things."

There was no joy over her release in his tones, nor pity for her condition.

He spoke exactly, it seemed to me, as he would have done had he been in charge of the iron-barred gate of the Coliseum two thousand years ago. All that had saved the girl then from the jaws of his hungriest lion was the twist of Nero's thumb. All that saved her now was the nod of the judge's head—both had the giving of life and death.

A thin mist swam before my eyes and a great lump started from my heart and stuck fast in my throat, but I did not answer him; it would have done no good—might have enraged him, in fact. I walked straight to the gate through which she had entered and peered in. I could see between the gun-barrels now.

It was like the other cages, with barred walls and sheet-iron floors. Built in one corner of the far end was a strong box of steel, six feet by four by the height of the ceiling, fitted with a low door. This box was lined with a row of bunks, one above the other. From one was thrust a small foot covered with a stocking and part of a skirt; some woman prisoner was ill, perhaps. Against the wall of this main cage sat two negro women: one, I learned afterward, had stabbed a man the week before; the other was charged with theft. The older—the murderess—came forward when she caught sight of me, thrust out her hands between the bars and begged for tobacco.

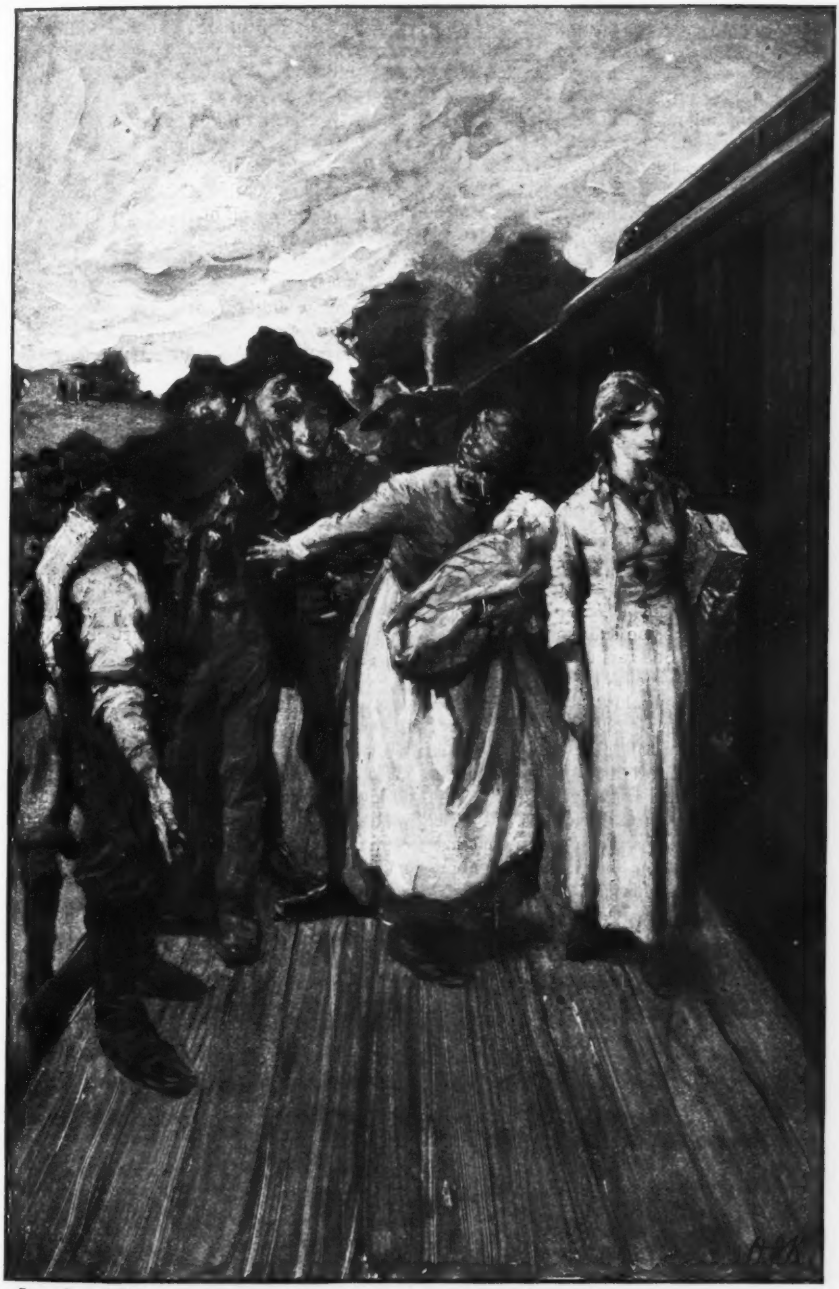
In the other corner of the same cage was another steel box. I saw the stooping figure of the young girl come out of it as a dog comes out of a kennel. She walked toward the center of the cage—she still had the baby in her arms—laid the child on the sheet-iron floor, where the light from the grimy windows fell the clearer, and returned to the steel box. The child wore but one garment—a short red-flannel shirt that held the stomach tight and left the shriveled legs and arms bare. It lay flat on its back, its eyes gazing up at the ceiling, its pinched face in high light against the dull background. Now and then it would fight the air with its little fists or kick its toes above its head.

The girl took from the kennel a broken paper box and, returning with it, knelt beside the child and began arranging its wardrobe, the two negresses watching her listlessly. Not much of a wardrobe—only a ragged shawl, some socks, a worsted cap, a pair of tiny shoes and a Canton-flannel wrapper, once white. This last had little arms and a short waist. The skirt was long enough to tuck around her baby's feet when she carried it.

I steadied myself by one of the musket-barrels, watched her while she folded the few pitiful garments, waited until she had guided the shrunken arms into the sleeves of the soiled wrapper and had buttoned it over the baby's chest. Then, when the lump in my throat was about to stop my breathing, I said:

"Will you come here, please, to the grating? I want to speak to you."

She raised her head slowly, looked at me in a tired, hopeless way, laid her baby back on the sheet-iron floor and walked toward me. As she came into the glow of the overhead light, I saw that she was even younger than I had first supposed—nearer seventeen than twenty—a girl with something of the curious look of a young heifer in a face drawn and lined but with anxiety. Parted over a low forehead, and tucked behind her ears, streamed two braids of straight yellow hair in two unkempt strands over her shoulders. Across her bosom and about her slender figure was hooked a yellow-brown dress made in one piece. The hooks and eyes showed wherever the strain came, disclosing the coarse chemise and the brown of the neck beneath. This strain, the strain of an ill-fitting garment, accentuated all the clearer, in the wrinkles about the shoulders and around the hips, the fulness of her delicately modeled lines; quite as would a



Drawn by A. I. Keller. "'I TOTED DE BABY AN' SHE TOTED DE BOX.'"

jacket buttoned over the Milo. On the third finger of one hand was a flat silver ring, such as is sold by the country pedlers.

She stood quite close to the bars, patiently awaiting my next question. She had obeyed my summons like a dog who remembered a former discipline. No curiosity, not the slightest interest; nothing but blind obedience. The tightened grasp of these four walls had taught her this.

"Where do you come from?" I asked. I had to begin in some way.

"From Pineyville." The voice was that of a child, with a hard, dry note in it.

"How old is the baby?"

"Three months and ten days." She had counted the child's age. She had thought enough for that.

"How far is Pineyville?"

"I doan' know. It took mos' all night to git here." There was no change in the listless monotone.

"Are you going out now?"

"Yes, soon's I kin git ready."

"How are you going to get home?"

"Walk, I reckon." There was no complaint in her tone, no sudden exhibition of any suffering. She was only stating facts.

"Have you no money?"

"No." Same bald statement, and in the same hopeless tone. She had not moved—not even to look at the child.

"What's the fare?"

"Six dollars and sixty-five cents." This was stated with great exactness. It was the amount of this appalling sum that had no doubt crushed out her last ray of hope.

"Did you sell any whisky?"

"Yes, I tol' the Judge so." Still no break in her voice. It was only another statement.

"Oh! you kept a saloon?"

"No."

"How did you sell it, then?"

"Jest out of a kag—in a cup."

"Had you ever sold any before?"

"No."

"Why did you sell it, then?"

She had been looking into my face all this time, one thin, begrimed hand—the one with the ring on it—tight around the steel bar of the gate that divided us. With the question, her eyes dropped until they seemed to rest on this hand. The answer came slowly:

"The baby come and the store wouldn't chalk nothin' for us no more." Then she added quickly, as if in defense of the humiliating position, "Our corn-crib was sot afire last fall and we got behind."

For a brief instant she leaned heavily against the bars as if for support, then her eyes sought her child. I waited until she had reassured herself of its safety, and continued my questions, my finger-nails sinking deeper all the time into the palms of my hands.

"Did you make the whisky?"

"No, it was Martin Young's whisky. My husband works for him. Martin sent the kag down one day, and I sold it to the men. I give the money all to Martin 'cept the dollar he was to gimme for sellin' it."

"How came you to be arrested?"

"One o' the men tol' on me 'cause I wouldn't trust him. Martin tol' me not to let 'em have it 'thout they paid."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three months next Tuesday."

"That baby only two weeks old when they arrested you?" My blood ran hot and cold, and my collar seemed five sizes too small, but I still held on to myself.

"Yes." The answer was given in the same monotonous, listless voice—not a trace of indignation over the outrage. Women with suckling babies had no rights that anybody was bound to respect—not up in Pineyville; certainly not the gentlemen with brass shields under the lapels of their coats and Uncle Sam's commissions in their pockets. It was the law of the land—why find fault with it?

I leaned closer so that I could touch her hand if need be, and continued:

"What's your name?"

"Samanthy North."

"What's your husband's name?"

"His name's North." There was a trace of surprise now in the general monotone. Then she added, as if to leave no doubt in my mind, "Leslie North."

"Where is he?" I determined now to round up every fact.

"He's home. We've got another child, and he's takin' care of it till I git back. He'd be to the railroad for me if he knowed I was coming; but I couldn't tell him when to start 'cause I didn't know how long they'd keep me."

"Is your home near the railroad?"

"No, it's thirty-six miles furder."

"How will you get from the railroad?"

"Ain't no way 'cept walkin'."

I had it now, the whole damnable, pitiful story, every fact clear-cut to the bone. I could see it all: the look of terror when the deputy woke her from her sleep and laid his hand upon her; the parting with the other child; the fright of the helpless husband; the midnight ride, she hardly able to stand, the pitiful scrap of her own flesh and blood tight in her arms; the procession to the jail, the men in front chained together, she bringing up the rear, walking beside the last guard; the first horrible night in jail, the walls falling upon her, the darkness overwhelming her, the puny infant resting on her breast; the staring, brutal faces when the dawn came, followed by the coarse jest. No wonder that she hung limp and hopeless to the bars of her cage, all the spring and buoyancy, all the youth and lightness, crushed out of her.

I put my hand through the bars and laid it on her wrist.

"No, you won't walk; not if I can help it." This outburst got past the lump slowly, one word at a time, each syllable exploding hot like balls from a Roman candle. "You get your things together quick as you can, and wait here until I come back," and I turned abruptly and motioned to the turnkey to open the gate.

In the office of the Chief of Police outside I found Marny talking to Sergeant Cram. He was waiting until I finished. It was all an old story with Marny—every month a new batch came to Covington jail.

"What about that girl, Sergeant—the one with the baby?" I demanded, in a tone that made them both turn quickly.

"Oh, she's all right. She told the Judge a straight story this morning, and he let her go on 'spended sentence. They tried to make her plead 'Not guilty,' but she wouldn't lie about it, she said. She can go when she gets ready. What are you drivin' at? Are you goin' to put up for her?" —and a curious look overspread his face.

"I'm going to get her a ticket and give her some money to get home. Locking up a seventeen-year-old girl two hundred miles from home in a den like that with a baby two weeks old may be justice, but I call it brutality. Our government can pay its expenses without that kind of revenue." The whole bundle of Roman candles was popping now. Inconsequent, wholly illogical, utterly indefensible explosions. But only my heart was working.

The Sergeant looked at Marny, relaxed the scowl about his eyebrows and smiled; such "softies" seemed rare to him.

"Well, if you're stuck on her—and I'm damned if I don't believe you are—let me give you a piece of advice. Don't give her no money till she gets on the train, and whatever you do, don't leave her here over night. There's a gang around here"—and he jerked his thumb in the direction of the door—"that might——" and he winked knowingly.

"You don't mean——" A cold chill suddenly developed near the roots of my hair and trickled to my spine.

"Well, she's too good-lookin' to be wanderin' round huntin' for a boardin'-house. You see her on the train, that's all. Starts at eight to-night. That's the one they all go by—those who git out and can raise the money. She ought to leave now, 'cordin' to the regulations, but as long as you're a friend of Mr. Marny's I'll keep her here in the office till I go home at seven o'clock. Then you'd better have some one to look after her. No, you needn't go back and see her"—this in answer to a movement I made toward the prison door. "I'll fix everything. Mr. Marny knows me."

I thanked the Sergeant, and we started for the air outside—something we could breathe, something with a sky overhead and the dear earth underfoot, something the sun warmed and the free wind cooled.

Only one thing troubled me now. I could not take the girl to the train myself, neither could Marny, for I had promised to lecture that same night for the Art Club at eight o'clock, and Marny was to introduce me. The railroad-station was three miles away.

"I've got it!" cried Marny when we touched the sidewalk, elbowing our way among the crowd of loafers who always swarm about a place of this kind. (He was as much absorbed in the girl's future, when he heard her story, as I was.) "Aunt Chloe lives within two blocks of us—let's

hunt her up. She ought to be at home by this time."

The old woman was just entering her street door when she heard Marny's voice, her basket on her arm, a rabbit-skin tippet about her neck.

"Dat I will, honey," she answered positively, when the case was laid before her. "*Dat I will;* 'deed an' double I will."

She stepped into the house, left her basket, joined us again on the sidewalk and walked with us back to the Sheriff's office.

"All right," said the Sergeant when we brought her in. "Yes, I know the old woman; the gal will be ready for her when she comes, but I guess I'd better send one of my men along with 'em both far as the depot. Ain't no use takin' no chances."

The dear old woman followed us again until we found a clerk in a branch ticket-office, who picked out a long green slip from a library of tickets, punched it with the greatest care with a pair of steel nippers, and slipped it into an official envelope labeled: "K. C. Pineyville, Ky. 8 P.M."

With this tightly grasped in her wrinkled brown hand, together with another package of Marny's many times in excess of the stage fare of thirty-six miles and which she slipped into her capacious bosom, Aunt Chloe "made her manners" with the slightest dip of a courtesy and left us with the remark:

"Sha'n't nothin' tech her, honey; gwinter stick right close to her till de steam-cars git to movin'. I'll be over early in de mawnin' an' let ye know. Doan' worry, honey; ain't nothin' gwinter happen to her arter I gits my han's on her."

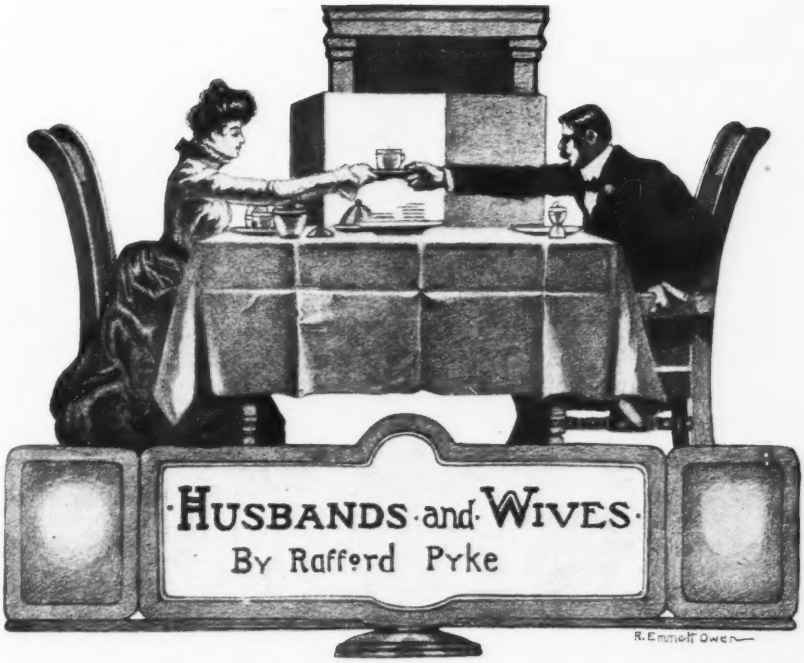
When I came down to breakfast, Aunt Chloe was waiting for me in the hall. She looked like the old woman in the fairy-tale in her short black dress that came to her shoe-tops, snow-white apron and headkerchief, covered by a close-fitting nunlike hood—only the edge of the handkerchief showed—making her seem the old black saint that she was. It not being one of her cleaning-days, she had "kind o' spruced herself up a li'l mite," she said. She carried her basket, covered now with a white starched napkin instead of the red-and-yellow bandanna of work-days. No one ever knew what this basket contained. "Her luncheon," some of the art-students said; but if it did, no one had ever seen her eat it. "Some one else's luncheon," Marny added; "some sick body whom she looks after. There are dozens of them."

"Larrovers fur meddlins," Aunt Chloe invariably answered those whose curiosity got the better of their discretion—an explanation which only deepened the mystery, no one being able to translate it.

"She's safe, honey!" Aunt Chloe cried when she caught sight of me. "I toted de baby an' she toted de box. Po' li'l chinkapin! Mos' break a body's heart to see it! 'Clar' to goodness, dat chile's leg warn't bigger'n a drumstick picked to de bone. De man de Sheriff sent wid us didn't go no furder dan de gate, an' when he lef' us dey all sneaked in an' did dere bes' ter git her from me. Wuss-lookin' harum-scarums you ever see. Kep' a-tellin' her de ticket was good for ten days an' dey'd go wid her back to town; an' dat if she'd stay dey'd take her 'cross de ribber to see de city. I seed she wanted ter git home to her husban', an' she tol' 'em so. Den dey tried to make her believe he was comin' for her, and dey pestered her so an' got her so mixed up wid deir lies dat I was feared she was gwine to give in arter all. She warn't nothin' but a po' weak thing noways. Den I riz up an' tol' 'em dat I'd call a pleeceman an' take dat ticket from her an' de money I gin her beside, if she didn't stay on dat car. I didn't give her de 'velope; I had dat in my han' to show de conductor when he come, so he could see whar she was ter git off. Here it is"—and she handed me the ticket-seller's envelope. "Warn't nothin' else saved me but *dat*. When dey see'd it, dey knowed den somebody was a-lookin' arter her an' dey give in. Po' critter! I reckon she's purty nigh home by dis time!"

The story is told. It is all true, every sickening detail. Other stories just like it, some of them infinitely more pitiful, can be written daily by any one who will peer into the cages of Covington jail. There is nothing to be done; nothing *can* be done.

It is the law of the land—the just, holy, beneficent law, which is no respecter of persons.



MARRIAGE, as the civilized world to-day accepts it, represents what is undoubtedly the final and absolute result of unnumbered centuries of human experience. Like so much else in life, if it is not the ideal solution of a momentous problem, it is at any rate the best solution of which mankind is capable. It serves its purpose, and on the whole, serves it very well. Substitutes for the monogamous union, so far as any have been suggested by theorists, are discredited by the fact that they have all been discarded, and that they all represent steps of social evolution beyond which the world has long since passed in its upward march toward moral stability and social peace. Promiscuity was abandoned when men and women ceased to rove about with their fellow animals, and when the first glimmerings of the political instinct came to them, with its notion of subordinating this unlimited freedom of the individual to the common welfare. The so-called "beenah-marriage," the polyandrous marriage, and finally the polygamous marriage, have each and all been tried and then discarded. If they still exist, they exist in strata of civilization lower than our own and they are among the more striking indications of racial inferiority.

The sex-relation is the most important of all the relations which the sociologist, the jurist, and the physiologist have to study, for it exercises the most profound influence upon the life and happiness of the individual man and woman. Through the laws of heredity it determines even before birth, if not our destiny, at least our tendencies. It sends us forth into this great, terrible, enigmatic maze of life, either strong to conquer and mighty to resist, or else maimed and helpless from the start, the victims of physical infirmities, or the led slaves of transmitted appetites. And in our own lives, what a wonderful power it exerts! It arms or it shackles; it glorifies or it disgraces; it blesses or it blasts.

Now marriage is the outward, visible, religiously and legally sanctioned acceptance of the sex-relation by human society. It represents the regulation and restriction of this relation in a way which is supposed to be at once the wisest for the community at large and for the individual as an individual. Like all general enactments it is based upon rules and ignores exceptions. It assures the greatest good for the greatest number, and if in particular cases it bears heavily upon some, nevertheless it is accepted as being, on the whole, the best thing for the social and political organism. One must acknowledge that this assumption is in reality a true one. The test of centuries has served to justify it, as a still longer test has justified the assumption upon which the whole fabric of our civilization rests—that by yielding up the unrestricted freedom which the primitive man possessed for the modified and regulated freedom which the civilized man accepts, the sum total of human happiness is increased and also guaranteed forever. And this is true. For of the millions upon millions of marriages which are entered into under the conditions which are essentially the same in every Occidental nation, it is impossible to deny that the great majority of them are happy in a large sense. They afford stability to the social system. They knit the community together by the firm bonds of interwoven interests. They give an intelligible and consistent basis for the transmission of property. And in the main they tend to preserve comfort and tranquillity. In so far as they fall short of giving perfect happiness, they only share in this the limitations which are inseparable from every human institution —limitations which find their source in the weakness and perversity of human nature.

But because exceptions to a rule, when sufficiently numerous and insistent, will always attract attention, the exceptions to the general rule that marriage makes for happiness have always been a subject for discussion and for arguments. This fact is reflected in literature by an unfailing flow of gibes and jests of which marriage is the subject. It is reflected in legislation by laws which make provision for divorce. It is reflected in philosophic theory by abstract speculations as to whether our existing views of marriage might not be gradually but radically modified to the general advantage. Under the circumstances, it has always seemed to me that the most profitable subject for debate is not a change in the external conditions of marriage as they now exist, but rather an inquiry into what it is that makes for happiness in marriage and what for serious unhappiness. For it is not likely that after twenty centuries of experience that has been fairly justified in its results, the world will ever alter anything so fundamental as an institution which has been evolved by necessity, strengthened by custom, dignified by law, and hallowed by religion, and which is associated in some way or other with every phase of human life as we now see it. The subject is therefore one which is best approached from its psychological side, with the purpose of considering, not how marriage may be dispensed with or how its obligations may be altered, but rather how the men and women of our modern world may best make it serve the ends for which it was intended.

Every great institution that has gradually come into being has one interesting characteristic about it, and this characteristic is the circumstance that it was not developed in accordance with a conscious theory, but that on the contrary it affords material for the deduction of a theory. So it is with marriage. Looking at the monogamous union, we see that it rests upon a fundamental principle which may be set forth in the following manner. A man and a woman are first attracted to one another by the natural impulse of mating, by a species of selection whose basis is primarily physical. Their preference for each other, originating thus, increases and gains strength for a time and holds them fast until the impulse has spent something of its force. The theory of the monogamous union is that this period of physical attraction will last long enough for other ties to be formed between them. These other ties come from the community of interests between man and wife, interests which multiply and grow more complex every day through the intimacies of the life together which extend to a thousand little half-

perceived yet in the mass extremely important actions, sayings, thoughts and memories, and finally from the habits which arise out of these intimacies and which are powerful precisely in proportion as they are unnoticed. Therefore, when the ardor of pure passion wanes, and when outside of marriage its waning would naturally lead to separation and a reversion to individual independence, these other bonds are strong enough to banish any thought of breaking them. The conventions of society also play a part in strengthening the union, by rendering its dissolution if not impossible, at any rate both difficult and disagreeable. It follows, then, that marriage represents to most of those who enter it, a condition which is permanent, for the reason that to keep it so is to follow the line of least resistance.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the number of really unhappy marriages is a very small one. If it seems large to the casual reader of newspapers, this is because the happy marriage, like the happy nation, is one which has no history; and when not even an approximation to complete contentment is attained, still the discontent is not usually marked enough to bring about an actual break. We hear of the marriages that are failures; but the very fact that we hear of them and that so much is said about them, shows that they are in reality exceptional. In the main, the institution has been justified in its results.

Yet while this is true of the great majority of marriages, it is worth while to note that the exceptions are important, too; the more so as when examined, they really prove the soundness of the general theory. Marriage, as we have seen, is supposed to imply first of all a natural selection based on the sex-instinct; and in the second place a community of interest succeeding the early and less binding motives. Experience shows that where these two requirements exist, there marriage is also invariably successful in establishing a contented home. An unhappy marriage really means, then, that the two requirements have not in a particular case been satisfied. Either the sharers in it were attracted to each other from the very first in unequal degrees; or else something prevented the development of the community of interest.

The most disquieting fact with which the sociologists have to deal, lies in the evidence that it is in the more or less cultivated classes that one finds marriage becoming less and less successful. Where the household is so simple as to make its conduct a matter of anxiety to husband and wife alike, there they both go on contented with each other; for the common interest is forced upon them. They have the same anxieties, the same hopes, the same pleasures, the same rewards. They do not have the time or the inclination to enjoy the luxury of making each other miserable. They are by external pressure quickly crushed into that unity of purpose which is the essence of true marriage.

But of late the change in the status of woman has introduced a new element into the general problem; or rather it has given an extraordinary importance to an element which was formerly a fairly negligible quantity. The traditional marriage depended upon the correct adjustment of conditions that were physical and material. Marriage to-day is becoming more and more dependent for its success upon the adjustment of conditions that are psychical. I called attention in a former paper to the influence which the widening of women's interests has had upon their willingness to marry. This influence is still more marked upon their capacity to attain and to give contentment in the marriages they make. Whereas in former generations, it was sufficient that the union should involve physical reciprocity, in this age of ours the union must involve a psychic reciprocity as well. And whereas, heretofore, the community of interest was attained with ease, it is now becoming far more difficult because of the tendency to discourage a woman who marries from merging her separate individuality in her husband's. Yet unless she does this, how can she have a complete and perfect interest in the life together, and for that matter how can he have such an interest either? Mrs. Stetson-Gilman's notion that in their occupations they should be wholly independent of each other looks to a state of things which would ultimately mean the discontinuance of marriage altogether; for in marriage it must be all or nothing. There must be a complete absorption of two lives in one

common existence, or else the two must still remain eternally apart. Man and wife must grow closer and closer together or they must become farther and farther removed from the perfect understanding which alone will enable them to face the world with fearlessness and faith.

As to the psychic element in marriage, this demands a fuller and a different kind of love than that which is purely primitive and emotional. It is no longer enough that the attraction which comes from passion should exist when marriages are made. In our introspective, analytical age, this even from the outset is insufficient. It will not tide the pair over the first eventful year of marriage. It will bring satiety far more quickly than it ought to do, and it will end in the sort of marriage which Tolstoy has so terribly depicted in the pages of his "Kreutzer Sonata," and which he has so falsely taken as typical of every marriage. What is essential now to happiness in the union of those who have felt the modern tendency to self-analysis, is the larger love into which liking also enters. In the past, women have made lamentable failures of their lives by taking, in their ignorance, men whom they liked and did not love. The danger to-day is that they may take the men whom they love but do not like. To forget this is to run the risk of moral shipwreck. Love, in the old sense, is a thing of casual moments—of hours or, if you will, of days—but the love that also likes is unfailing and eternal. It can do more than quicken and thrill and shake those who are under the spell of passion. It finds its source in a deep contentment that is spiritual no less than physical. It never dies. It never is dissatisfied or querulous. It is loyal and devoted. It is unselfish in its every thought, and it does not pass away with the ecstasies of sensation. It is the essence of true comradeship, waiting always to take up the torch which Love so frequently lets fall, and to keep the flame still brightly burning, that it may cheer and warm and comfort and not scorch.

A well-known Italian critic, Signor Federigo Roberto, not long ago expressed a strong belief that Balzac's greatest piece of luck consisted in his dying very soon after his marriage with Mme. Hanska, since had he lived, he would have found a bitter disappointment in the union. This statement seems at first a rather shocking one; for the devotion of this extraordinary man to the one woman of his life makes one of the most beautiful and interesting chapters in the whole history of romantic love. Existing as he did for her alone for more than eighteen years, dedicating to her all his genius, all his thought, and all the passionate intensity of his being, it has always seemed a most pathetic end that no sooner was she wholly free to marry him than he died. Yet there is reason to suppose that what Signor Roberto says is true. Balzac had both sides of his nature developed to a remarkable degree. He was physically a giant; he was psychically a giant, too. But the mystic, dreamy, tantalizing Polish woman who swayed his soul so absolutely by her profound understanding of it, was really a fit mate for him upon his psychic side alone. That she felt her limitations is clear from the fact that she did not marry him as soon as she was free to do so, but made him wait through two more agonizing years of expectation. Had she been his mate completely, nothing whatever would have kept them sundered. She would have come to him even had it been over coals of fire.

The lesson of this seems to be that the true marriage for those who are not merely proletarians must involve the perfect balance of these two essential qualities; that absolute harmony of life in marriage is for those alone who can give as much as they receive; and that marriage is fortunate only in proportion as it approximates to this ideal.

In most marriages, however, that are not happy it is the wife rather than the husband who is oftenest disappointed. Men are to-day very much the same as they have always been, while women have become far more exacting, because less dependent, than they used to be. They are more keenly alive to their temperamental necessities; they understand themselves much better, and therefore they expect to be much better understood. In former times, when marriage disappointed them, the disappointment was but vaguely felt and was ill-defined, or rather not defined at all. To-day the modern woman knows

her own nature thoroughly, and is quick to feel its demands whenever they become insistent.

Hence, in marriage, the modern woman is a clear-eyed judge of the inadequacies of her mate, and no illusion lasts for very long. Apart from the fundamental satisfaction of the sex-instinct, pure and simple, the normal woman makes two other demands upon him with whom she seeks to live out her whole life; and one of these demands is for sentiment, and the other for the finer understanding. First of all for sentiment—not sentimentality—because sentiment gives the magic touch which can make beautiful and noble that which without it is repellent and almost brutish. And understanding—the finer understanding—must exist, because without it there can never spring up the perfect liking which completes and envelops love, and saves it from the bitterness of an early death. Perhaps, in reality, sentiment and the finer understanding are one and the same. Certainly they are most intimately joined, just as feeling is always linked with penetrative thought; but however this may be, the absence of them is fatal to a woman's happiness in marriage.

Pitiful is the mistake of the woman who marries before she really *knows*. In the end, passion will find her cold, kindness will only exasperate her, constancy will earn from her something very like contempt. She would rather be beaten once a week, she would welcome the heartburnings of jealousy, she would endure the heavy-heartedness of neglect—anything rather than the heavy, unintelligent, complacent, domestic dead level of fatuity which always does the right thing at the wrong time and never knows the difference or even dreams that there exists a difference. What will not a woman endure if she can only have her compensations! When Thackeray made Blanche Amory cry out, "*Il me faut des émotions!*" he thought that he was giving the final touch to a picture of selfish insincerity; but he was really expressing the eternal formula of femininity, and was more profound than he supposed. For in this, Blanche Amory was not an individual at all, but a type of her whole sex. Emotion—not vulgar, cheap, theatrical emotion, but the deep satisfaction which suffuses itself with a thrill throughout a woman's very soul when every mood of hers is met instinctively—that sort of emotion is the very essence of her being, and the lack of it is spiritual death. For nothing in the world can take the place of it. You will see husbands who are kindly, fond of home, and married to women who are upright, conscientious and intensely honorable; and yet their homes will be unhappy to the verge of anguish. The wife can find no fault in anything that is external; yet her nerves may be strained to the snapping-point whenever she is with her husband, so that his mere presence makes her wish that she could die—and just because of his intolerable obtuseness, his utter blindness to the fact that the greatest thing in life to her is not the payment of the cook, or the decoration of the house, or the clumsy, blundering affection that is perhaps more maddeningly irritating than all else, but rather a supreme appreciation of the shades of feeling, an appreciation of which he has no more conception than he has of the interstellar spaces.

For proletarians all this complexity in married life has no existence. The daily struggle for material advantage keeps them in the primitive condition of our ancestors. But more and more each year, this terrible incompatibility between the still undeveloped man and the rapidly developing woman intrudes itself upon the notice of the student of our modern life. It raises the perplexing question of the ignorance of women when they make the most momentous choice that they are ever called upon to make, and it demands to know the tests by which, before the final step is taken, the possibility of error can be recognized and thus avoided. How can a woman *know* that she will not be a mere spiritual bankrupt in a marriage that is open to her? To answer this question is in itself to undertake a book; but safe guidance, so far as it goes, can be found in the precept of a famous Roman who sagaciously declared: "If you are doubtful about any action, do not do it."

"ZUT-SKI."

THE PROBLEM OF A WICKED FEME SOLE. BY M-R-E C-R-LLI.

(Epitomized for THE COSMOPOLITAN.)

BY BRET HARTE.

I.

THE great Pyramid towered up from the Desert with its apex toward the moon which hung in the sky. For centuries it had stood thus, disdaining the aid of Gods or Man, being, as the Sphynx herself observed, able to stand up for itself. And this was no small praise from that sublime yet mysterious female who had seen the ages come and go, empires rise and fall, novelist succeed novelist, and who, for eons and cycles the cynosure and center of admiration and men's idolatrous worship, had yet—wonderful for a woman—through it all kept her head, which now alone remained to survey calmly the Present. Indeed, at that moment that magnificent and peaceful face seemed to have lost—with a few unimportant features—its usual expression of speculative wisdom and intense disdain: its mouth smiled, its left eyelid seemed to droop. As the opal tints of dawn deepened upon it, the eyelid seemed to droop lower, closed, and quickly recovered itself twice. You would have thought the Sphynx had winked.

Then arose a Voice like a wind on the Desert—but really from the direction of the Nile, where a hired dahabiyeh lay moored to the bank—"'Arry Axes! 'Arry Axes!" With it came also a flapping, trailing vision from the water—the sacred Ibis itself—and with wings aslant drifted mournfully away to its own creaking echo: "K'raksis! K'raksis!" Again arose the weird Voice: "'Arry Axes! Wotcher doin' of?" and again the Ibis croaked its wild refrain: "K'raksis! K'raksis!" Moonlight and the Hour wove their own Mystery (for which the author is not responsible), and the Voice was heard no more. But when the full day sprang in glory over the Desert, it illuminated the few remaining but sufficiently large features of the Sphynx with a burning saffron radiance! The Sphynx had indeed blushed!

II.

It was the full season at Cairo. The wealth and fashion of Bayswater, South Kensington, and even the bosky Wood of the Evangelist had sent their latest luxury and style to flout the tombs of the past with the ghastly flippancy of to-day. The cheap tripper was there—the latest example of the Darwinian theory—apelike, flea- and curio-hunting! Shamelessly inquisitive and always hungry, what did he know of the Sphynx or the Pyramids or the Voice—and for the matter of that, what did they know of him? And yet he was not half bad in comparison with the "swagger people"—these people who pretend to have lungs and what not, and instead of galloping on merry hunters through the frost and snow of Piccadilly and Park, instead of enjoying the roaring fires of piled logs in the evening, at the first approach of winter steal away to the Land of the Sun, and decline to die, like honest Britons, on British soil. And then they know nothing of the Egyptians and are horrified at "bakshish," which they really ought to pay for the privilege of shocking the straight-limbed, naked-footed Arab in his single rough garment with their baggy, elephant-legged trousers! And they know nothing of the mystic land of the old gods, filled with profound enigmas of the supernatural, dark secrets yet unexplored except in this book. Well might the great Memnon murmur after this lapse of these thousand years, "They're making me tired!"

Such was the blissful, self-satisfied ignorance of Sir Midas Pyle, or as Lord Fitz-Fulke, with his delightful imitation of the East London accent, called him, Sir "Myde His Pyle," as he leaned back on his divan in the Grand Cairo Hotel. He was the vulgar editor and proprietor of a vulgar London newspaper, and had brought his wife with him, who was vainly trying to marry off his faded daughters. There was to be a fancy-dress ball at the hotel that night, and Lady Pyle hoped that her girls, if properly disguised, might have a better chance. Here, too, was Lady Fitz-Fulke, whose mother was immortalized by Byron—sixty if a day, yet still dressing youthfully—who had sought the Land of the Sphynx in the faint hope that in the

contiguity of that lady she might pass for being young. Alaster McFeckless, a splendid young Scotchman—already dressed as a Florentine sailor of the fifteenth century, which enabled him to show his magnificent calves quite as well as in his native Highland dress, and who had added with characteristic noble pride a sporran to his costume—was lolling on another divan.

"O those exquisite, those magnificent eyes of hers! Eh, sirs!" he murmured suddenly, as waking from a dream.

"O damn her eyes!" said Lord Fitz-Fulke languidly. "Tell you what, old man, you're just gone on that girl!"

"Ha!" roared McFeckless, springing to his feet, "ye will be using such language of the bonniest——"

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said Sir Midas, who hated scenes unless he had a trusted reporter with him, "but I think it is time for me to go upstairs and put on my Windsor uniform, which I find exceedingly convenient for these mixed assemblies." He withdrew, caressing his protuberant paunch with some dignity, as the two men glanced fiercely at each other.

In another moment they might have sprung at each other's throats. But luckily at this instant a curtain was pushed aside as if by some waiting listener, and a thin man entered, dressed in cap and gown —which would have been simply academic but for his carrying in one hand behind him a bundle of birch twigs. It was Dr. Haustus Pilgrim—a noted London practitioner and specialist—dressed as "Ye Olde-fashioned Pedagogue." He was presumably spending his holiday on the Nile in a large dahabiyeh with a number of friends, among whom he counted the two momentary antagonists he had just interrupted, but those who knew the doctor's far-reaching knowledge and cryptic researches believed he had his own scientific motives.

The two men turned quickly as he entered; the angry light faded from their eyes and an awed and respectful submission to the intruder took its place. He walked quietly toward them, put a lozenge in the mouth of one and felt the pulse of the other, gazing critically at both.

"We will be all right in a moment," he said, with professional confidence.

"I say!" said Fitz-Fulke, gazing at the doctor's costume, "you look dooced smart in those togs, don'tcherknow."

"They suit me," said the doctor, with a playful swish of his birch twigs, at which the two grave men shuddered. "But you were speaking of somebody's beautiful eyes."

"The Princess Zut-Ski's," returned McFeckless eagerly; "and this daft callant said——"

"He didn't like them," put in Fitz-Fulke promptly.

"Ha!" said the doctor sharply, "and why not, sir?" As Fitz-Fulke hesitated, he added bruskly: "There! Run away and play! I've business with this young man," pointing to McFeckless.

As Fitz-Fulke escaped gladly from the room, the doctor turned to McFeckless. "It won't do, my boy. The Princess is not for you—you'll only break your heart and ruin your family over her! That's my advice. Chuck her!"

"But I cannot," said McFeckless humbly. "Think of her weirdly beautiful eyes."

"I see," said the doctor meditatively; "sort of makes you feel creepy? Kind of all-overishness, eh? That's like her. But whom have we here?"

He was staring at a striking figure that had just entered, closely followed by a crowd of admiring spectators. And, indeed, he seemed worthy of the homage. His magnificent form was closely attired in a velveteen jacket and trousers, with a singular display of pearl buttons along the seams, that were absolutely lavish in their quantity; a hat adorned with feathers and roses completed his singularly picturesque equipment.

"Chevalier!" burst out McFeckless in breathless greeting.

"Ah, mon ami! What good chance?" returned the newcomer, rushing to him and kissing him on both cheeks, to the British horror of Sir Midas, who had followed. "Ah, but you are perfect!" he added, kissing his fingers in admiration of McFeckless' Florentine dress.

"But you?—what is this ravishing costume?" asked McFeckless, with a pang of jealousy. "You are God-like."

"It is the dress of what you call the

Koster—a transplanted Phenician tribe," answered the other. "They who knocked 'em in the road of Old Kent—know you not the legend?" As he spoke, he lifted his superb form to a warrior's height and gesture.

"But is this quite correct?" asked Fitz-Fulke of the doctor.

"Perfectly," said the doctor oracularly. "The renowned 'Arry Axes'—I beg his pardon," he interrupted himself hastily, "I mean the Chevalier—is perfect in his archeology and ethnology. The Koster is originally a Gipsy, which is but a corruption of the word 'Egyptian,' and, if I mistake not, that gentleman is a lineal descendant."

"But he is called 'Chevalier' and he speaks like a Frenchman," said Fluffy.

"And being a Frenchman, of course, knows nothing outside of Paris," said Sir Midas.

"We are in the Land of Mystery," said the doctor gravely, in a low voice. "You have heard of the Egyptian Hall and the Temple of Mystery!"

A shudder passed through many that were there, but the majority were following with wild adulation the superb Koster, who with elbows slightly outward and hands turned inward was passing toward the ballroom. McFeckless accompanied him with conflicting emotions. Would he see the incomparable Princess, who was lovelier and even still more a mystery than the Chevalier? Would she—terrible thought!—succumb to his perfections?

III.

The Princess was already there, surrounded by a crowd of admirers—equal if not superior to those who were following the superb Chevalier. Indeed, they met almost as rivals! Their eyes sought each other in splendid competition. The Chevalier turned away, dazzled and incoherent. "She is adorable, magnificent!" he gasped to McFeckless. "I love her on the instant! Behold, I am transported, ravished! Present me."

Indeed, as she stood there in a strange gauzy garment of exquisite colors, apparently shapeless, yet now and then revealing her perfect figure, like a bather seen through undulating billows, she was lovely. Two wands were held in her taper fingers, whose mystery only added to the general curiosity, but whose weird and cabalistic uses were to be seen later. Her magnificent face, strange in its beauty, was stranger still, since with perfect archeological Egyptian correctness she presented it only in profile, at whatever angle the spectator stood. But such a profile! The words of the great Poet-King rose to McFeckless' lips: "Her nose is a tower that looketh toward Damascus."

He hesitated a moment, torn with love and jealousy, and then presented his friend. "You will fall in love with her—and then—you will fall also by my hand," he hissed in his rival's ear and fled tumultuously.

"Voulez-vous danser, mademoiselle?" whispered the Chevalier in the perfect accent of the boulevardier.

"Merci beaucoup," she replied in the diplomatic courtesies of the Ambassadeurs.

They danced together, not once, but many times, to the admiration, the wonder and envy of all; to the scandalized reprobation of a proper few. Who was she? Who was he? It was easy to answer the last question: the world rang with the reputation of "Chevalier, the Artist." But she was still a mystery.

Perhaps they were not so to each other! He was gazing deliriously into her eyes. She was looking at him in disdainful curiosity. "I've seen you before somewhere, haven't I?" she said at last, with a crushing significance.

He shuddered, he knew not why, and passed his hand over his high forehead. "Yes, I go there very often," he replied vacantly. "But you, mademoiselle—you—I have met before."

"O ages, ages ago!" There was something weird in her emphasis.

"Ha!" said a voice near them, "I thought so!" It was the doctor, peering at them curiously. "And you both feel rather dazed and creepy?" He suddenly felt their pulses, lingering, however, as the Chevalier fancied, somewhat longer than necessary over the lady's wrist and beautiful arm. He then put a small round box in the Chevalier's hand, saying, "One before each meal," and turning to the lady with caressing professional accents said, "We must wrap ourselves closely and



Drawn by George T. Tobin. "'ARRY AXES! WHERE ARE YOU?'" 41

endeavor to induce perspiration," and hurried away, dragging the Chevalier with him. When they reached a secluded corner, he said, "You had just now a kind of feeling, don't you know, as if you'd sort of been there before; didn't you?"

"Yes, what you call a—preexistence," said the Chevalier, wonderingly.

"Yes, I have often observed that those who doubt a future state of existence have no hesitation in accepting a previous one," said the doctor dryly. "But come, I see from the way the crowd are hurrying that your Divinity's number is up—I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "that she is probably dancing again."

"Aha! with him, the imbecile McFeckless?" gasped the Chevalier.

"No, alone."

She was indeed alone in the center of the ballroom—with outstretched arms, revolving in an occult, weird, dreamy, mystic, druidical, cabalistic circle. They now for the first time perceived the meaning of those strange wands which appeared to be attached to the many folds of her diaphanous skirts and involved her in a fleecy, whirling cloud. Yet in the wild convolutions of her garments and the mad gyrations of her figure, her face was upturned with the seraphic intensity of a devotee—and her lips parted as with the impassioned appeal for "Light! More light!" And the appeal was answered. A flood of blue, crimson, yellow and green radiance was alternately poured upon her from the black box of a mysterious Nubian slave in the gallery. The effect was marvelous; at one moment she appeared as a martyr in a sheet of flame, at another as an angel wrapped in white and muffled purity, and again as a nymph of the cerulean sea, and then suddenly a cloud of darkness seemed to descend upon her, through which for an instant her figure, as immaculate and perfect as a marble statue, showed distinctly—then the light went out and she vanished!

The whole assembly burst into a rapturous cry. Even the common Arab attendants who were peeping in at the doors raised their melodious native cry, "Alloe, Fullah!" "Alloe, Fullah!" again and again.

A shocked silence followed. Then the voice of Sir Midas Pyle was heard addressing Dr. Haustus Pilgrim.

"May we not presume, sir, that what we have just seen is not unlike that remarkable exhibition when I was pained to meet you one evening at the Alhambra?"

The doctor coughed slightly. "The Alhambra—ah, yes!—you—er—refer, I presume, to Granada and the Land of the Moor, where we last met. The music and dance are both distinctly Moorish—which after all is akin to the Egyptian. I am gratified indeed that your memory should be so retentive and your archeological comparison so accurate. But see! the ladies are retiring. Let us follow."

IV.

The intoxication produced by the performance of the Princess naturally had its reaction. The British moral soul, startled out of its hypocrisy the night before, demanded the bitter beer of self-consciousness and remorse the next morning. The ladies were now openly shocked at what they had secretly envied. Lady Pyle was, however, propitiated by the doctor's assurance that the Princess was a friend of Lady Fitz-Fulke, who had promised to lend her youthful age and aristocratic prestige to the return ball which the Princess had determined to give at her own home. "Still I think the Princess open to criticism," said Sir Midas oracularly.

"Damn all criticism and critics!" burst out McFeckless, with the noble frankness of a passionate and yet unfettered soul. Sir Midas, who employed critics in his business, as he did other base and ignoble slaves, drew up himself and his paunch and walked away.

The Chevalier cast a superb look at McFeckless. "Voilà! Regard me well! I shall seek out this Princess when she is with herself! Alone, comprenez? I shall seek her at her hotel in the Egyptian Hall! Ha! Ha! I shall seek Zut-Ski! Zut!" and he made that rapid yet graceful motion of his palm against his thigh known only to the true Parisian.

"It's a rum hole where she lives, and nobody gets a sight of her," said Flossy. "It's like a beastly family vault, don't you know, outside, and there's a kind of nigger doorkeeper that visés you and chucks you out if you haven't the straight tip. I'll show you the way, if you like."

"Allons, en avant!" said the Chevalier gaily. "I precipitate myself there on the instant."

"Remember!" hissed McFeckless, grasping his arm, "you shall account to me!"

"Bien!" said the Chevalier, shaking him off lightly. "All a-rrright." Then in that incomparable barytone which had so often enthralled thousands, he moved away, trolling the first verse of the Princess' own faint, sweet, sad song of the "Lotus Lily" that thrilled McFeckless even through the Chevalier's marked French accent.

"O a hard zing to get is ze Lotus Lillee!
She lif in ze swamp—in ze watair chillee;
She make your foot wet—and you look so sillee
But you buy her for sixpence in Piccadillee!"

In half an hour the two men reached the remote suburb where the Princess lived, a gloomy, windowless building. Pausing under a low archway over which in Egyptian characters appeared the faded legend, "Sta Ged Oor," they found a Nubian slave blocking the dim entrance.

"I leave you here," said Flossy hurriedly, "as even I left once before—only then I was slightly assisted by his sandaled foot," he added, rubbing himself thoughtfully. "But better luck to you."

As his companion retreated swiftly, the Chevalier turned to the slave and would have passed in, but the man stopped him. "Got a pass, boss?"

"No," said the Chevalier.

The man looked at him keenly. "O, I see! one of de profesh."

The Chevalier nodded haughtily. The man preceded him by devious, narrow ways and dark staircases, coming abruptly upon a small apartment where the Princess sat on a low divan. A single lamp enclosed in an ominous wire cage flared above her. Strange things lay about the floor and shelves, and from another door he could see hideous masks, frightful heads and disproportionate faces. He shuddered slightly, but recovered himself and fell on his knees before her. "I lofe you," he said mad'y. "I have always lofed you!"

"For how long?" she asked, with a strange smile.

He covertly consulted his shirt-cuff. "For tree tousand fife hundred and sixty-two years," he said rapidly.

She looked at him disdainfully. "The doctor has been putting you up to that! It won't wash! I don't refer to your shirt-cuff," she added with deep satire.

"Adorable one!" he broke out passionately, attempting to embrace her. "I have come to take you." Without moving, she touched a knob in the wall. A trap-door beyond him sank, and out of the bowels of the earth leaped three indescribable demons. Then, rising, she took a cake of chalk from the table and, drawing a mystic half-circle on the floor, returned to the divan, lit a cigarette and, leaning comfortably back, said in a low, monotonous voice, "Advance one foot within that magic line, and on that head, although it wore a crown, I launch the curse of Rome."

"I—only wanted to take you—with a kodak," he said, with a light laugh to conceal his confusion, as he produced the instrument from his coat-tail pocket.

"Not with that cheap box," she said, rising with magnificent disdain. "Come again with a decent instrument—and perhaps——" Then, lightly humming in a pure contralto, "I've been photographed like this—I've been photographed like that," she summoned the slave to conduct him back, and vanished through a canvas screen, which nevertheless seemed to the dazed Chevalier to be the stony front of the Pyramids.

V.

"And you saw her?" said the doctor, in French.

"Yes, but the three-thousand-year gag did not work! She spotted you, cher ami, on the instant. And she wouldn't let me take her with my kodak."

The doctor looked grave. "I see," he mused thoughtfully. "You must have my camera—a larger one and more bulky perhaps to carry, but she will not object to that, she who has stood for full-lengths. I will give you some private instructions."

"But, cher doctor, this previous-existence idea—at what do you arrive?"

"There is much to say for it," said the doctor oracularly. "It has survived in the belief of all ages. Who can tell? That some men in a previous existence may have been goats or apes," continued the

doctor, looking at him curiously, "does not seem improbable! From the time of Pythagoras we have known that; but that the individual as an individual ego has been remanded or projected, has harked back or anticipated himself, is, we may say, with our powers of apperception—that is, the perception that we are perceiving—is——"

But the Chevalier had fled. "No matter," said the doctor, "I will see McFeckless." He did. He found him gloomy, distraught, baleful. He felt his pulse. "The mixture as before," he said briefly, "and a little innocent diversion. There is an Aunt Sally on the esplanade—two throws for a penny. It will do you good. Think no more of this woman! Listen—I wish you well; your family have always been good patients of mine. Marry some good Scotch girl—I know one with fifty thousand pounds. Let the Princess go!"

"To him—never! I will marry her! Yet," he murmured softly to himself—"feefty thousand pun' is nae small sum. Aye! Not that I care for siller—but feefty thousand pun'! Eh, sirs!"

VI.

Doctor Haustus knew that the Chevalier had again visited the Princess—although he had kept the visit a secret and indeed was himself invisible for a day or two afterward. At last the doctor's curiosity induced him to visit the Chevalier's apartment. Entering, he was surprised—even in that Land of Mystery—to find the room profoundly dark, smelling of Eastern drugs, and the Chevalier sitting before a large plate of glass which he was examining by the aid of a lurid ruby lamp—the only light in the weird gloom. His face was pale and distraught, his locks were disheveled.

"Voilà!" he said. "Mon Dieu! It is my third attempt. Always the same—hideous, monstrous, unearthly! It is she, and yet it is not she!"

The doctor, professional man as he was and inured to such spectacles, was startled! The plate before him showed the Princess' face in all its beautiful contour, but only dimly veiling a ghastly death's-head below. There was the whole bony structure of the head and the eyeless sockets; even the graceful, swanlike neck showed the articulated vertebral column that supported it in all its hideous reality. The beautiful shoulders were there, dimly as in a dream—but beneath was the empty clavicle, the knotty joint, the hollow sternum and the ribs of a skeleton half-length!

The doctor's voice broke the silence. "My friend," he said dryly, "you see only the truth! You see what she really is, this peerless Princess of yours. You see her as she is to-day, and you see her kinship to the bones that have lain for centuries in yonder Pyramid. Yet they were once as fair as this, and this was as fair as they—in effect, the same! You that have madly, impiously adored her superficial beauty, the mere dust of to-morrow, let this be a warning to you! You that have no soul to speak of, let that suffice you! Take her and be happy. Adieu!"

Yet as he passed out of the fitting tomb-like gloom of the apartment and descended the stairs, he murmured to himself: "Odd that I should have lent him my camera with the Röntgen-ray attachment still on. No matter! It is not the first time that the Princess has appeared in two parts the same evening."

VII.

In spite of envy, jealousy and malice, a certain curiosity greater than all these drew everybody to the Princess Zut-Ski's ball. Lady Fitz-Fulke was there in virgin white, looking more youthful than ever in spite of her sixty-five years and the card labeled "Fresh paint" which somebody had playfully placed upon her enameled shoulder. The McFecklesses, the Pyles, Flossy, the doctor and the Chevalier—looking still anxious—were in attendance.

The mysterious Nubian doorkeeper admitted the guests through the same narrow passages, much to the disgust of Lady Pyle and the discomfiture of her paunchy husband, but on reaching a large circular interior hall, a greater surprise was in store for them. It was found that the only entrance to the body of the hall was along a narrow ledge against the bare wall some distance from the floor, which obliged the guests to walk slowly in single file along this precarious strip, giving them the attitudes of an Egyptian frieze, which was suggested in the original plaster above them.

It is needless to say that, while the effect was ingenious and striking from the center of the room where the Princess stood with a few personal friends, it was exceedingly uncomfortable to the figures themselves, in their enforced march along the ledge—especially a figure of Sir Midas Pyle's proportions. Suddenly an exclamation broke from the doctor.

"Do you see," he said to the Princess, pointing to the figure of the Chevalier, who was filing along with his sinewy hands slightly turned inward, "how surprisingly like he is to the first attendant on the King in the real frieze above? And that," added the doctor, "was none other than 'Arry Axes, the Egyptian you are always thinking of." And he peered curiously at her.

"Goodness me!" murmured the Princess, in an Arabic much more soft and fluent than the original gum. "So he does look like him."

"And do you know you look like him, too? Would you mind taking a walk around together?"

They did, amid the acclamations of the crowd. The likeness was perfect. The Princess, however, was quite white as she eagerly rejoined the doctor.

"And this means——?" she hissed in a low whisper.

"That he is the real 'Arry Axes! Hush, not a word now! We join the dahabiyeh to-night. At daybreak you will meet him at the fourth angle of the Pyramid, first turning from the Nile!"

VIII.

The crescent moon hung again over the apex of the Great Pyramid, like a silver cutting from the rosy nail of a houri. The Sphynx—mighty guesser of riddles, reader of rebuses and universal solver of missing words—looked over the unfathomable Desert and these few pages, with the worried, hopeless expression of one who is obliged at last to give it up. And then the wailing voice of a woman, toiling up the steep steps of the Pyramid, was heard above the creaking of the Ibis: "'Arry Axes! Where are you? Wait for me."

"J'y suis," said a voice from the very summit of the stupendous granite bulk, "yet I cannot reach it." And in that faint light the figure of a man was seen, lifting his arms wildly toward the moon.

"'Arry Axes," persisted the voice, drifting higher, "wait for me; we are pursued."

And indeed it was true. A band of Nubians, headed by the doctor, was already swarming like ants up the Pyramid and the unhappy pair were secured. And when the sun rose, it was upon the white sails of the dahabiyeh, the vacant Pyramid and the slumbering Sphynx.

There was great excitement at the Cairo Hotel the next morning. The Princess and the Chevalier had disappeared and with them Alaster McFeckless, Lady Fitz-Fulke, the doctor and even his dahabiyeh! A thousand rumors had been in circulation. Sir Midas Pyle looked up from the "Times" with his usual I-told-you-so expression.

"It is the most extraordinary thing, don'tcherknow," said Fitz-Fulke. "It seems that Dr. Haustus Pilgrim was here professionally—as a nerve specialist—in the treatment of hallucinations produced by neurotic conditions, you know."

"A mad-doctor, here!" gasped Sir Midas.

"Yes. The Princess, the Chevalier, McFeckless, and even my mother were all patients of his on the dahabiyeh. He believed, don'tcherknow, in humoring them and letting them follow out their cranks, under his management. The Princess was a music-hall artist who imagined she was a dead and gone Egyptian Princess—and the queerest of all, 'Arry Axes, was also a music-hall singer who imagined himself Chevalier—you know, the great coster artist—and that's how we took him for a Frenchman. McFeckless and my poor old mother were the only ones with any real rank and position—but you know what a beastly bounder Mac was, and the poor mater did overdo the youthful! We never called the doctor in until the day she wanted to go to a swell ball in London as Little Red Riding-Hood. But the doctor writes me that the experiment was a success, and they'll be all right when they get back to London."

"Then it seems, sir, that you and I were the only sane ones here," said Sir Midas furiously.

"Really it's as much as I can do to be certain about myself, old chappie," said Fitz-Fulke, turning away.

THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LIFE.

VI.

By John Brisben Walker.

THE youth who is brought up in schools, achieving popularity with his schoolfellows, in the whirl of cities, and in society, where he follows the busy round of excitement and entertainment, is in training to become at the age of forty a thoroughly commonplace personage. Whenever you find one born in this environment who subsequently becomes remarkable, you will invariably discover that at some period he lived in solitude.

A Napoleon would have been impossible, derived from a ducal family, with brawny muscles, leading his schoolfellows in their games and surrounded by their plaudits. Mahomet, on the long, patiently endured caravan marches, lying in silence in the desert at night, watching the stars, subsequently compelled to take refuge in himself through opprobrium heaped upon him by his neighbors—found time to think out the ideas which his followers have pursued unwaveringly for centuries.

Abraham Lincoln pondered over his few books in the long winter nights of the backwoods.

Theodore Roosevelt, up to the year 1902, has perhaps not shown himself a profound thinker; but his broad conceptions of things, his grasp of situations and clearness of vision have been sufficiently remarkable to excite wonder that his early environment could have produced the man. We are at a loss to understand, until we come to the day in his career when he forsook the city and went off with his gun into the wilderness. In that wonderful calm, which can be found, it seems to me, nowhere else in the whole world as at the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains, he found his opportunity for reflection.

What a wonderland it is, that plain and mountain country! Riding forth on horseback in the early morning, you have around you long, indistinct stretches of shadow—a stillness that is vast. The world seems to have stopped in its orbit. The man has become solely a mind; imagination, ruling with absolute sway, eliminates physical sensation—absorbs the entire being, playing a thousand fantastic tricks. For the time the world seems to have no other life. You are in a vast desolation. Stretching off to the north and south—in this clear atmosphere your vision ranges more than sixty miles—are dim shapes of foothills and mountains. As you ride on, the dawn approaches; all about you seems to change—forms come to you out of the darkness. Presently, away off in the distance, with an almost supernatural suddenness there appears a brilliant flame capping the very tip of the highest peak. It grows larger and creeps downward. The mountain-side below takes a hue of old rose; below that come deep purples. What is this transformation scene? In a few moments the whole world seems in a whirl of color—every moment changing, each second bringing beauty of its own.

Sunrise at the foot of the Rocky Mountains is the most wonderful thing of all nature's varied phenomena that any man may ever behold—the rays of light coming first with startling suddenness, then slowly creeping down from peak to peak, tinging the snow with endless variations of color, making ten thousand combinations of beauty and changing them in a moment with the quickness of a kaleidoscope, until finally both peak and plain are covered with the warm brightness. And it is a joy to be alive!

No man can spend any portion of his life amidst such scenes of quiet and beauty without being the better for it. Nature will force him to think. This universe and its problems force themselves on every dweller in these regions, and there is a gratitude for life that the dweller of the city can never know.

We must regard this plains-life of Roosevelt as the formative period of his mind. There was time for reflection. In his

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Note.—Having only the most general acquaintance with the early part of Mr. Roosevelt's career, I was fortunate in being able to secure the assistance of Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who has for some years enjoyed a close acquaintance with the President, and who was exceptionally fitted for the task of preparing Chapter IV., which he was kind enough to undertake. Under Mr. Julian Ralph's name appeared Chapter V., which relates to Mr. Roosevelt's career in the New York Assembly. Mr. Ralph, in addition to his wide acquaintance with men and affairs, had the further advantage of having been present in Albany during a considerable portion of the period covered by his contribution.—J. B. Walker.

sketches of ranch life he gives a quaint picture of his Western home:

"My ranch-house stands on the river brink. From the low, long veranda, shaded by leafy cotton-woods, one looks across sand-bars and shallows to a strip of meadowland, behind which rises a line of sheer cliffs and grassy plateaus. This veranda is a pleasant place in the summer evenings, when a cool breeze stirs along the river and blows in the faces of tired men, who loll back in their rocking-chairs (what true American does not enjoy a rocking-chair?), book in hand—though they do not often read the books, but rock gently to and fro, gazing sleepily out at the weird-looking buttes opposite, until their sharp outlines grow indistinct and purple in the after-glow of the sunset."

In the wonderful assortment of books which he has made time—note the word made; men who accomplish things do not "find" time, but "make" it—to write, the now President of the United States tells of his long trips over the snow in pursuit of cougar and bear—up ravines in which that absolute stillness pervades. These words, I am aware, convey no meaning to the man of the city. One must have stood deep in a cañon, with the mountains towering ten thousand feet above, to understand this absolute stillness, broken only by the speck of wing which mysteriously soars in ether miles away.

It was not merely that in these unbroken solitudes the man who was destined to play so important a part in national history was learning to think, but also that he was laying in a stock of health and living-power without which no one can sustain the arduous struggles which conspicuous success in any field of modern life demands. Only those who come into intimate contact with successful men comprehend that positions have been wrought not merely by keenness of brain, by quickness of perception, by wisdom in decision, but also, in the great majority of cases, by a physical equipment which enables them to withstand strain of intense application for long hours. For, after all, clearness of vision and certainty of judgment are most often given to those who plod wearily through details until, with complete knowledge, comes thorough understanding.

In the rarified air and sunshine of the plains the lungs expand. Day after day on horseback knots the sinews and toughens the body to resist disease. The candidate for governor, making a hundred speeches from the rear end of a car, eating and sleeping irregularly and making supreme effort for weeks together, was physically graduated for this undertaking from the back of a Western cow-pony.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HUNTING OUTFIT.

And it is interesting to note in the ranchman the qualities which are to-day counting in the White House. In his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" Roosevelt described the hunter: "He must be persevering, watchful, hardy, and with good judgment; and a little dash and energy at the proper time often help immensely. I, myself, am not, and never will be, more than an ordinary shot; for my eyes are bad and my hand not oversteady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the plains, partly because I have hunted very perseveringly and partly because by practice I have learned to shoot about as well at a wild animal as at a target."

In reading these books of Western experience, as in watching the career of the man since, one must regret that the "force" side of life seems to play so important a part in our subject's career. Perhaps we may find our clue to this in the statement that as a boy he was puny and weak and for a few youthful years the victim of stronger boys. If this be true, it is not

surprising that physical courage should have taken on a disproportionate importance. The boy who has been strong and fearless from his earliest youth regards physical courage lightly, because to him it seems a matter of course.

And the desire to kill things, aside, perhaps, from bears and cougars, is not admirable. It is an inherited instinct from savage progenitors that the world would be well without. One cannot fail to realize, however, that force is still the final arbiter of the world's disputes, and that if the good are to be protected against the vicious, if law is to prevail against the would-be robber, there must be "force" standing always ready.

It would be idle to speculate upon what Mr. Roosevelt would be if his education had been under the tutelage of Thomas Jefferson. We should undoubtedly have had him intent, not upon the greatness of a navy or the importance of possessions in far away lands, but upon the instruction of our entire people, à la Boer, in the art of war, so as to protect ourselves from foreign encroachments. And then the development of our institutions *upon lines which would make the United States complete in itself; a system of government of highest wisdom which would distribute surplus products upon those at home, and seeking to take from other nations only those things which they would give willingly and to their own direct advantage.*

I am aware that this would be laying out a difficult line of action, and against it would be arrayed all the superstitions, prejudices and stupidities which have come down to us in regular succession. But it would be a problem worth the wrestling.

Theodore Roosevelt must be regarded, however, as in process of evolution. He assimilates information in the most wonderful manner and grows intellectually with every hour. The young man who as Assistant Secretary of the Navy took pride in an aggressive navy is quite another person from the national executive rendered doubly thoughtful in the face of the differing interests of the people whose head he is.

If to-day one were called upon to name the most distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt, it would be his entire independence in thought—even that greatest independence which is exemption from slavery to one's past beliefs. Time and again he has been placed in positions which ordinarily mean obscurity; and he could very easily have hidden himself, as others have, in commonplace, had he given his acceptance to the existing order of things, conceded the entire wisdom of his predecessors, adapted himself to precedent, and generally done those things which count for being agreeable. This, however, was not his method. No sooner did he encounter a situation than his mind began a rapid analysis of its possibilities. The fact that custom had been established counted with him as nothing. What were the real merits? What would common sense dictate as applicable? He is an example of the man who constantly works out for himself on lines of reason every task which he has undertaken, from the roping of a steer up to the greatest problems of state. Immediately upon entering office he has begun at once to work out for himself a complete analysis of the last detail. What did the office demand? What should be done to bring its work up to the highest efficiency?

As a result he has always attracted public attention in every position occupied by him; not because he sought to attract that attention, and, on the other hand, doubtless it would be a mistake to suppose that he did not treasure public appreciation. He recognized that if he were to accomplish anything in the world, it would be by having the confidence of his fellowmen. Therefore public attention was not only agreeable but a necessary adjunct to his success. Working out the requirements of the situation in a way which he felt confident was absolutely logical, he stood firmly on his own ground, believing that it was only a question of time until the public came around to his way of thinking; it must at some time recognize the measure of such public service as he was performing.

It should be called to the attention of young men that his career is based upon clear thinking, a contempt for precedent, and a courage to encounter criticism when he believed that such criticism arose, not because of study and careful thought, but from a commonplace willingness to accept the existing order of things.

(To be continued.)

THE INFLUENCE OF VICTOR HUGO.

By Edmund Gosse.

JUST a month before these words are in the hands of my readers, the whole world will have been called upon to celebrate the centenary of a very great poet who was born at Besançon, in the east of France, on the 26th of February, 1802. There is no question that this appeal will have been responded to with great warmth in the Latin nations of Europe, and particularly in France. The French have an extraordinary talent for concentrating attention upon themselves at critical moments and for producing stage-effects which rivet the eye. I see already preparations for the spectacle, scene-shiftings and property-paintings in the world of Parisian journalism which are sufficient to prove that nothing will be spared to make the centenary of Victor Hugo a gorgeous and a reverberating ceremony. This author has not merely contrived, in an existence of a hundred years, to attract to himself an almost unbounded admiration in France, but he has contrived, in many ways, to present to the French imagination a sort of glorified ideal of the national spirit. What Victor Hugo is, all Frenchmen of sentiment would like to be. In celebrating the century of his activity, France will celebrate what in her own temper and habit of thought she has most reason to contemplate with pride.



VICTOR HUGO'S BEST PORTRAIT.

I observe that, by instinct rather than by accident, I have spoken of Hugo as if he were still alive. As a matter of fact, he will have been buried at the age of exactly one hundred years on the 26th of February, 1902, and the centenary will really have been his solemn funeral. It is true that, in a purely physical and negligible sense, he "died" on the 22d of May, 1885, and that the aged shell of him was laid with immense pomp in the Pantheon. But we cannot speak of any one as dead until his voice is silent, and the vocal activity of Victor Hugo, since what was officially spoken of as his demise, has been punctual and extraordinary. Since 1885, every year the ghost of Hugo has published a thick new volume in prose and verse, and these posthumous works would be enough, had he written nothing else, to place his name high among the writers of the world. Such dramatic eclogues as are included in the "Théâtre en Liberté," such epic fragments as "La Fin de Satan," such songs as compose "Toute la Lyre," such noble reflections on life and death as fill "Postscriptum de Ma Vie," would suffice to make up riches for any poorer man. The last volume of Hugo's poems will be in your hands before you read these lines, and then, but not till then, the majestic existence of this writer, as a living force, will cease. He will have lived, in the true sense, through the glorious orb of a full hundred years.

The prestige of his genius is so enormous

that for a great many years it easily bore down before it all opposition and almost all reserve. It was impossible, when the splendor of Victor Hugo was in its zenith in Paris—say about the year 1880—to do so much as suggest that there were spots in the sun. In our own literature, we have but to turn to the rhapsodies of Mr. Swinburne, in verse and prose, to see to lengths how unlimited, how almost idolatrous, the worship of Hugo could be pushed in those days. These are the words in which the great English poet addressed him, on his seventy-eighth birthday, and this was not the language of empty laudation:—

"Our Father and Master and Lord,
Who hast thy song for sword,
For staff thy spirit, and our hearts for throne;
As in past years of wrong,
Take now my subject song,
To no crowned head made humble but thine own;
That on thy day of worldly birth
Gives thanks for all thou hast given past thanks of all on earth."

This language, which could not be exceeded if addressed to Shakespeare or Dante or Goethe, was not considered extravagant by any one in the Latin countries in 1880. That was the proper style in which to address Victor Hugo. I remember that when he appeared at the window of a Swiss hotel, in 1883, and bowed to the persons who had gathered below it to behold him, people affected to be dazzled, and shielded their eyes from the blaze of his appearance, as if the sun had risen.

Twenty years have witnessed a falling off in this enthusiasm, and although the centenary will certainly blow the ashes up into a great flare for the moment, I feel quite sure that there will be many abstentions from the ritual and not a few mockers as the procession goes by. A good many very rude things about the divine Hugo are now openly said in the coteries of Paris, and in measuring his influence, we must take these into consideration. The new school of poetic criticism in France is greatly puzzled to know what to do with Hugo. His work is so copious and magnificent, and so perfect of its kind, and so various in its perfection, that it is hardly possible to deny its merit. (I had once, it is true, the joy of hearing an ineffable young ass in the Latin Quarter, who had mentioned that no other French poet but himself had been born in a particular district of the Franche Comté, and to whom Victor Hugo's birth at Besançon had been recalled, reply, "And Victor Hugo, sir, we can scarcely call a poet!" But a fatuity so splendid as this is rare, even on the Boulevard St. Michel.) The critics of the new school, therefore, satisfy their scruples by explaining that they think him magnificent, but that they class him among orators. As I saw it rather delightfully put the other day, in one of the organs of young French criticism, "Victor Hugo was an Ear, he was an Eye, he was a Trumpet and a Gong; but he was not a lyre nor a flute."

In other words, there is a reaction against certain aspects of his genius, and those apocalyptic utterances before which the multitude bowed down in wonder and awe are openly mocked and scouted by the irreverent. There is a prejudice to-day against rhetoric and declamation, and what was Hugo if he was not declamatory? The profane turn over the pages of his tremendous poems and call them vast empty spaces, resounding voids. In 1880 French critics were almost unanimous in declaring that "Victor Hugo is all the poetry and all the thought of the nineteenth century." This was always most untrue even of France, and of the other countries of the world it was quite exasperatingly untrue. As a matter of fact, outside France, the influence, though not always the fame, of Hugo has invariably met with opposition. What French critics are beginning to admit has, for example, been persistently felt instinctively by Anglo-Saxon readers. It is this limitation of his influence, and the causes which have made that limitation inevitable, which I wish to deal with to-day. While France reverberates with evidence of the immense fertilizing and vivifying force which the genius of Victor Hugo has exercised in French literature, let us—while offering our full meed of admiration and respect—ask ourselves why it is that his influence has been so very slight and accidental in English and American literature.

But first of all, a few words concerning Victor Hugo's influence on French literature, and of this there is, indeed, no question possible. To the nineteenth century

in France he was what Voltaire had been to the eighteenth. That is to say, an absolutely momentous power, extending so far in so many directions as to pass outside the bounds of convenient definition. To ask whether Hugo had any influence on letters in his own country is like asking whether, if the Atlantic Ocean were let into the Great Sahara, it would have any influence there. In the first place, he was original to a quite extraordinary degree It is difficult to point to any modern writer, at least any writer of the last two centuries, who owes so little to preceding forms of expression as Hugo does. He cultivated a sort of graceful fealty of Vergil, which was rather like the tribute of a dish of fruit which some great chieftain may think it courteous to send once a year to a nominal head of his clan; but as a matter of fact, Victor Hugo owed little or nothing to Vergil. In his own country he had been preceded in his revolution against the prevailing languor of poetry by Chateaubriand, by Lamartine, by Vigny, but when the moment came and the age was ripe; it was the trumpet-note of Hugo's celebrated formula, and not the voices of his elders, that broke down the walls of the classical Jericho.



VICTOR HUGO.

This work of successful revolution may be said to have occupied about five years, from 1825, when first Hugo broke away from the overshadowing of Chateaubriand, to 1830, when we may consider that the Romantic movement was complete. Then, onward from 1830 to 1845, Victor Hugo was unquestionably the greatest imaginative power in Europe. In poetry, in the whole business of idealistic and lyrical writing, he became France itself, and he led France in the van of the nations. He imposed a certain tradition, a certain attitude, on the whole poetic side of French thought, so that all the poets who succeeded, though of such extremely diverse types as Musset and Gautier, down to Coppée and Richepin and Verlaine, were in some form or other recognizable as disciples of Victor Hugo. The marvelous thing was that for forty years longer he contrived, without adding very much to the elements which supported it, to keep erect this gigantic prestige, which was practically unassailed until after his death. So that, at the very lowest estimate, Victor Hugo presents us with the case of a poet who ruled a vast and complex modern nation, without a pretender to share his dignity, through nearly the whole of a period of a hundred years. This is unique, or paralleled only and partially by the almost royal state of Goethe.

There are many reasons, which even an Anglo-Saxon can appreciate, for the amazing vogue of Hugo. He has had thousands of imitators, but not one of them has contrived to give anything of the Hugonian impression of life in its fulness. Hugo sees everything enormous and distended, exuberant and colossal, but he preserves alongside of this dangerous tendency a sense of harmony, almost of logic, which prevents it from being too obviously

preposterous. We are prepared to laugh, but something makes us grow serious as we listen; the smile dies away and we kindle with admiration, terror and joy. It is the evidence of splendid vitality which carries us on, which drags us unwillingly in the train of Victor Hugo, which induces us to throw up our hands and resign ourselves to this tremendous and astounding tide of energy. If he seemed to force the note, or, as people say, "worked himself up," we could easily turn from him with a smile, with a shrug. But that is impossible. The spontaneity of the man is irresistible. The fountain of his song leaps and gushes and flows forth in all directions; we can but sail upon it. It takes us out of sight of shore, it tosses us on that luminous and buoyant ocean which is the personal genius of Victor Hugo. This extraordinary amplification of everything —in which the pig becomes a rhinoceros, the lizard a crocodile and the breeze a simoom—was noted as early as 1826 by Sainte-Beuve as a danger to Hugo. But it really proved to be one of the most useful and the most predominant of his characteristics, and of immense advantage to his influence.

It would be a great mistake, however, to insist too much on this redundant element, on this grandiosity and prodigality, of Hugo. He was born the son of a Lorraine father and a Vendean mother, he belongs to the east and to the west of the center of France, and he possesses a mixture of stability and glow, as of a nature based on the heart of a beautiful country poised between north and south. But in earliest infancy his face was turned toward Spain, toward "the dark towers of Vittoria," the cathedral of Burgos lifting its "Gothic needles" into the fiery sun, all the somber convents and bastiles of Andalusia. Something essentially Spanish has been perceived in the emphasis of his diction, in his intense passion for sunlight and blood and the shout of trumpets. Yet we must not make too much of all this; we must not even make too much of the Hugo of the latest years, when his serene conviction of his greatness carried him onward and upward into regions of pure abstraction, and when he abused, sometimes, his unrivaled command of inflated language. Early detractors declared that Victor Hugo was mad. Young critics, anxious to depose him, have said, since his death, that he was "an apocalyptical mountebank." But to regard Victor Hugo as a buffoon or as a lunatic is to be self-condemned as an incompetent judge of literary values. No one was in his own art more sincere; no one at his own time knew more sensibly how to exercise self-restraint.

Perhaps the best way to counteract the effect of the later works of Victor Hugo—in which, with all his power and melody, he certainly did give the impression that a wild wind, beyond his own control, was blowing him about among the stars—perhaps the best way to recover from his too-prophetic aspect is to regard him as he was in the early years of his maturity. The writings of his boyhood were compositions of conventional rhetoric, chains of abstract ideas not clothed upon with flesh. But when he found his personal expression, and yet was still young and full of the beauty of the world, he was a poet of the like of whom France has seen none, and the rest of Europe but very few. It was in these years that he enchanted and led after him, as a Pied Piper of Hamelin, all the true lovers of his art, pouring forth unbidden melody like the nightingales in the bright, thin forests of his fatherland. No one is now living who had the happiness of being young when this exquisite magic was being flung over France. Those of us to whom Victor Hugo appealed as a contemporary remember him only as the "trumpet" and the "gong" of later times. The early poems are half forgotten, or have been partially silenced by the reverberating clarion-blasts from Guernsey, Brussels and Paris. If we speak of Victor Hugo's influence, we must remember the beautiful books of the thirties and the forties.

There is very little of the conventional Hugo about the "Feuilles d'Automne" of 1831, those fallen leaves of the somber, mysterious woodland. Cast aside your established notion of Hugo, and take that old book into your hands. It steeps you in resignation and melancholy. It is full of the echoes of far-off, sorrowful things that time has hallowed. Joy in the sadness of which our years are made, in infinity

of mournful but not repining thoughts which memory brings in its train, these are the sources of its inspiration. Here are the voices of the mountains, the colors of Alpine flowers, the lamentable splendor of setting suns. The tone of these poems is domestic and gentle, and the art of them the most exquisite conceivable. Read the long and varied canticle of familiar adoration called "La Prière Pour Tous." Read the landscape-study in "Bièvre." Read, above all—

"Dans l'alcôve sombre,
Près d'un humble autel,
L'enfant dort à l'ombre
Du lit maternel.
Tandis qu'il repose,
Sa paupière rose,
Pour la terre close,
S'ouvre pour le ciel"—

perhaps the most adorable song of babyhood ever indited by mortal man—and you will be in a position to appreciate the wonder and worship which this new talent excited in France.

The next collection of Victor Hugo's lyrics was "Les Chants du Crèpuscule," twilight songs, published in 1835. The very last line in "Feuilles d'Automne" had warned us that the poet would, in future, "add to his lyre a chord of bronze." This metallic string, this chord of revolutionary politics, was ultimately to deafen all the others, but in the volume of 1835 it is tempered by a humane moderation. And when the political odes and hymns are exhausted, half through the book, we step out into the dew and the moonlight again; we reach delicious lyrics, some of the most refined that were ever composed, so human and sweet, so melodious and simple, that the eyes fill with tears of pleasure to read them. Then came, in 1837, "Les Voix Intérieures," and the poet in his preface warned us that here the "drop of dew" would be more often concealed. Indeed, we find it so; it has not altogether been exhaled, but the peculiar ecstasy of moonlit solitude is rarer. The poet moves in larger masses of men; the note—as one addressed more directly to a crowd—is larger and not so delicate. Here two typical characteristics of Victor Hugo become for the first time strongly emphasized—his reverence for old age and his noble passion for childhood. All is still beautiful, but most



VICTOR HUGO WHEN TWENTY-SIX YEARS OLD.

has ceased to be intimate. And then, in 1840, came "Les Rayons et les Ombres," and Victor Hugo, at the age of thirty-eight, had attained the full height of his lyric genius, with the inevitable loss of some of his "asides" to his readers, his enchanting, confidential modulations.

On the refinement and charm of these early volumes I have ventured to dwell here for a little, because I think that the ordinary reader of Hugo, even in France, has a little forgotten what manner of singer he was from 1830 to 1840, and how great a part of his influence was built up upon his devotion to beauty, upon the intoxication of his exquisite and unobtrusive melodies. He went much farther than this; he became one of the wonders of the age. He grew to possess such sovereign power over language that Shakespeare alone was his equal in the transfiguration of images and the processional pomp of metaphors. He reached such a point of mastery over the abstract idea that he realized the gift of Mephistopheles to Faust, and every thought, every aspect of mortality, appeared to him at will clothed as a concrete object with color and light and form. After the downfall of the empire—and even for some years before it—Hugo became an accredited seer, a sort of unofficial Ezekiel or unattached Isaiah. But he never, or seldom, regained those "wood-notes wild" which had thrilled his earliest admirers with ecstasy, and from

which all that is most truly poetical in the literature of France for the last seventy years is lineally descended.

It is in those romantic and refined early works that Victor Hugo appealed to his own contemporaries, almost more, I think, than in those boisterous dramas of which, in these days, we preserve so much clearer a memory. If we read the delightful prefaces to the volumes I have been mentioning—and, by the way, why does not some enterprising publisher collect for us under one cover those admirable prefaces of Hugo?—we are struck with the fact that from 1827 to 1840 he was carefully educating his public. Whenever he published a drama or a collection of verses, he said in the preface what ought to be, and then displayed in the poems themselves what could be. Now, what these works preeminently added to the possibilities of French literature was an entirely new outlook upon art and life, a breaking down of the old barriers of expression, a substitution of real emotion for the conventional sentiments of the old "classical" period, and a free employment of color and sound and form in whatever manner seemed good to the artist.

It is not to be questioned that the hundreds of articles and addresses which the Hugo centenary will have evoked by the time these words are printed will dwell on the immense influence which this innovation of Hugo's, this rejuvenation of the form and substance of poetry, had on the Latin world. We shall have been shown what an amazing power he was, especially in France. But in writing to-day for an Anglo-Saxon audience, it seems interesting to turn away from that theme and to ask ourselves, with sincerity, What has been the nature of Victor Hugo's influence on us? What have English and American poetry and prose owed to the greatest of modern Frenchmen? Well, the answer is surprising enough. The more closely we regard the subject, the more it recedes from us, and we have at last to reply, scarcely any influence at all. One great English poet has been Hugo's close disciple throughout his career, but Mr. Swinburne stands alone, in a sort of magnificent isolation, admired but not followed and scarcely sympathized with. A certain species of inflated prose romance has been influenced in some degree by the huge novels of Hugo, or by their least admirable peculiarities. But Anglo-Saxon thought, Anglo-Saxon form, have scarcely shown by so much as a ripple their consciousness of the presence of the mighty wind that blew out of Guernsey. When we consider how much Victor Hugo has been read and admired among us, how perfectly familiar his name and figure had become to us long before his death, the absence of almost all trace of his influence on our literature is remarkable. Heine, Tolstoi and Ibsen, during the same half-century, have left a far deeper impact upon Anglo-American literature than Victor Hugo. The cause of this is not, I believe, very difficult to discover. The reforms which Hugo carried out between 1827 and 1835 were momentous in France, because they were extremely needed, but they were without importance to England, because England no longer required them. The gates were closed in France; they were massive portals of solid bronze, and needed the strength of a Hercules and the vigor of a Samson to break them in. Victor Hugo rose in his giant energy, and with a song that was like a blast on the trumpet at his lips, he advanced and battered them down. They fell, with a clangor which echoed through the whole of France and far into the neighboring Latin kingdoms. But in England, in 1830, there were no gates to batter. All the business of breaking down the classic barriers had been done thirty years earlier by Wordsworth and Coleridge. If France had produced her "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, she would not have required her "Feuilles d'Automne" in 1831. If she had borne the brunt of Romantic battle under Byron in 1812, if she had endured the ecstasies of liberated song with Shelley in 1816, if the harmonious secrets of antiquity had been revealed to her in perfect form by a Keats in 1820, the feeling with which she greeted the dramas and lyrics of Hugo would have been full of admiration and joy, but not of astonishment. These books would have delighted every instructed reader, but they could not have caused a revolution, nor have awakened a sensational resistance succeeded by a magnificent triumph, because the enemy would

have already been sprawling in chains upon the ground.

If the great release had been delayed in England, it is probable that Hugo, with his massiveness, might have exercised an influence over us in his middle life. But, as I have suggested, he was not wanted. English poetry had got, by that time, far beyond the need of being helped in his way. In 1830 Tennyson, and in 1833 Robert Browning, started a second (or perhaps a third) renaissance of imaginative literature among us, and they were well prepared to support it. The attitude of Tennyson to Victor Hugo was curious; I do not think that, until near the end of his life, the English poet realized the supreme position of his great French contemporary. I once heard Tennyson speak of Hugo; it was with respect but without enthusiasm, and I remember that he remarked immediately afterward that personally he preferred Alfred de Musset. I particularly noticed that he spoke of Hugo as of one among many, not as of the monarch of French poetry, although the occasion I speak of, more than twenty years ago, was after Tennyson had written, in 1877, his sonnet to Victor Hugo, containing that extremely naïve "hands off!"—



VICTOR HUGO AT FORTY.

> "Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance,
> Darkening the wreaths of all who would advance,
> *Beyond our strait*, their claim to be thy peers,"

or in other words, "I give you the rest of Europe, but if you cross the English Channel you will find another monarch, Me."

We may smile at the simplicity of these lines of Tennyson's, but they contained a truth. The sovereignty of Victor Hugo was acknowledged in the Anglo-Saxon countries only as courtesy demands that the ruler of another realm should be acknowledged, but not as that of a master. When Hugo's gentle and exquisite stop was on, Tennyson could please us better than he, with the same music. It is rather useful to compare absolutely parallel passages from the two poets. Take, for instance, the great midnight scene under the cedars which is the central jewel of "Maud." Place at the side of this such an entirely characteristic and beautiful piece as Hugo's "Soirée en Mer," and the difference is apparent at once. We all know the compressed and ingenious intensity of the English poet, the complexity of the elements comprised in the effect he gives, what we may call the density of the poem; it is a solid. The French poem, of not lower merit, is a liquid. Upon a moonlit night the poet and his beloved wander along a sea-shore and sit to rest upon the sands under the sails of a boat. He is taller, and as he gazes at her, he looks downward. She gazes up at him, toward the stars, toward the infinite ideal. That is the whole theme, but it is repeated in a great variety of charming ways, embroidered with all manner of melodies and fancies and spread out over one hundred and twenty-five lines. Tennyson's aim is compression. Hugo's is expansion and reverberation.

When the years passed and Victor Hugo's mannerisms grew upon him, he dissented more and more completely from

the Anglo-Saxon demand for simplicity and a certain individualistic austerity of speech. When he became the guest of England and struggled ashore, "a pale, ship-wrecked mariner, dripping with brine, on the surge-beaten reef surrounded by foam and the measureless ocean"—or, in words no longer his own, but prosaically more exact, when he made Hauteville House in Guernsey his comfortable home—he turned steadily from English manners of writing. This was the moment when, with our enthusiasm for his cause and interest in his neighborhood, he might have been expected to exercise an influence. But the genius of our language shrank, by an instinct of self-preservation, from his verbosity, his growing transcendentalism, his grandiose forms of speech, what seemed his theatrical superficiality. I am tempted to recount a little anecdote, which has not, I think, been printed. A friend of Hugo's, about the year 1868, took an American visitor to call at Hauteville House. The American was presented, but, beyond a gracious bow, obtained no attention whatever from the poet, who talked eagerly to his friend. The visitors took their leave, and then, as they descended to the front door, the form of the poet was perceived at the top of the stairs, and, in a voice like the note of a bassoon, Victor Hugo addressed himself for the first time to his American visitor. "Tell America," he said, "that I love her!"

This expansive view of himself in relation to life always provoked a smile in the Anglo-Saxon countries, and it provoked opposition to the influence of Victor Hugo. The question was readily raised whether there was really any thought behind all this reverberating rhetoric. It is our national habit to overestimate the value of pure thought in poetry. Victor Hugo, if he had not many original reflections, made up for them in the prodigality and fulness of his sensations, and he possessed the gift of translating these into language of the most transcendent eloquence. But our race is easily suspicious of oratorical effects, and the tumultuous rhapsodies which enchanted the French were apt to leave us cold and wary. When a foreign poet of excessive genius shouts like a tempest and moans like an organ, when his cadences attempt to compete with oceans and battle-fields and whirlwinds, the Anglo-Saxon world is unsympathetic and adopts the attitude of a doubting Thomas. If Victor Hugo had been a more pensive and a more ingenious writer, he might have exercised a considerable influence in English literature. But it would have been at the cost of much wider influence in his own.

While we deny that Victor Hugo was an intellectual or reflecting poet, in the sense that Browning was, we must not exaggerate his neglect of mental apparatus. The close of a brief article is not the place to speak of his attitude to books, which was far more attentive than is commonly supposed. His writings are full of evidences of genuine and assiduous literary labor; he read immensely, and he digested what he read. The results of all this literature did not appear, of course, until they had passed into the poet's personal nature and become part of himself. In some remarkable lines which he wrote on his seventy-eighth birthday, Victor Hugo remarked that "every man who writes writes a book, and that book is himself." But that book, even when a Hugo writes it, is the product of a thousand previous thoughts and expressions, tinged through and through with the color of the mind which has assimilated them.

One approaches the study of Victor Hugo with a kind of timidity—so vast is he, so multiform; like the century which he illustrated, so crowded. His voice seems to carry the very accent of the sea, that mysterious sound that can never be interpreted. But in stringing together these few reflections on the occasion of his centenary, I have tried at least to bear in mind the claim which he put forward for himself: that, in the tumult of opinion, in the rage of party, in the midst of all the passion and hatred and fury through which he labored, his voice was always that of a man worthy of esteem. Heroic, dignified, with a serene gesture that embraced the world, Victor Hugo stands up in the midst of the nineteenth century as one of its largest and noblest figures.

A CLEVER EMPEROR AND A CONFEDERATION OF NATIONS.

By John Brisben Walker.

THE Emperor of Germany is undoubtedly a marvelous man—a wonderfully quick brain, never resting, and eternally interested in a range of subjects second only to that over which the mind of the first Napoleon wandered. In his quickness of perception, in his sympathies and broad interest, he would be the ideal ruler if he had been educated in a democracy instead of under the shadow of Frederick the Great.

If it were permissable for Americans to admire a monarch, it would certainly be one of this type—a type which after all, is democratic in its versatile dealings, from the art of war to art in painting and literature. I do not doubt that William the Versatile—William the Clever—and perhaps his people will transfer "der Grosse" after death—I do not doubt that he has most earnestly at heart the welfare of his people. The talks to his army, his opposition to certain democratic movements, we shall put down to education and heredity.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.—FROM A SKETCH BY KAULBACH.

What has actually brought him the admiration of the American public is not the empty compliment of a prince's visit but the cleverness of an emperor's scheme. Alert to passing events, he recognized the largeness of America and quietly planned to avail himself of the several millions of Germans who are so important a factor in



PRINCE HENRY AND ASS'T SECRETARY OF STATE HILL DRIVING TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

our national life. To such a far-seeing mind we may imagine the ordering of the yacht as a part of a well-prepared plan for an international episode. Not that he did not want the yacht, and want with it any new ideas which American workmen might contribute for the benefit of German ship-builders. To an ordinary mind the ordering of a yacht would have been an affair of figures and so many yards of red tape. Not so with the German Emperor. "How many birds can I knock down with this stone?" he wonders. Then, with a quiet laugh: "I have it." Here is the calculation:



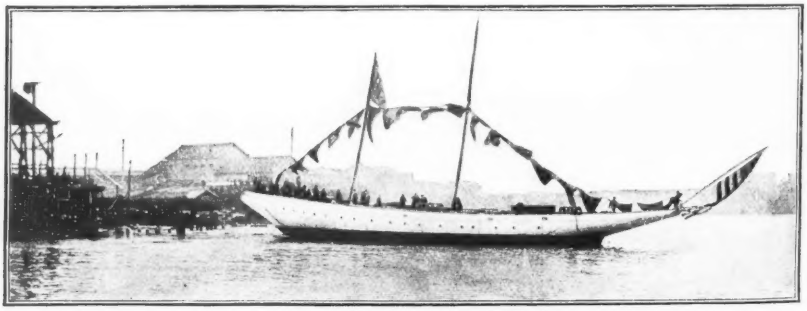
THE EMPEROR IN MILITARY COSTUME.

"BIRD NO. ONE.—An American yacht such as I desire to own, of the trimmest, stanchest and swiftest make, turned out by the people who are the champion yacht-builders.

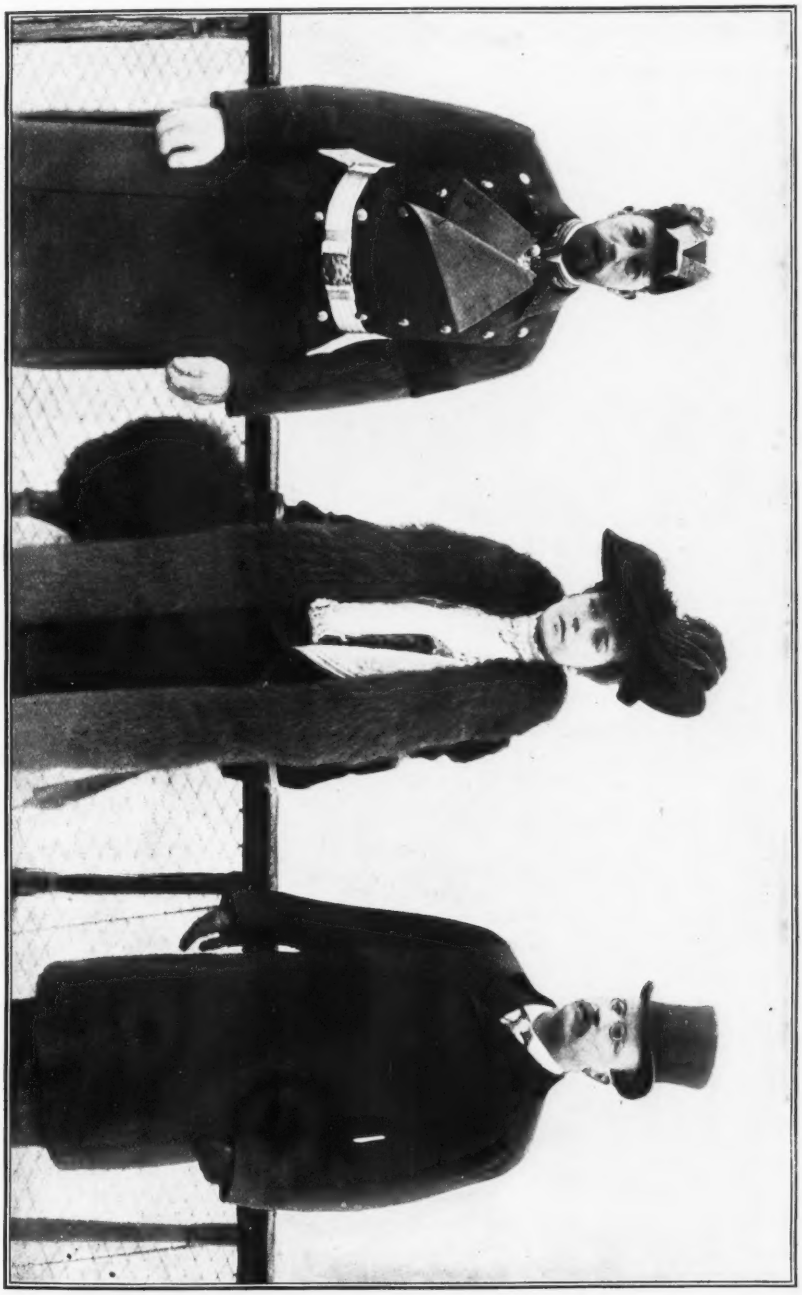
"BIRD NO. TWO.—Securing for the German ship-builders the latest Yankee ideas in construction—upon which may perhaps be modeled prize-winners from German yards.

"BIRD NO. THREE.—England has captured a certain class of Americans through social offerings—finding the United States becoming powerful, has suddenly changed her hundred-year attitude of contempt for everything American to one of flattering solicitude. I shall offset England.

"BIRD NO. FOUR.—My brother Harry is a delightful personage who can be depended upon always to do and say the right thing. I shall send him over to arouse the enthusiasm of the several millions of Germans in America and make American politicians recognize that German sentiment is not to be held in light esteem.

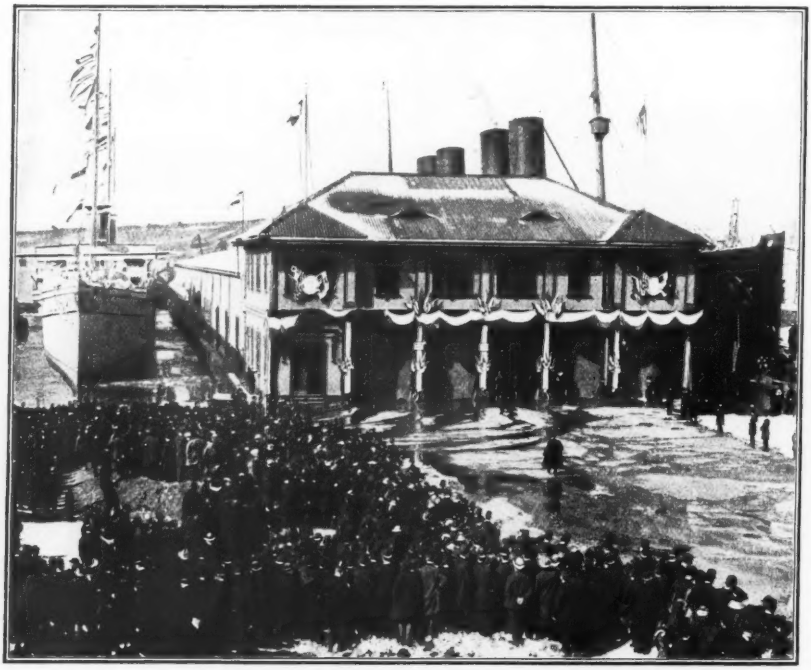


THE LAUNCHING OF THE "METEOR."



Copyright, 1902, N. Lazarnick.

PRINCE HENRY, MISS ROOSEVELT, AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE GOVERNMENT TUG "VIGILANT."



CROWDS AT THE 34TH STREET PIER WAITING TO SEE THE PRINCE.

"BIRD NO. FIVE.—By inviting the President's daughter to christen my yacht, I shall do a graceful thing and strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all classes of Americans."

It is not often that the quickest of eyes can range five birds in a dead-line and put a single shot through the entire five. It is this cleverness as a psychological marksman which has excited the admiration of the American people.



PRINCE HENRY PLANTING A TREE AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

When the Duke of York set sail for American shores, the Emperor's plans must have been in danger of an upset. Perhaps, understanding his English cousins and English politics, he did not fear.

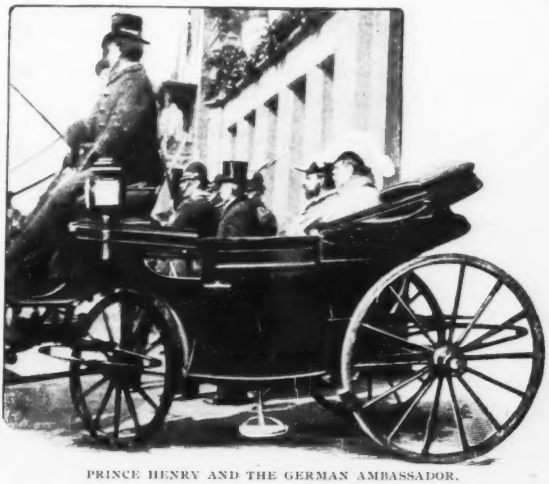
The Duke of York arrived, and shot the rapids and lunched in an Indian tepee and had a good time, and sailed away. The United States with its eighty millions apparently possessed nothing more of interest for the man who is eventually to rule over Great Britain than did the humblest Canadian province.

Still, whatever his confidence in the inheritance, William must have drawn a sigh of relief when the heir to the English throne set sail for England—recollecting his "Meteor," which was coming along on the ways at Shooter's Island, and the pleasant little surprise he had in store for Brother Jonathan.

It is not, then, that the American people "dearly love" a prince. There is, of course, a semi-idiotic society contingent of certain American cities—but the great American people do not care a rap for lord or prince. They do, however, love a clever man, and they do appreciate the ramifica-

tions which such a brain can impart to a simple little thing like having a yacht built.

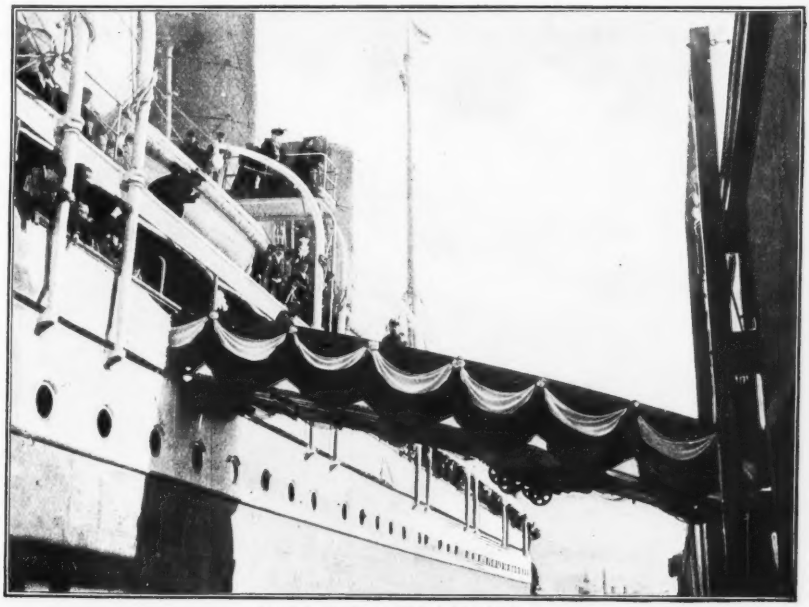
Undoubtedly the two most interesting personalities in the world to-day are President Roosevelt and Emperor William. They say the young King of Italy is another brainy fellow, full of ideas, deeply sympathetic with the woes of his people, regarding himself as the trustee of their interests, alert to their wide range of necessities, and of varied talents. The Czar of Russia is believed to have decided intentions regarding the changes necessary for Russia's prosperity. The Emperor Francis Joseph is profoundly admired by his own and other peoples. And these good sovereigns, by the way, are the only remaining stumbling-blocks to the progress of democracy. If they were all spending long hours in the study of fashions and proper court ceremonials, it would not be long before "The United States of Europe" would be a reality.



PRINCE HENRY AND THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

It is the history of the world, however, that progress has been delayed longest by this kind of excellence. A kindly heart and blameless life have oftentimes proven the most substantial pillars supporting a decayed edifice.

It is not impossible, however, that the United States of Europe may become a



PRINCE HENRY LANDING IN AMERICA.



THE PRINCE APPROACHING WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

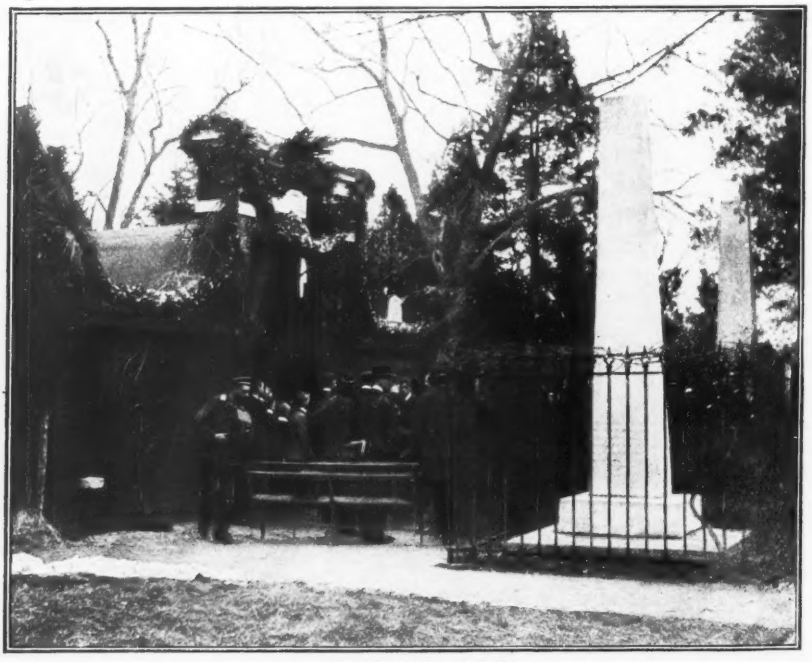
conferences. The oversight exercised by capital overlaps boundaries. The necessity for intelligent regulation, instead of hurtful contention, can be satisfied only through congresses. It is being hourly demanded by all the various interests with which banking and trade concern themselves.

Presently private and trade conferences will be replaced by official meetings for discussing the same subjects, with power to regulate tariffs. It is the only way out of the existing confusion.

It is in behalf of the world's economy that nations should produce those things which they have facilities for raising or manufacturing more cheaply than others. Bounty-fed production is unscientific as a general principle, and is bound to perish before carefully considered trade relations.

An adjustment along studied and carefully worked-out lines can never be reached

reality while existing monarchs will still remain firmly seated on their thrones. The banking and manufacturing houses already control, in a measure, the wishes of sovereigns. Each of these has had its secret



PRINCE HENRY AT THE TOMB.



MISS ROOSEVELT ABOUT TO CHRISTEN THE "METEOR."

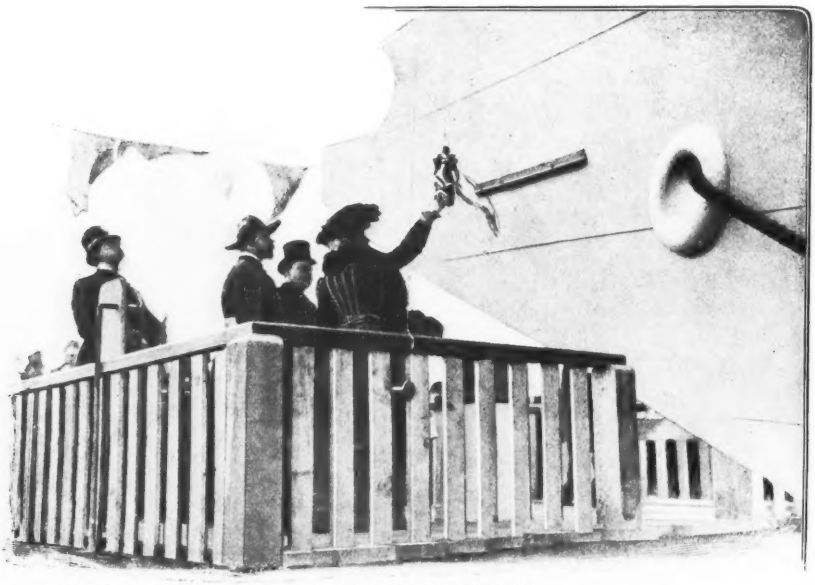
without an international parliament. As these questions become more serious sovereigns will be glad to shift to the shoulders of such congresses the duty of placating dissatisfied producers. And so the first international congress is not far away, even if THE COSMOPOLITAN's effort in that direction should fail. And let us believe that, as it is an idea of the most logical and apparent good, it will not be allowed to perish.

One thing is certain: disarmament can never be brought about until a States' Congress, in which all countries are represented, shall be one of the recognized instruments of government in Europe. Whether it would be more desirable to have this come immediately and under the patronage of royal houses, or have it follow the upheaval which is likely to take place should any general European war give an opportunity for revolution, is a question. Undoubtedly an international congress settling the trade relations of Europe would fix the several royal families more firmly upon their thrones, and we should have government somewhat resembling such a condition as would result from having a royal family at the head of affairs in each of our own states.

Prince Henry's visit to the United States is very likely to have lasting results. The



PRINCE HENRY AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ARRIVING AT SHOOTER'S ISLAND.



Courtesy of New York Herald. "I CHRISTEN THEE, 'METEOR.'"

European press complains that a royal prince was never its guest in Europe. This is undoubtedly true; but royal princes will be the guests of the European press in times to come. The lesson was a good one. Never has any royal prince been treated so delightfully as was Prince Henry by the editors of democratic America. I do not recall one unpleasant comment during his visit. The members of the press were gentlemen receiving the visit of a gentleman. They had full license to cut and thrust and be savage as Americans hear some German officers are in encounter with civilians occasionally; but they gave an example of conduct that was notable in its well-considered treatment. The men of Prince Henry's kind have nothing to fear from the press of a republic.

Does any one think that Prince Henry's visit to the United States will be without lasting effects? He is mistaken. It has been a long step toward the cordiality which should exist between nations. There has been talk at various times between Germany and the United States. The Prince's visit awakens us to the fact that there is the warmest regard between the people of the two nations. Everything which goes to demonstrate how closely countries are united in these modern days is valuable—an important step toward ultimate federation of interests.



CASKET, CONTAINING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, PRESENTED TO PRINCE HENRY.

After all, the personal element is what counts in affairs. It would be difficult to imagine a dispute arising in the future which would not find a satisfactory settlement in the frame of mind in which both the Emperor and his brother must be.

But the chief importance which will attach to the Prince's visit will be the impression which it will make on the minds of other monarchs and their councilors. It will remain a permanent suggestion of the value of good feeling, of the importance of reciprocity and the near necessity for a federation of some sort which will not remain in the hazy precincts of a secret diplomatic alliance, but take form in a congress whose discussions will be open to the light of day.

Another suggestion that forces itself

upon the mind in connection with the Prince's visit was the fact of his finding here some eight millions of Germans, representing as they do the best energy and brain of Germany, who, under happier conditions at home, would never have deserted their fatherland.

Why?

The Emperor William is now approaching the zenith of his intellectual powers. He has, in the years of his reign, achieved the confidence in a great measure not only of his own people but of the world. In America we regard him as a man of such mental vigor that much is to be hoped from the next ten years of his life. He is given to thinking out things for himself. Ranking all other European monarchs by his talents, we may rightfully expect from him in the years to come a scheme of European organization which will take the place of standing armies and lastingly change all conditions for the better.



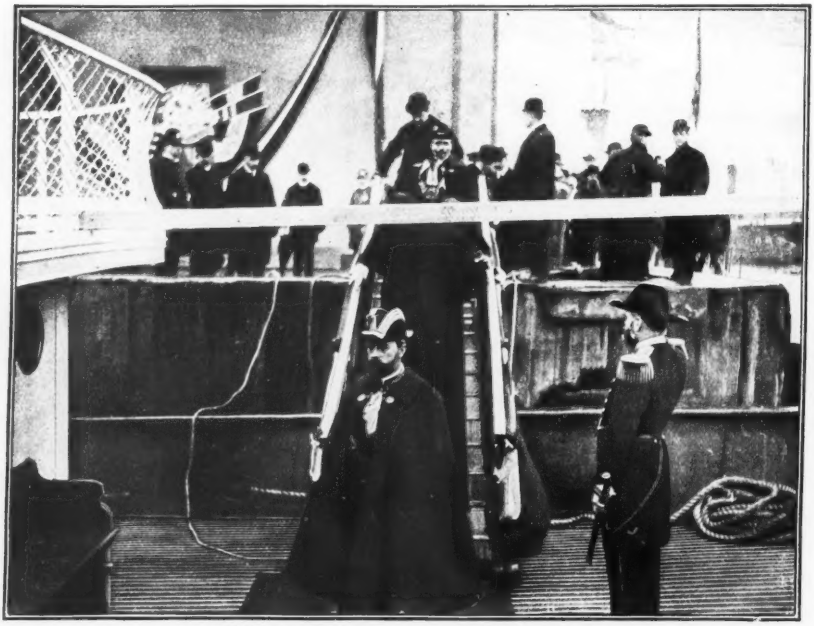
MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

Napoleon, fully capable of working out this problem, lived at a time when he could hope for no results except through arms. He undoubtedly had in mind a Continental unity to which he could leave his profound ideas of government—a scheme of government which, by the way, was absolutely democratic except in so far as the conditions of the time required autocratic power. The general reader does not believe this. Therefore I quote Napoleon's own words in his autobiography, which leave no doubt as to this conception:

"There was, in fact, nothing in the state but a huge democracy, swayed by a dictator. This kind of government is convenient as to the executive part; but its nature is temporary, because in the hands of a dictator power is but a life-rent. I sought to make it perpetual, by lasting institutions and corporations for life, that I might place them between the throne and the democracy. I could do nothing with the old implements of custom and delusion



PRINCE HENRY ENTERING THE EAST GATE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE PRINCE LEAVING THE 34TH STREET PIER.

I was obliged to create everything anew by realities.

"Thus I was forced to found my principles of legislation upon the immediate interests of the majority, and to create my corporations by that interest, because interest is, of all earthly things, the most real and durable.

"I made laws the activity of which was stupendous but uniform. Their principle was to maintain equality. This is so strongly impressed upon my code that, of itself, it will suffice to preserve it.

"I instituted an intermediate caste. It was democratical, because it was always open to all; it was monarchical, because it could not die.

"This body was to perform that part in the new system which the nobility had acted in the old; that is, to support the throne. But it resembled it in nothing. The ancient nobility existed entirely by privilege. Mine had nothing but power. The ancient nobility had no merit but that of being exclusive. Every man who had distinguished himself had a right to belong to the new; it was, in fact, only a civic crown. The people attached to it no other idea. Every member had deserved it by his actions; every man might obtain it at the same price; it was offensive to none."

ZEALAND BEAUTIES.

By Vance Thompson.

THERE were three people sitting over their afternoon tea in a small garden in Paris. On the side walls were little apricots, immature and hopeless; the peach-trees showed, between their leaves, pale little bulbs of fruit. The cherries were all plucked and the grapes showed no signs of ripening—it was August.

So the woman of thirty looked round the garden and said:

"This is the month when every one goes away from Paris—why are we here?"

When the woman of thirty said, "Why are we here?" she stamped her small foot and looked at the two men; then she took up her small dog in her lap and caressed the back of its head. There was silence for a little while. No one knew why we were there—neither the man who was supposed to be the lord of that household nor the small-brimmed American, a young Princeton graduate, who sat about, distressingly meek, as his guest. Again there was silence in the garden save for the little noise made by the trees whispering together—the apricot-tree talking to the seven pear-trees—and a doubtful noise from the small spaniel. The two men looked at each other as calmly as they could; the lady said:

"I will not go to Trouville—no, nor to Havre—I've had enough of Honfleur—but when I've had my bathing-suit made—and all my friends are away—I will not stay in Paris another day—and I think——"

The narrow-brimmed American got up with a clever air of unconcern and walked down the graveled path toward the apricot-tree; there he whistled blithe operatic airs and thought of something else. Perhaps he thought of a slim little girl over in New York who should some day boss him about; but he never said a word—only he ate half-ripe apricots and disturbed his digestion.



A ZEALAND MAIDEN.

The woman of thirty looked across the garden-table and said she would not go to Trouville or Ostend, no, nor to Jersey—she was tired of it all.

Her lord and master knocked the red-ash out of his pipe by hammering it on the iron garden-table; then, without a sign of fear—you would never have thought he was a married man—said he:

"Dearest, have the bags packed—we leave by the Gare Saint Lazare to-morrow morning—the cab will be here at eight o'clock."

"Where are we going?" asked the lady, with one of her bright smiles—and how that

bright smile shimmered with curiosity!

"Where? To escape the summer-resort!" says the man, drawing hard at his pipe.

Now these things must be said: the lord and master sat smoking his pipe and grinning; the lady of that house bustled indoors and woke Marianne—and Marianne is the oldest (being seventy) and the most faithful (being Marianne) servant in Europe—and bade her see to the linen and the bags and heaven knows what not; meanwhile, the Princeton graduate, who was gorging himself on the unripe apricots, called out to the man who was smoking the pipe. "Hey, brother!"

"Well, small brother," said the big fellow, tapping his pipe on the table; "well, old chap, what is it?"

"What's up?" asked the small brother; he was wearing a pale-pink shirt and a narrow-brimmed straw hat, indubitably from New York.

"Get up to your room and pack your duds," said the somber gentleman who was smoking the pipe, "for we leave here at eight o'clock in the morning for a place where never the foot of a Princeton graduate has trod."

The young man from Princeton went away with a thoughtful air, as though he were musing on the domestic temperament of a slim girl in New York. However, he was enough himself to call down from the balcony which crosses the first story of the house, "Shall I pack my frock-coat or my dress-suit?"

"Pack a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers," the man who was smoking his pipe in the garden yelled up.

Eight o'clock; one cab came. Then another had to be brought by poor old Marianne for the excess luggage. So a swift ride to the Gare du Nord.

"I hope you know where you're going," said the lady.

The man said nothing; his narrow-brimmed brother said nothing; but there was pathos in their eyes as they looked at her and at the little dog—a toy spaniel—in her arms.



ABOVE THE MARKET-PLACE.

That day they journeyed only to Brussels. There was a fair there and people danced in the streets. So they tarried with the good burghers of Brussels and made merry. The next afternoon they went to Antwerp. Night was falling as they tucked themselves into the second-class compartment of a long train of cars, headed by a puffy little green-and-gold engine. They rumbled through Antwerp and on out into the flat country and across canals and past sleepy villages; then darkness came; the man slept, the woman slept, the little dog snored; only the young Princetonian sat up alert and wide awake, noting down his



SISTERS.

impressions with a stylographic pen. A little before midnight the train stopped. It was tangled in a maze of canals and could go no farther. A dark little town among the waters; overhead a clamor of bells ringing the quarter-hour; a placid little Dutch boy in a blue cap and buttons—that was all.

"Where are we?" the lady asked sleepily.

"Middelburg," said the man with the pipe and many leather bags, "and this is the capital of Zealand."

"And that language—what does that say?"

"The language is supposed to be Dutch, but it isn't—it's Zealandese, and it's very weird. Let's follow the boy and see what happens."



A ZEALAND FIGURE.

The phlegmatic little boy led them through a tangle of canals and streets, each darker than the other, and brought them to a hotel. So they lay down in little feather-beds and tried to sleep—but the chimes wouldn't have it. The bell-ringer of Middelburg is the noisiest genius on earth. Every quarter of an hour he rippled out a little tune just to show he was awake. The chimes from the abbey answered him; the big bell from the town hall took it up and pounded out the hours; the town crier (who evidently thought that some one might want to know the time of night) came by at regular intervals shouting cheerily, "Three o'clock and all's well—four o'clock—five o'clock—six."

The woman tossed on her bed and said things about Zealand and matrimony; the small dog yapped; the man sat by the window and smoked gloomily; in his room across the hall the Princetonian noted down his impressions and wrote letters destined to be delivered to a young woman in some street or other in New York. Finally dawn came up in those parts of the world. After breakfast they got into a post-wagon, driven by a very old man in knee-breeches, a velvet jacket and a tall black hat, and parted with the musical town of Middelburg.

They journeyed along a tree-shaded, brick-paved road, between fat fields, where black-and-white cattle stood as they do in the Dutch pictures. The old white horse trotted on sedately, taking his ease. The driver smoked his pipe, though the whole diligence was plastered over with signs: "Niet Rooken." An hour's ride brought them to Serooskerke, a quaint little village of brick houses with white-and-green blinds, a church, and an old tavern under the trees. There they stopped to rest. The old driver watered the old horse and gave himself a drink of jenever. The Americans munched large slates of chocolate. And here something happened.

Three Zealand beauties climbed up into the diligence, spread their broad petticoats and sat down side by side. They were what we had come up into Zealand to see, and we stared at them with wide eyes. What to us were the dunes and dikes—even that famous dike of West Kapelle, which holds back the North Sea from sweeping over Holland and has cost more than though it had been built of solid silver? What cared we for the picturesqueness of Veer or the legends of the old monkery of Westhove? The proper study of mankind is woman. So we stared wide-eyed at the three girls of Zealand. In man's stupid way I must try and describe their costumes—ah, why was I not apprenticed to the dressmaking trade in my youth?—as best I can. First of all, then, the Zealand girls are tall and shapely, rather slender in build, blonde and blue-eyed, with hale and healthy skins, stained by sun and sea-wind. They hold themselves very erect, for they have borne the yoke on their shoulders, two heavy milk-pails

depending on either side. They wear multiple petticoats—how many I dare not conjecture. Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker" has made a shrewd guess on this subject; and the costume is older than the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, older than the books of Erasmus, old as the monkery of Westhove. Far back as the antiquary can go he finds the Zealand girl wearing innumerable bulging petticoats. Over all she hangs a black skirt, clasped at the waist with heavy silver buckles. Her bodice is a close-fitting, sleeveless affair. It is black, too, and fastened with clasps of beaten silver. Her naked arms are tanned by the sun and wind browner than her wholesome face. Round her neck is a thick band of carved silver, broad as a mastiff's collar.

But it is neither the bodice, the velvet shoes with silver buckles nor the voluminous petticoats that make the Zealand girl the beauty she is—she, the last picturesque figure in the drab landscape of the modern, equalitarian world—so much as her head-dress. I wish I had been apprenticed to a lady's hair-dresser in my youth, merely that I might fitly describe this wonderful coiffure. It was Janke who showed me how it was all constructed, as the diligence rumbled on toward Domburg, that sunny morning. First, then,



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.



DRESSED FOR A FEAST-DAY.

the hair is drawn up behind and twisted into what Englishwomen not improperly call a "bun." Then it is combed up in front in a Japanese way and made fast by a silver comb, or rather a circular silver band. Now from the ends of the silver band project curlicues of gold wire, which terminate in broad gold ornaments; these hang at the temples and cheeks. Last of all, the Zealand girl draws on an inner cap and an outer cap of spotless white linen; thus attired she faces the world.

Here in this unknown corner of Europe the picturesque is making its last stand—against machine-made clothes and the fashion paper, against the shirt-waist and the tailor-made skirt—and now that the eternal American has come and snap-shotted it, one may foretell its end. In a little while it, too, will vanish. The little girls will disdain wooden shoes and six petticoats. Jan will sneer at knee-breeches and follow, afar off, the Paris fashion in trousers. The boys will discard their ancestral silver belts and their china pipes and wear braces and smoke American cigarettes. Already that future is darkening over the little island of Walcheren in Zealand, which is the outpost of Holland. A sane and healthy civilization—but it must perish in order to make way for something which is, shall we say, progress.



OFF FOR AN OUTING.

Janke and Mattyn and Betje will be, I am sure, the mothers of little Zealanders who will wear corsets and sing rag-time songs, use telephones and automobiles.

The diligence jogs on; this is Ost Kapelle—yonder are the old Roman bridge and the old monkery; and now there comes the keen odor of the salt North Sea, and the brown dunes and the brown sands are all about us—Domburg. The old horse strikes quite a lively gait as he drags us through the narrow streets of the little town and into the tree-shaded garden of the Schuttershof. The three hale Zealand girls say "Goed' dag!" and sail away with their multiple petticoats.

The lady sits down under a tree and calls for lemonade; the Princetonian goes on taking snap-shots and writing letters to New York; the little dog makes a fool of herself by antagonizing a red bantam rooster; and the stout gentleman with the pipe orders soles and beefsteaks to be served in large quantities at yonder table in the garden.

My first visit to Domburg—this little wind-swept hamlet on the edge of the North Sea—belonged to the long ago, before there were a bathing-pavilion or bath-machines, before the Queen of Roumania and Prince Bibesco and the others had discovered it; yet on this occasion I did not find it greatly changed. A few brick hotels, a deserted club-house, the villa of "Carmen Sylva"—these could not take away the eternal, though shifting, beauty of dunes and gray seas, of cowering village and shouldering dikes. The peasants were still the same—frank men and honest women, dressed in their antique garb and wearing their hereditary jewelry. Perhaps the village street was a little gayer. Indeed, I noticed a very smart barber's shop with fat bottles of Dutch perfumes in the window. At the tavern, too, it was rumored that there was a billiard-table in town. Despite all this and the bath-machines and the pavilion, the beach was just as it had always been. Those who took the sun on the sand were the good burghers and peasants of the islands of Zealand, with perhaps a dozen or two adventurers from Rotterdam or Dordrecht. There were never more than fifty on the broad, shelving sand or in the sea. To



SEATED IN CHURCH.

see the peasant girls kilt up their skirts—their multiple skirts—and wade seaward at low tide, against the setting sun, is to see, I dare say, as pretty a picture of girlish grace as is discernible outside of an opera-house. Four of these hale, sunburnt girls came down one evening, and the Princetonian snap-shotted them as they crossed the sands arm in arm. A moment later they were out where the surly seas met the sand and, mysteriously kilted, were dipping for immature crawfish.

Stately girls, and straight as a spear, fresh as a winter morning.

Not in Mayfair nor in the Champs Elysées nor in Fifth Avenue will you find such a carriage, such a gait, such a proud lift of the head and aristocratic pose of back and shoulder—ah, they have "deportment," that art which Mr. Turveydrop fancied was lost forever when his friend George IV. died. I mean this quite seriously. Until I knew these richly garbed, jeweled peasant girls of Zealand, I never knew what a grande dame might be. Vaguely now I begin to understand what the charm of the Pompadour must have been. So few women can walk! So few women have heads and shoulders! So few women know how to "stride" like the goddess in the old poem.

Where did they get their blood? Whence came this look of race?

The men have it as well as the women. These peasants are slim, tall, clean-shaven, with the look of Romans. You ask yourself whether these men are the real Dutchmen, those who sailed with Van Ruyter, and if it is their sons who are fighting in the Transvaal; or if the floods of Roman and Spanish conquest that swept over these islands may not have left here the best of all Rome and Spain had to leave the world. Whatever the race be, you may be sure of this: Here behind the dunes and dikes of Zealand the antique beauty of women and the classic beauty of men is making its last stand against modernity. In a little while there will be no Zealand more. Betje and Janke and Mattyn will be enfranchised into boyish bicycle trousers—the antique type of womanhood you will find only in museums and galleries.

All these things the man said to the Princetonian as they lay on the sand after a rouse with the North Sea. The Princetonian retorted with some heat that even if New York girls were not as tall as bean-poles and did not wear ten petticoats, so far as real beauty went——

Never mind the discussion; it is not much to the purpose. From a group of peasants sunning themselves near by came forward a slim, muscular fellow, dressed in a black-broadcloth jacket fastened with a big silver brooch, in decent black trousers and wooden shoes. He had left his tall, brimless hat lying on the sand. As he came up, he made a military salute by bringing his hand up to his temple. His clean-shaven face was fine and intelligent. He smiled a little.

"If ye'll pardon me," said he—and I give you my word that he spoke English and that he spoke that heterogeneous tongue with a broad Irish accent—"I dunno the New York gurrils, but the gurrils of Sheboygan——"

We sat up, the Princetonian and I; indeed, to hear a Zealand peasant talk English with an Irish accent was enough to startle any one.

"The gurrils of Sheboygan," he went on, making a seat for himself in the sand and taking his ease, "ar' not domestic, they ar' not. If ye ask me advice, what is it? It is sody-water an' ice-crame."

Then he gave his theories of the American girl and her Zealand rival, but for the moment I was more interested in the adventures of this Dutchman from Sheboygan. This was his story—if you will pardon me for not telling it in his Irish-Zealandese way. He was a peasant here in the island of Walcheren, working on a polder-farm—that is, one of those black, alluvial lands reclaimed from the marshes. The particular Betje he loved proved unkind, as Betjes will. So he madly determined to go forth into the world. In his desperation he vowed he would go and find a railway-train—ay, and ride on it!—and even adventure his life on a steamship. All this he did. He reached New York. There no one, oddly enough, could speak Zealandese. Luckily he fell in with an amiable man at the Emigrants' Office who introduced him to another amiable man at the Barge Office, and within a few hours

he found himself on a railway-train, bound for he knew not where. With him was a frightened mob of Swedes, Italians, Hungarians, Polacks, Germans—none knew where he was going. The third day they found themselves in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. They were taken to a lodging-house. The next day they were put to work on the railroad. They had an Irish boss and they worked. My good Zealander worked in Sheboygan for two years and a half, making roads and, if I am not mistaken, digging sewers. Incidentally he learned to talk Irish, with a Donegal accent. He came back a poorer but a wiser man. The particular Betje was still unkind, but he found, as we all have to find, that there are other Betjes in Zealand. Now he is content; he digs in the fat earth, lives in a house with white-and-green blinds, and wears silver buckles on holidays.

"It is a ha-ard life the women of Sheboygan lead a man, they do," he remarks, "an' for beauty—arrah! Did yez ever see anything like that?" he adds, as a small red-faced girl of three or four comes toddling to him in innumerable skirts and wooden shoes.

She was his oldest—a fine gurril!

Then, as his youngster romped over him, he explained to us his philosophy of beauty, which differs, as you will notice, from that of the estimable M. Cousin: "No woman can be beautiful unless she ates well and slapes well and has got man or child to love."

'Tis a fine saying that, my Zealand brother; I wish I had thought of it myself. It goes pretty nearly to the heart of the question. I should like to think that Betje, Janke, Mattyn and all of them sleep well, eat well, and love well man or child.

Indeed, I dare say they do, or they would never carry themselves so proudly under the gray skies of Zealand.

At night in the garden of the Schuttershof there are diverse things to do. If you are a small three-pound spaniel, you may worry the bantam-cock. If you are just out of college, you may order lemon-squashes and a candle at a far-away table and write (with a patent pen) endless letters to some one inhabiting a numbered street West, in New York. If you chance to be a stout, easy-going gentleman, you will look at the stars and smoke your pipe, thanking the Lord you are not as others are, who sweat in the hot cities of the world. But——

And it is a very strange thing how life goes limping along on buts——

But, then, if you happen to be a bright-eyed woman of thirty, you will make an epigram and say: "Domburg is the Cinderella of summer-resorts."

"I trust the prince will never come with the slipper," says the man with the pipe.

"But what in the world can we do here?" asks the lady abruptly. "I've got all my seaside dresses, and your brother has all kinds of shirts and clothes and hats. I really think you would like me to wear ten petticoats and wooden shoes and carry pails of milk."

The man laid down his pipe and called the landlord and talked to him like a Dutch uncle. The next day the diligence which had carried them into Domburg a week before jolted them back to the railway-trains and post-offices, civilization and all that sort of thing.

The lady said brightly, "We will get the night-train for Brussels—and to-morrow, hey! for Ostend!" The Princetonian was so busy noting down impressions of windmills and black-and-white cows, he forgot to answer. The little dog stretched herself and yawned as one who should say, "Really, I would like to have another go at that bantam-cock, but this place is beastly uncivilized—I wish I could get a broiled chop, properly done." The man with the pipe said nothing; indeed, there was nothing to say. Still, he was permitted to smoke many pipes, as the train went southward, and to dream of the gorse-covered dunes, the shouldering seas, the surf and the sand, the hale, stalwart girls and sunburnt, erect women—all that makes up this Domburg in Zealand, which is the Cinderella of summer-resorts.

THE MODEL OF SORROWS.

By Israel Zangwill.

I.

HOW I FOUND THE MODEL.

I CANNOT pretend that my ambition of painting the "Man of Sorrows" had any religious inspiration, though I fear my dear old dad at the parsonage at first took it as a sign of awakening grace. And yet, as an artist, I have always been loath to draw a line between the spiritual and the beautiful; for I have ever held that the beautiful has in it the same infinite element as forms the essence of religion. But I cannot explain very intelligibly what I mean, for my brush is the only instrument through which I can speak. And if I seem here to be contradicting myself by using my pen to explain what my picture of the "Man of Sorrows" means, it is only because I have seemed—judging by the hostile criticism with which my work has been assailed—unable to make clear what is the conception of this unfortunate picture.

And in the first place let me explain that that conception is far from the conception with which I started; was, in fact, the ultimate stage of an evolution; for I began with nothing deeper in my mind than to image a realistic Christ—the Christ who sat in the synagogue of Jerusalem or walked about the shores of Galilee. As a painter in love with the modern, it seemed to me that, despite the innumerable representations of Him by the masters of all nations, few, if any, had sought their inspiration in reality.

I started by rejecting the blond, beardless type which Da Vinci and others have imposed upon the world; for Christ, to begin with, must be a Jew. And even when, in the course of my researches for a Jewish model, I became aware that there were blond types too, these seemed to me essentially Teutonic. A characteristic of the Oriental face, as I figured it, was a somber majesty, as of the rabbis of Velasquez, the very antithesis of the ruddy gods of Walhalla. The characteristic Jewish face must suggest more of the Arab than of the Goth.

I do not know if the lay reader understands how momentous to the artist is his model, how dependent he is on the accident of finding his creation already anticipated, or at least shadowed forth, in nature. To me, as a realist, it was particularly necessary to find in nature the original, without which one could never produce those subtle nuances which give the full sense of life. After which, if I say that my aim is not to copy but to interpret and transfigure, I suppose I shall again seem to be self-contradictory. But that again must be put down to my fumbling pen-strokes.

Perhaps I ought to have gone to Palestine in search of the ideal model; but then my father's failing health kept me within a brief railway-run of the parsonage; besides, I understood that the dispersion of the Jews everywhere made it possible to find Jewish types anywhere, and especially in London, to which flowed all the streams of the Exile. But the long days of hunting in the Jewish quarter left me despairing. I could find types of all the Apostles, but never of the Master.

Running down to Brighton one week-end to recuperate, I joined the "church parade" on the lawns. It was a sunny morning in early November, and I admired the three great even stretches of grass, sea and sky, making up a picture that was unspoiled even by the stuccoed boarding-houses. The parasols fluttered amid the vast crowd of promenaders like a swarm of brilliant butterflies. I noted with amusement that the church parade was guarded by beadles from the intrusion of the ill-dressed; and the spectacle of overdressed Jews paradoxically partaking in it, reminded me of the object of my search. In vain my eye roved among these; their figures were strangely lacking in the dignity and beauty which I had found among the poorest. Suddenly I came upon a sight that made my heart leap. There, sitting oddly enough on the pavement-curb of a street opposite the lawns, sat a frowsy, gaberdined Jew. Vividly set between the tiny green cockleshell hat on his head and the long uncombed black beard, was the face of my desire. The head was bowed toward the earth; it did

not even turn toward the gay crowd, as if the mere spectacle was beadle-barred. I was about to accost this strange creature, who sat there so immovably, when a venerable Royal Academician, who resides at Hove, came toward me with hearty hand outstretched, and bore me along in the stream of his conversation and geniality. I looked back yearningly—it was as if the Academy was dragging me from true Art.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll get that old chap's address," I said.

He looked back, and shook his head in laughing reproof. "Another study in dirt and ugliness! Oh, you youngsters!"

My heart grew hot against his smug satisfaction with his own conventional patterns and prettinesses. "Behind that ugliness and dirt I see the Christ," I retorted. "I certainly did not see Him in the church parade."

"Have you gone on the religious lay now?" he asked, with a burst of his bluff laughter.

"No, but I'm going," I said, and turned back.

I stood, pretending to watch the gay parasols, but furtively studying my Jew. Yes, in that uncouth figure, so strangely seated on the pavement, I had chanced on the very features, the haunting sadness and mystery, of which I had been so long in quest. I wondered at the simplicity with which he was able to maintain a pose so essentially undignified.

At last I said "Good morning," and he rose hurriedly and began to move away, uncomplainingly, as one used to being hounded from everywhere.

"Guten Morgen," I said in German, with a happy inspiration; for in my futile search in London, I had found that a corrupt German called Yiddish usually proved a means of communication.

He paused, as if reassured. "Gut' Morgen," he murmured.

And then I saw that his stature was kingly, like that of the sons of Anak; and his manner a strange blend of majesty and humility.

"Pardon me," I went on, in my worst German; "may I ask you a question?"

He made a curious movement of acquiescence, compounded of a shrug and a slight uplifting of his palms.

"Are you in need of work?"

"Have you scrolls of the Law for me to write?" he replied incredulously. "You are not even a Jew."

"Still there may be something," I replied. "Let us walk along."

I felt that the beadle's eye was at last drawn to us both, and I hurried him down a side street. I noticed he hobbled as if footsore. He did not understand what I wanted, but he understood a pound a week—for he was starving—and when I said he must leave Brighton for London, he replied, awe-struck, "It is the finger of God." For in London were his wife and children.

His name was Israel Quarriar, his country Russia.

The picture was begun on Monday morning. Israel Quarriar's presence dignified the studio. It was thrilling and stimulating to see his noble figure and tragic face, the head drooped humbly, the beard like a prophet's.

"It is the finger of God," I, too, murmured, and fell to work, exalted.

I worked for the most part in rapt silence—perhaps the model's silence was contagious; but gradually through the days I grew to communion with his shy soul, and piecemeal I learned his sufferings. I give his story, so far as I can, in his own words.

II.

THE MODEL'S STORY.

"I came here because Russia had grown intolerable to me. All my life and during the lives of my parents we Quarriars had been innkeepers, and thereby earned our bread. But Russia took away our livelihood for itself and created a monopoly. Thus we were left destitute. So what could I do with a large family? Of London and America I had long heard as places where they have compassion on foreigners. They are not countries like Russia, where truth exists not. Secondly, my children also worried me greatly. They are all six females, and a female in Russia, however beautiful, good and clever she be, if she have no dowry, has to accept any offer of marriage, however uncongenial the man may be. These things conspired to drive me from Russia. So I turned everything into money, and realized three hundred



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"ISRAEL QUARRIAR'S PRESENCE DIGNIFIED THE STUDIO."

and fifty roubles. People had told me that the whole journey to London should cost me two hundred roubles, so I concluded I should have one hundred and fifty roubles with which to begin life in the new country. It was very bitter to me to leave my fatherland, but the moujik says, 'Necessity brings everything.' So we parted from our friends with many tears; little had we thought we should be so broken up in our old age. But what else could I do in such a wretched country? As the moujik says, 'If the goat doesn't want to go to the market, it is compelled to go.' So I started for London. We traveled to Isota, on the Austrian frontier. As we sat at the railway-station there, wondering how we were going to smuggle ourselves across the frontier, in came a benevolent-looking Jew with a long, venerable beard,

two very long ear-locks, and a girdle round his waist, washed his hands ostentatiously at a tap, prayed aloud the Asher Yotzer with great fervor, and on finishing his prayer looked every one expectantly in the eyes, and all responded 'Amen.' Then he drew up his coat-sleeve with great deliberation, extended his hand, and asked me how it went with me. Soon he began to talk about the frontier. Said he, 'As you see me, an ish kosher [a ritually correct man], I will do you a kindness, not for money but for the sake of the mitzvah [good deed].' I began to smell a rat, and thought to myself, How comes it that you know I want the frontier? Your kindness is suspicious, for as the moujik says, 'The devil has guests. But if we need the thief, we cut him down even from the gallows.'

"Such proved Elzas Kazelia. I asked him how much he wanted to smuggle me across. He answered thus, 'Shake out your money on the table and we will see how much you have, and I will change it for you.'

" 'Oh,' said I, 'I want first to find out the rate of exchange.'

"When Kazelia heard this, he gave a great spring and shrieked: 'Hoi, hoi! On account of Jews like you the Messhiach [Messiah] can't come, and the Redemption of Israel is delayed. If you go out into the street you will find a Jew without a beard who will charge you more, and even take all your money away. I swear to you, as I should wish to see Messhiach Ben David, that I want to earn no money. I only desire your good, and so to lay up a little mitzvah in heaven.'

"Thereupon I changed my money with him. Afterward I found that he had swindled me to the extent of fifteen roubles. Elzas Kazelia is like to the Russian forest robber.

"We began to talk further about the frontier. He wanted eighty roubles, and swore by his kosher Yiddisheit [ritually pure Judaism] that the affair would cost him seventy-five.

"Thereupon I became sorely troubled, because I had understood it would cost us only twenty roubles for all of us, and so I told him. Said he, 'If you seek others with short beards, they will take twice as much from you.' But I went out into the street to seek a second murderer. The second promised to do it cheaper, said that Kazelia was a robber, and promised to meet me at the railway station.

"Immediately I left, Elzas Kazelia went to the police and informed them that I and my family were running away from Russia and were going to London; and we were at once arrested and thrown bag and baggage into a filthy cell, lighted only by an iron grating in the door. No food or drink was allowed us, as though we were the greatest criminals. Such is Russian humanity, to starve innocent people. The little provender we had in a bag scarcely kept us from fainting with hunger. Our sufferings became almost insupportable, and the Russian cold seized on our bodies, and our strength began to fail. We looked upon the cell as our tomb and on Kazelia as the Angel of Death. Here, it seemed, we were to die of hunger. We lost hope of seeing the sun. For well we know Russia. Who seeks Truth finds Death more easily. As the Russian proverb says, 'If you want to know Truth, you will know Death.' On the second day Kazelia sent two Jews with beards. Suddenly I heard the door unlock, and they appeared saying: 'We have come to do you a favor, but not for nothing. If your life and the lives of your family are dear to you, we advise you to give the police seventy roubles, and we want ten roubles for our kindness, and you must employ Kazelia to take you over the frontier for eighty roubles, otherwise the police will not be bribed. If you refuse, you are lost.'

" 'Father, father,' the children said, 'give away everything, so that we die not in this cell of fear and hunger '

"So I said no more, but gave them all they asked; and Elzas Kazelia came and said to me, 'It is a characteristic of the Jew never to part with his money unless chastized.' I said to Elzas Kazelia: 'I thought you were an honorable, pious Jew. How could you treat a poor family so?'

"He answered me, 'An honorable, pious Jew must also make a little money.'

"Thereupon he conducted us from the prison and sent for a conveyance. No sooner had we seated ourselves than he demanded six roubles. Well, what could I do? I had fallen among thieves, and

must part with my money. We drove to a small room, and remained there two hours, for which we had to pay three roubles, as the preparations for our crossing were apparently incomplete. When we finally got to the frontier—in this case a shallow river—they warned us not even to sneeze, for if the soldiers heard, we should be shot without more ado. I had to strip in order to wade through the water, and several men carried over my family. My two bundles, with all my belongings, consisting of clothes and household treasures, remained, however, on the Russian side. Suddenly a wild disorder arose. 'The soldiers! The soldiers! Hide! Hide! In the bushes! In the bushes!'

"When all was still again, the men went back for the baggage, but brought back only one bundle. The other, worth a hundred and fifty roubles, had disappeared. Wailing helped nothing. Kazelia said: 'Hold your peace. Here, too, dangers lurk.'

"Then we began to talk with him of London, for it is better to deal with the devil you know than the devil you don't know. Said he, 'It will cost you thirty-three roubles each.' I said, 'I have had an offer of twenty-eight roubles, but you I will give thirty.' 'Hoi, hoi!' shrieked he. 'On a Jew a lesson is lost. It is just as at the frontier—you wouldn't give eighty roubles, and it cost you double. You want the same again. One daren't do a Jew a favor.'

So I held my peace and accepted his terms. But I saw I should be twenty-five roubles short of what was required to finish the journey. Said Kazelia, 'I can do you a favor: I can borrow twenty-five roubles on your luggage at the railway, and when you get to London you can repay.' And he took the bundle and conveyed it to the railway. What he did there I know not. He came back and told me he had done me a turn. (This time it seemed a good one.) He then took envelopes and placed in each the amount I was to pay at each stage of the journey. So at last we took train and rode off. And at each place I paid the dues with its particular envelope. The children were offered food by our fellow-passengers, though they could take it only when it was kosher, and this enabled us to keep our pride. There was one kind Jewess from Lemberg with a heart of gold and delicious circles of sausage.

"When I arrived at Leipsic they told me the amount was twelve marks short. So I missed my train, not knowing what to do, as I had now no money whatever but what was in the envelopes. The officials ordered us from the station. So we went out and walked about Leipsic; but we attracted the suspicion of the police and they wanted to arrest us. But we pleaded our innocence, and they let us go. So we retired into a narrow dark street and sat down by a blank wall, and told one another not to murmur. We sat together through the whole rainy night, the rain mingling with our tears.

"When day broke, I thought of a plan. I took twelve marks from the envelope containing the ship's money and ran back to the station and took tickets to Rotterdam, and so got to the end of our overland journey. When we got to the ship, they led us all into a shed, like cattle. One of the Kazelia conspirators—for his army reaches over Europe—called us into his office and said, 'How much money have you?' I shook out the money from the envelopes on the table. Said he, 'The amount is twelve marks short.'

"Then I began to beg him to take my tallis and tephillin [praying shawl and phylacteries] for the twelve marks. Said he, 'I have no use for them; you *must* go back.' With difficulty I got his permission to go out into the town, and I took my tallis and tephillin and went into a shool [synagogue], and I begged some one to buy them. But a man came up and would not permit it. He took out twelve marks and gave me them. I begged him to give me his address, that I might be able to repay him. Said he, 'I desire neither thanks nor money.' Thus was I able to replace the amount lacking.

"We embarked without a bit of bread or a farthing in money. We arrived in London at nine o'clock in the morning, penniless where I had calculated to have at least a hundred and fifty roubles. We walked about all day till eight o'clock at night. The children could scarcely drag along from hunger and weariness. At last we sat down on the steps of a house in

Wellclose Square. I looked about, and saw a building which I took to be a shool [synagogue], as there were Hebrew posters stuck outside. I approached it. An old Jew with a long gray beard came to meet me, and began to speak with me. I understood soon what sort of a person he was, and turned away. The Meshumad [converted Jew] persisted, tempting me sorely with offers of food and drink for the family and further help. I said, 'I want nothing of you, nor do I desire your acquaintance.'

"I went back to my family. The children sat crying for food. They attracted the attention of a man, Baruch Zezangski, 25, Ship Alley, and he went away, returning with bread and fish. He led us to a cellar in Ship Alley. It was pitch-black. They say there is a hell. This may or may not be; but more of a hell than the night we passed in this cellar one does not require. Every vile thing in the world seemed to have taken up its abode therein. In the morning entered the landlord, and demanded a shilling. I had not a farthing, but I had a leather bag, which I gave him for the night's lodging. I begged him to let me a room in the house. So he let me a small back room upstairs, the size of a table, at three shillings and sixpence a week. He relied on our collecting his rent from the kind-hearted. I asked the landlord if he knew of any work we could do. Next day he went out and returned with a heap of linen to be washed. The family set to work at once; but I am sure my wife washed the things less with water than with tears. Oh, Kazelia! We washed the whole week, the landlord each day bringing bread and washing. At the end of the week he said, 'You have worked out your rent, and have nothing to pay.' I should think not indeed.

"My eldest daughter was fortunate enough to get a place at a tailor's for four shillings a week, and the others sought washing and scrubbing. So each day we had bread, and at the end of the week, ren . Bread and water alone formed our sustenance. But we were very grateful all the same. When the holidays came on, my daughter fell out of work.

"It was Erv Yomtov [the Day before the Holiday], and no washing was to be had. We struggled as before death. The landlord of the house came in. He said to me: 'Aren't you ashamed? Can't you see your children have scarcely strength to live? Why have you not compassion on your little ones? Go to the Charity Board: there you will receive help.' Believe me, I would rather have died. But the little ones were starving, and their cries wrung me. So I went. I said, weeping, 'My children are perishing for a morsel of bread: I can no longer look upon their sufferings.' And they answered, 'After Yomtov we will send you back home.' 'But meanwhile,' I answered, 'the children want food.' Whereupon one of the Board struck a bell, and in came a stalwart Angel of Death, who seized me by the arm so that it ached all day, and thrust me through the door. I went out, my eyes blinded with tears, so that I could not see where I went. It was long before I found my way back to Ship Alley. They already thought I had drowned myself for trouble. Such was our plight still when came the Eve of the Day of Atonement, not a morsel of bread to 'take in' the fast! But just at the worst a woman from next door came in and engaged one of my daughters to look after a little child during the fast (while she was in the synagogue), at a wage of tenpence paid in advance. With joy we expended it all on bread, and we prayed that the Day of Atonement should endure long so that we could fast long and have no need to buy food; for, as the moujik says, 'If we had no mouth, we could wear a golden coat.' I went to the Men's Free Shool and passed the whole day in tearful supplication. When I came home at night, my wife sat and wept. I asked her why she wept. She answered: 'Why have you led me to such a land, where even prayer costs money? I went the whole day from one shool to another, but they would not let me in. At last I went to the Shool of the Sons of the Soul, where pray the pious Jews with beards and ear-locks, and even there I was not allowed in. The heathen policeman begged for me, and said to them, "Shame on you, not to let the poor woman in!" The Gabbai [treasurer] answered, "If one hasn't money,



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"'HOI, HOI! ON ACCOUNT OF JEWS LIKE YOU THE MESSHIACH CAN'T COME.'"

one sits at home.'" She was oppressed by her own brethren, and this was indeed bitter. If it was the Gentile, she would have consoled herself with the thought, 'We are in exile.' When the fast was over, we had nothing but a little bread left to break our fast on, or to prepare for the next day's fast. Nevertheless we sorrowfully slept. But the wretched day came again, and the elder children went out into the street to seek prosperity, and found scrubbing that brought in ninepence. We bought bread, and continued to live further. Likewise we obtained three shillings' worth of washing, and were as rich as Rothschild. When Succoth [Tabernacles] came, again no money, no bread; and I went about the streets the whole day to

seek for work. When I was asked what handicraftsman I was, of course I had to say I had no trade, for, foolishly enough, among the Jews in Russia a trade is held up to contempt, and when one is held up to scorn they say to him, 'Anybody can see you are a descendant of a handicraftsman.'

"I could write holy scrolls indeed, and keep an inn; but what helped these accomplishments? As I found I could obtain no work, I went into the Shool of the Sons of the Soul. I seated myself next a man, and we began to speak. I told him of my plight. Said he: 'I will give you advice. Call on our rabbi. He is a very fine man.'

"I did so. As I entered, he sat in company with another man, holding his lulov and esrog [palm and citron]. 'What do you want?' I couldn't answer him, my heart was so oppressed, but suddenly my tears gushed forth. It seemed to me help was at hand. I felt assured of sympathy, if of nothing else. I told him we were perishing for want of bread, and asked him to give me advice. He answered nothing. He turned to the man, and spoke concerning the Tabernacle and the citron. He took no further notice of me, but left me standing.

"So I understood he was no better than Elzas Kazelia. And this *was* a rabbi! As I saw I might as well have talked to the wall, I left the room without a word from him. As the moujik would say, 'Sad and bitter is the poor man's lot. It is better to lie in the dark tomb and not to see the sunlit world than to be a poor man and be compelled to beg for money.'

"I came home, where my family was waiting patiently for my return with bread. I said, 'Good Yomtov,' weeping, for they looked scarcely alive, having been without a morsel of food that day.

"So we tried to sleep, but hunger would not permit it, but demanded his due. Hunger, you old fool, why don't you let us sleep? But he refused to be talked over. So we passed the night. When day came, the little children began to cry: 'Father, let us go. We will beg bread in the streets. We die of hunger. Don't hold us back.'

"When the mother heard them speak of begging in the streets, she swooned; whereupon arose a great clamor among the children. When at length we brought her to, she reproached us bitterly for restoring her to life. 'I would rather have died than hear you speak of begging in the streets—rather see my children die of hunger before my eyes.' This speech of the mother caused them to forget their hunger, and they sat and wept together. On hearing the weeping a man from next door, Gershon Kotkal, came in to see what was the matter. He looked around, and his heart went out to us. So he went away and returned speedily with bread and fish and tea and sugar, and went away again, returning with five shillings. He said, 'This I lend you.' Later he came back with a man, Nathan Beck, who inquired into our story, and took away the three little ones to stay with him. Afterward, when I called to see them, they hid themselves from me, being afraid I should want them to return, to endure again the pangs of hunger. It was bitter to think that a stranger should have the care of my children; and that they should shun me as one shuns a wolf.

"After Yomtov word came to me of a landsmann [countryman] I had once helped to escape from the Russian army, in the days when I was happy, and had still my inn. They said he had a great business in jewelry, on a great highroad in front of the sea in a great town called Brighton. So I started off at once to walk to him—two days' journey, they said—for I knew he would help, and if not he, who? I would come to him as his Sabbath guest—he would surely fall upon my neck. The first night I slept in a barn with another tramp, who pointed me the way. Next day I stopped to earn sixpence, by chopping wood, and lo! when Sabbath came I was still twelve miles away, and durst not profane the Sabbath by walking. So I lingered in a village, thanking God I had at least the money for a bed, though some would think it sinful even to touch the coins. And all the next day, I know not why, the street-boys called me a goy [heathen] and a fox. 'Goy-fox! goy-fox!' and they let off fireworks in my face. So I wandered in the woods around, very weary, and when the three stars came in the sky I started

for Brighton. But so footsore was I, I came here only at midnight, and could not search. And I sat down on a bench—it was very cold, but I was so tired, and the policeman came and drove me away; he was God's messenger, for I should perchance have died. At last I saw a jewelry shop and my landsmann's name over it. It sparkled with gold and diamonds, and little bills were spread over it, 'Great sale! Great sale!' Then I went joyfully to the door, but lo! it was bolted. So I knocked and knocked, and at last a woman came from above and told me he lived in that road in Hove, where I found indeed my redeemer, but not my landsmann. It was a great house with steps up and steps down. I went down to a great door, and there came out a beautiful heathen female with a shining cap on her head, and she drove me away. 'Goy-fox was yesterday!' she shouted with wrath, and slammed the door on my heart; and I sat down on the pavement without, and I became a pillar of salt, all frozen tears. But when I looked up, I saw the Angel of the Lord.''

III.

THE PICTURE EVOLVES.

Such was my model's simple narrative, the homely realism of which appealed to me on my most imaginative side, for through all its sordid details stood revealed to me the tragedy of the Wandering Jew. Was it Heine or another who said, ''The people of Christ is the Christ of peoples''? At any rate, such was the idea that began to take possession of me: to paint, not the Christ that I had started out to paint, but the Christ incarnated in a race, suffering—and who knew that He did not suffer over again?—in its Passion. Yes, Israel Quarriar could still be my model, but after another conception altogether.

It was an idea that called for no change in what I had already done. For I had worked mainly upon the head, and now that I purposed to clothe the figure in its native gaberdine, there would be little to redraw. And so I fell to work with renewed intensity, feeling even safer, now that I was painting and interpreting a real thing, than when I was trying to reconstruct retrospectively the sacred figure that had walked in Galilee.

And no sooner had I fallen to work on this new conception than I found everywhere how old it was. It appeared even to have scriptural warrant, for from a brief report of a historical theological lecture by a Protestant German professor, I gleaned that many of the passages in the Prophets which had been interpreted as pointing to a coming Messiah really applied to Israel the people; Israel it was whom Isaiah in that famous fifty-third chapter had described as ''despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows.'' Israel it was who bore the sins of the world. Israel was the Man of Sorrows. And in this view the German professor, I found, was only re-echoing rabbinic opinion. My model proved a mine of lore upon this, as upon so many other points. Even the Jewish expectation of the Messiah he had never shared, he said: that the Messhiach would come riding upon a white ass. Israel would be redeemed by itself—though his neighbors would have called the sentiment ''epicurean.''

''Whoever saves me is my Messhiach,'' he declared suddenly, and plucked at my hand to kiss it.

''Now you shock me,'' I said, pushing him away.

''No, no,'' he said; ''I agree with the word of the moujik, 'the good people are God.' ''

''Then I suppose you are what is called a Zionist?'' I said.

''Yes,'' he replied, ''since you have saved me, I see that God works only through men. As for the Messhiach on the white ass, they do not really believe it, but they won't let another believe otherwise. For my own part, when I say the prayer, 'Blessed be Thou who restorest the dead to life,' I always mean it of you.''

Such Oriental hyperbolic gratitude would have satisfied the greediest benefactor, and was infinitely in excess of what he owed me. He seemed unconscious that he was doing work, journeying punctually long miles to my studio in every and any weather. It is true that I early helped him to redeem his household gods, but could I do less for a man who had still no bed to sleep in?

IV.

I BECOME A SORTER.

As the weeks went by, my satisfaction with the progress I was making was largely tempered by the knowledge that after the completion of the picture my model would be thrown again on the pavement, and several times I fancied I detected him gazing at it sadly, as if watching its advancing stages with a sort of hopeless fear.

I happened to know Samson, the famous philanthropist of the Ghetto, and inquired whether some committee could not do anything to assist Quarriar, but Samson was not very encouraging.

Occasionally I inquired if any plan for the future had occurred to Quarriar. But he never raised the subject of his difficulties of his own accord, and his very silence, born, as it seemed to me, of the majestic dignity of the man, was infinitely pathetic. Now and again came a fitful gleam of light. His second daughter would be given a week's work for a few shillings from his landlord, a working master-tailor in a small way, from whom he now rented two tiny rooms on the top floor. But that was only when there was an extra spasm of activity. His half-blind daughter would do a little washing, and the landlord went out of his way to allow her the use of the back yard.



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.
"I PURPOSED TO CLOTHE THE FIGURE IN ITS NATIVE GABERDINE."

At last one day I found he had an idea, and an idea, moreover, that was carefully worked out in all its details. The scheme was certainly a novel and surprising one to me, but it showed how the art of forcing a livelihood amid impossible circumstances had been cultivated among these people, compelled for centuries to exist under impossible conditions.

Briefly his scheme was this. In the innumerable tailors' workshops of his district great piles of cuttings of every kind and quality of cloth accumulated. The sale of these cuttings by weight and for cash procured for the master-tailors a pleasant revenue. The men who bought them were known as piece-sorters.

As a piece-sorter Quarriar would be able to employ his daughters, too. The family would carefully sort out their purchases, and each quality and size would be readily salable, as raw material to be woven again into the cheaper woolen materials. Through the recommendation of his countrymen there were several tailors who had readily promised to give him the preference. Moreover, his friends had introduced him to a very respectable and honest sorter, who would take him into partnership, if he could put down twenty pounds! His friends would jointly advance him eight on the security of his silver candlesticks, if only he could raise



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"I SAW NOTHING BUT THE GHASTLY MISERY AND SQUALOR."

the other twelve. This promising scheme took an incubus off my mind; and I hastened, somewhat revengefully, to acquaint the professional philanthropist, who had been so barren of ideas, with my intention to set up Quarriar as a piece-sorter.

"Ah," he replied, unmoved, "then you had better employ my man Conn to find him a partner. Twenty pounds is ridiculous. Five pounds is quite enough. Take my advice and let it all go through Conn. When I want my portrait painted, I don't go to an amateur. By the way, here are the five pounds; but please don't tell Conn I gave them. I don't believe they'll do any good."

I felt that whether the partnership was to cost five pounds or twelve, Quarriar's future would be safer from Kazelias under the auspices of Samson and his Conn. So I handed the latter the five pounds.

With the advent of Conn all my troubles began, and the picture passed into its third and last stage.

Altogether, it was abundantly clear that Quarriar would rather have gone on with the scheme in his own way without official interference.

Later, Samson wrote me direct that the partner put forward by the Quarriar faction was a shady customer: Conn had selected his own man; but even so there was little hope that Quarriar's future would thus be provided for.

Spring was now nearing. I finished my picture early in March, after four months' strenuous labor, shook hands with my model and received his blessing. I was somewhat put out at learning that Conn had not yet given him the five pounds necessary to start him, as I had been hoping he might begin his new calling immediately. I gave him a small present to help tide over the time of waiting. But that

tragic face on my own canvas remained to haunt me, to ask the question of his future; and few days elapsed ere I found myself starting out to visit him at his home. He lived near Ratcliffe Highway, which I found had none of that boisterous marine romance with which I had associated it.

The house was a narrow building of at least the sixteenth century, with the number marked up in chalk on the rusty little door. I happened to have stumbled on the Jewish Passover. Quarriar was called down, evidently astonished, and unprepared for my appearance at his humble abode; but he expressed pleasure, and led me up the narrow, steep stairway, whose ceiling almost touched my head as I climbed up after him. On the first floor the landlord—in festal raiment—intercepted us, introduced himself in English (which he spoke with pretentious inaccuracy), and, barring my further ascent, led the way to his best parlor.

He was a strapping fellow, full of cuteness and vigor—a marked contrast to Quarriar's drooping, dignified figure, standing shamefacedly near by and radiating poverty and suffering all the more in the little old paneled room, elegant with a big carved walnut cabinet and gay with chromos and stuffed birds. He discoursed to me in moved terms (Quarriar only putting in a word now and then when appealed to) of the sorrows and privations of his tenants in their two tiny rooms upstairs.

He produced a goblet of rum and shrub for the benefit of the high-born visitor, and we all clinked glasses, the landlord beaming at me unctuously as he set down his glass.

I shortly afterward climbed my way up the steep, airless stairs. I was hardly prepared for the depressing spectacle that awaited me at their summit. It was not so much the shabby, fusty rooms, devoid of everything save a couple of mattresses, a rickety wooden table and a chair or two, and a heap of Passover cakes, as the unloveliness of the three women who stood there, awkward and flushing before their great guest. The wife and mother was dwarfed and black-wigged, the daughters squat, with tallow-colored round faces, vaguely suggestive of Caucasian peasants, while the sightless eye of the eldest lent a final touch of ugliness.

How little my academic friends know me who imagine I am allured by the ugly! It is only that sometimes I see through it a beauty that they are blind to. But here I confess I saw nothing but the ghastly misery and squalor, and I was oppressed almost to sickness as much by the scene as by the atmosphere.

"May I open a window?" I could not help inquiring.

The genial landlord, who had followed in my footsteps, rushed to anticipate me; and when I could breathe more freely, I refound something of the tragedy that had been swallowed in the sordidness, as my eye fell again on the figure of my host, standing in his drooping majesty, the droop being now necessary to avoid striking the ceiling with his kingly head.

Surely a pretty wife and graceful daughters would have detracted from the splendor of the tragedy. Israel stood there, surrounded by all that was mean, but losing nothing of his regal dignity—indeed the Man of Sorrows.

Ere I left, I suddenly remembered to ask after the three younger children. They were still with their kind benefactor, the father told me.

Against my intention, I slipped into his hand the final seven pounds I was prepared to pay. "If your partnership scheme fails, try again alone," I said.

His blessings pursued me down the steep staircase. His womankind remained shy and dumb.

When I got home, I found a telegram from the parsonage. My father was dangerously ill. I left everything and hastened to help nurse him. My picture was not sent in to any exhibition—I could not let it go without seeing it again, without a last touch or two. When, some months later, I returned to town, my first thought—inspired by the sight of my picture—was how Quarriar was faring. I left the studio and telephoned to Samson at his office.

"*That!*" His contempt penetrated even through the wires. "Smashed up long ago. Just as I expected."

And the sneer of the professional philanthropist vibrated triumphantly. I was much upset, but ere I could recover my composure Mr. Samson was cut off. In the evening I received a note saying Quarriar

was a rogue who had had to flee from Russia for illicit sale of spirits. He had only two, at most three, elderly daughters; the three younger girls were a myth. For a moment I was staggered, then all my faith in Israel returned. Those three children a figment of the imagination! Impossible! Why, I remembered countless little anecdotes about these very children, told me with the most evident fatherly pride. He had even repeated the quaint remarks the youngest had made on her return home from her first morning at the English school. Impossible that these things could have been invented on the spur of the moment!

I went to Samson: he said that Quarriar, challenged by Conn to produce these children, had refused to do so or to answer any further questions. I found myself approving of his conduct. "A man ought not to be insulted by such absurd charges," I said. Mr. Samson merely smiled, and took up his usual unshakable position behind his impregnable wall of official distrust and pessimism.

I wrote to Quarriar to call on me without delay. He came immediately, his head bowed, his features careworn and full of infinite suffering. Yes, it was true: the piece-sorting had failed. For a few weeks all had gone well. He had bought cuttings himself, and given the partner various sums for the same purpose. They had worked together, sorting in a cellar rented for the purpose, of which his partner kept the key. So smoothly had things gone, that he had felt encouraged to invest even the reserve seven pounds I had given him; but when the cellar was full of their common stock, and his own suspicions had been lulled by the regular division of the profits—seventeen shillings per week for each—one morning, on arriving at the cellar to start the day's work, he found the place locked, and when he called at the partner's house to inquire, the man laughed in his face. Everything in the cellar now belonged to him, he claimed, and insisted that Quarriar had eaten up the original capital and his share of the profits besides.

"Besides, it never *was* your money," was the rogue's ultimate argument. "Why shouldn't *I* profit, too, by the Christian's simplicity?"

Conn blindly believed his own man, for the transactions had not been recorded in writing and it was only a case of his word against the partner's. It was the latter who had told Conn the younger children did not exist. But they were still living with the kind-hearted countryman, as he and the other members of the family were now again face to face with starvation.

"You are sure you could absolutely produce the little ones?" I asked Quarriar.

He looked grieved at my distrusting him. My faith in his probity was the one thing he valued in this world. I dismissed him with a little to help him over the next week, thoroughly determined that the man's good name should be cleared. Again I wrote to my friend. As usual, Samson replied kindly and without a trace of impatience. Would I get some intelligible written statement from Quarriar as to what had taken place? So, at my request, Quarriar sent me a statement in quaint English—probably the landlord's—stating specifically that the partner had detained goods and money belonging to Quarriar to the amount of seven pounds nine shillings fivepence, and had assaulted him into the bargain. Though he was starving, Quarriar refused to have anything further to say to Conn. Quarriar further referred to his landlord, who would willingly testify to his honesty but who was afraid of Conn and not inclined to commit himself in writing, but would give his version verbally.

Against this statement my philanthropic friend had to set another as made by the partner. Quarriar, according to this, had received the five pounds direct from Conn, and had handed over niggardly sums to the partner for the purchase of goods—to wit, two separate sums of one pound each (of which he returned to Quarriar thirty-three shillings from sales), while Quarriar gave him as his share of the profits for the whole of the five weeks the sum of only seventeen shillings, instead of the minimum of ten shillings each week that had been arranged.

The partner insisted that he had never handled any money (of which Quarriar had full control), and that all the goods in the cellar at the time of the quarrel were only of the value of ten shillings, to which he was entitled, as Quarriar still owed him

thirty-three shillings. Moreover, he was willing to repeat in Quarriar's presence the stories the latter had tried to persuade him to tell. As to the children, he challenged Quarriar to produce them.

How sift the false from the true, amid all this tangled mass? And yet mere curiosity would not leave me content to go to my grave not knowing whether my model was apostle or Ananias. I, too, must then become a rag-sorter, dabbling amid dirty fragments. Was there a black and was there a white, or were both statements particolored? To take only the one point of the children, it would seem a very simple matter to determine whether a man had six daughters or three; and yet, the more I looked into it, the more I saw the complexity. Even if three little girls were produced for my inspection, it was utterly impossible for me to tell whether they really were the model's. Nor was the experience of Solomon open to me—to have them hacked in two to see whose heart would be moved.

And then if Israel's story were false here, what of the rest? Was Kazelia also a myth? Was the landlord's detaining me in the parlor a ruse to gain time for the attics to be emptied of any comforts? Where were the two silver candlesticks? These and other questions surged up torturingly. But I remembered the footsore figure on the Brighton pavement, I remembered the months he had practically lived with me, the countless conversations; and as the "Man of Sorrows" rose reproachful before me from my own canvas, with his noble bowed head, my faith in his dignity and probity returned unbroken.

I called on Samson, and his practical mind quickly suggested the best course in the circumstances. He appointed a date for all parties—himself, myself, Conn, the two claimants and any witnesses they might care to bring—to appear at his office. But above all, Quarriar must bring the three children with him.

On getting back to my studio, I found Quarriar waiting for me. He was come to pour out his heart to me and to complain that all sorts of underhand inquiries were being directed against him, so that he scarcely dared to draw breath, so thick was the air with treachery. He was afraid that his very friends, who were anxious not to offend Conn and Samson, might turn against him. Even his landlord had threatened to eject him, as he had been unable to pay his rent the last week or two.

I told him he might expect a letter asking him to attend at Samson's office; that I should be there, and he should have an opportunity of facing his partner. He welcomed it joyfully, and enthusiastically promised to obey the call and bring the children. I emptied my purse into his hand—there were three or four pounds—and he promised me that, quite apart from the old tangle, he could now as an expert set up as a piece-sorter himself. And so his kingly figure passed out of my sight.

The next document sent me in this cause célèbre was a copy of a letter from Conn to Mr. Samson, to announce that he had made all arrangements for the great meeting. It wound up thus:

"The original application form filled up by Quarriar clearly condemns him. The partner will be there, and I have arranged for Quarriar's landlord to appear if you think it necessary. I may add that I have very good reason to believe that Quarriar does not mean to appear."

I at once wrote a short note to Quarriar reminding him of the absolute necessity of appearing, and with the children, who should even be kept away from school.

I reproduce the exact reply:

"DEAR SIR: Referring to your welcome letter, I gratify you very much for the trouble you have taken for me. But I'm sorry to tell you that I refuse to go before the committee according you arranged to, as I received a letter without any name threatening me that I should not dare to call for the committee to tell the truth, for I will be put into mischief and trouble. It is stated also that the same gentleman does not require the truth. He helps only those he likes to. So I will not call, and wish you, my dear gentleman, not to trouble to come. Therefore if you wish to assist me in somehow is very good, and I will certainly gratify you, and if not I will have to do without it, and will have to trust the Almighty. So kindly do not trouble

about it, as I do not wish to enter a risk. I remain,

"Your humble and grateful servant,

"ISRAEL QUARRIAR.

"Last Wednesday a man called on my landlord and asked him some secrets about me, and told him at last that I shall have to state according I will be commanded to and not as I wish. I enclose you herewith the same letter I received: it is written in Jewish. Please not to show it to any one, but to tear it at once, as I would not trust it to any other one. I would certainly call at the office and follow your advice. But my life is dearer. So you should not trouble to come. I fear already I gratify you for kind help till now; in the future you may do as you wish."

V.

LAST STAGE OF ALL.

This letter seemed decisive. I did not trouble Mr. Conn to English the Hebrew epistle. My imagination saw too clearly Quarriar dictating its luridly romantic phrasecology. Such counterplots, coils, treasons and stratagems in so simple a matter! How Quarriar could even think them plausible I could not at first imagine; and with my anger was mingled resentment at his low estimate of my intellect.

After-reflection instructed me that he wrote as a Russian, to whom apparently nothing medieval was strange. But at the moment I had only the sense of outrage and trickery. All these months I had been fed upon lies. Day after day I had been swathed with them as with feathers. I had so pledged my reputation as a reader of character that he would appear with his disputed children, bear every test, and be triumphantly vindicated. And in that moment of hot anger and wounded pride, I had almost slashed through my canvas and mutilated beyond redemption that kingly head. But it looked at me sadly, with its sweet majesty, and I stayed my hand, almost persuaded to have faith in it. I began multiplying excuses for Quarriar. But then I remembered how even in Russia he had pursued an illegal calling, how he had helped a friend to evade military service, and again I took up my knife. But the face preserved its reproachful dignity—seemed almost to turn the other cheek. Illegal calling! No; it was the law that was illegal—the cruel, impossible law, that in taking away all means of livelihood had contorted the Jew's conscience. It was the country that was illegal—the cruel country whose frontiers could be crossed only by bribery and deceit—the country that had made him cunning, like all weak creatures in the struggle for survival. And so gradually softer thoughts came to me and less unmingled feelings. I could not doubt the general accuracy of his melancholy wanderings between London and Brighton. But were he spotless as the dove, that only made surer the blackness of Kazelia and the partner—his brethren in Israel and in the exile. And so the new Man of Sorrows shaped himself to my vision. And taking my brush I added a touch here and a touch there, till there came into that face of sorrows a look of craft and guile. And as I stood back from my work, I was startled to see how much nearer I had come to a photographic representation of my model; for those lines of guile had indeed been there, though I had eliminated them in my confident misrepresentation. Now that I had exaggerated them, I had idealized, so to speak, in the reverse direction. If the exaggeration was unfair to Quarriar, the painted Israel must bear vicariously the sins of Kazelia and Company. And the more I pondered upon this new face, the more I saw that this return to a truer homeliness and a more real realism did but enable me to achieve a subtler beauty. For surely here at last was the true tragedy of the people of Christ: to have persisted sublimely and to be as sordidly perverted; to be king and knave in one; to survive for two thousand years the loss of a fatherland and the pressure of persecution, only to wear on its soul the yellow badge which had defaced its garments.

For to suffer two thousand years for an idea is a privilege that has been accorded only to Israel—"the soldier of God." That were no tragedy, but a heroic epic, even as the Prophet Isaiah had prefigured. The true tragedy, the saddest sorrow, lay in the martyrdom of an Israel *unworthy of his sufferings*. And this was the Israel I tried humbly to typify in my Man of Sorrows.



THE DREAM-KNIGHT.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

"DEAREST, listen close; I want to tell you a story."

Her head was thrown back, along the lounge, with her whole figure; the fingers of her left hand were at her temples, pushing aside the yellow curls. Her blue eyes were upon me.

O little yellow curl against the ear-lobe! O little yellow curl! I bent forward and kissed it. She let me kiss.

"Hush," she said. "Not to-night. Try to forget."

"What?"

"That you love me. Oh, Maarten, don't!" She had sprung up; she was far from me on the balcony overhanging the lake, a white vision against the blueness of the deep Italian night. I waited a moment, then I went after her. She motioned me away. "I want to tell you my story," she said, in a tone that was almost a gasp. "Don't make it impossible. Help me. Let me alone."

I stood silent in the window. When a woman speaks to a man, it is her voice he must go by, not what she says.

The night was lovely beyond endurance. In the far, far distance a dozen bells were tinkling; a dozen lights were moving across the water. The air was full of entrancing scents. Down below, somewhere among the laurels, a man's voice rose and fell softly in solitary song.

She stood against the massive parapet; a flimsy whiteness hung about her breast and arms. I saw that the breast was heaving.

"Do you believe that we live again after death?" she said suddenly. "Mind how you answer. It all depends on that. I know you say you do. We all say. But do you mean it?—tell me. If you think not—if you are a—what do they call it?—an agnostic, tell me honestly, though you have never told me before!"

"Dearest——" I began, but she did not allow me to continue. She turned upon me; her vehemence was extraordinary.

"We have been married seven years, and I know, of course, all you say and think and do, in matters of religion. Aye, and think. But there are so many thinkings, and thinkings beneath them, that we never take the trouble to find out for ourselves. Look yourself in the naked face, before God, to-night, and tell me—Do you believe—are you certain for yourself of a hereafter?" Her voice was heavy with passion; her hands were clasped; her eyes were close to my own.

I answered, "I believe."

"But you are not certain?"

"I am certain, because I believe."

She fell back. "I wish it had been otherwise," she said faintly. "And yet, of course it couldn't be, for it is true."

I waited, understanding nothing, troubled down into the deepest sinkings of my heart.

"Let me tell you here—here," she said.

"Do not let us go back into the room. Do you think any one would hear us?"

I glanced up the vast façade of the sleeping hotel. The hour was very late, past midnight; the whole place was very silent. The fishermen's lights and the fishermen's bells came across the water still.

"Yes," I said. "Yes; they would hear you. Some one would hear you." A foolish trembling had seized me. I led her back to the couch.

"Then for heaven's sake," she cried, "turn——" She started up, herself ran to the electric knob, and struck the room with sudden darkness. Only for a moment; the soft starlight came flooding in.

"When you married me," she began, "I was a girl of twenty. You barely knew me. You remember all about it; does one ever forget? We met at a ball; six months later we were married; we have loved each other ever since."

"Yes, dearest; does one ever forget?"

"Oh, Maarten, tell me—repeat it—we have loved each other ever since!"

"Dear, dear darling, I have never seen you like this before! You are ill; you are overtired. Let us go and sleep; you will tell me to-morrow."

"Maarten, did not I beg of you not to come to Bellagio? Did not I entreat you?"

"I thought it was only a fad of yours. You wouldn't give any reason. And Pallanza is such a beastly place. We will leave to-morrow."

"You know little of my youth; you see, it is all the dull time that we didn't live together." She laughed sadly. "It was a very dull time. Shut up in the gloomy house alone with father and poor Mlle. Fifard. Maarten, it is only this. I was lonely and dull, and my head—till I met you, dear teacher—contained little but foolishness. Out of the long French romances—you know them; I never will look at them now—I had made myself a dream-hero; many girls do, I believe?" She stopped anxiously.

"All, I should think," I answered, laughing cheerfully. "Was it Lancelot, the faithless, of the Lake?"

"My hero I had called"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"Sir Constant. I do not know why, except that none of the knights in the romances was called so. He—he became an important figure in my empty existence. You will laugh—oh, my husband, I can tell you no more. Do not laugh. Above all—it is too solemn, too sad!—do not laugh. Wait to the end." She paused after those words, which struck a cold chill to my heart. It was some time before she continued, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, my hero came to play a very important part in my life. There was nothing else, you see, nothing else to fill it. When I tried to do anything useful for any one, father scolded and poor mademoiselle said it was unladylike, immodest. 'Ma chère, soyez toujours modeste.' I drew a portrait of him—yes, I must tell you that—tell you all. I drew a good many—sketches, paintings. Even you, Maarten, admit that I draw and paint well."

"Even I?"

"Yes, you are very critical. I like that. I like you to disapprove of me. It shows that you care. He was not at all like you. He was very dark, almost swarthy. But he was very pale also; his skin was deadly-white, and his eyes were cold and terrible, yet full of gray light like steel." She had bent forward; her gaze was fixed on the lofty heaven and its stars.

"He was beautiful in my dreams, and strong and manly. He did wonders, like the knights in the romances—wonders of bravery and gentleness and skill. He relieved the oppressed; he released prisoners; he rescued young maidens. You see, it is all foolishness, dearest—until, until——"

She sank her head on her hands. "Oh, the end!" she said.

"Indeed, he was not like me." The words were on my lips, perhaps a little bitter, but I did not speak them. "He was a good man, at any rate, a harmless familiar," I said.

"I had painted my hero, composed verses, lengthy stories, about him—not that I ever wrote these down; that would have seemed a desecration. I had walked with him in the wood, in fancy, in the moonlight, when he rode out to do great deeds, and I bade him Godspeed! O Maarten, I was only a child. Was it wrong? The great deeds, it was these attracted me; I yearned for something beyond the old house and Fifard."

"I don't wonder. It's all as simple as daylight. Why ever didn't you tell me about your Sir Constant before?"

"Maarten, there came a night when I saw him in my dreams."

"No wonder, after mooning about him all day!"

"I saw him a first time, then often. He was dressed as a knight should be, but not always. Sometimes he wore a long black cloak and a wide soft hat."

I had promised not to laugh. I had no desire to do so. We laugh at another man's wife, possibly, not our own, when her voice rings with fear like that.

"Tell me, if you can—I have asked myself a hundred times—how came I to see, in any dream, my knight in such dress as that?"

"I don't know. Does it matter much?"

"It matters everything. It decides my fate."

"Your fate, dearest, is in your own hands, and in mine. It is safe, and it doesn't depend on any knight in a wide soft hat."

"You say that, but you know it is not so. Our fates are fashioned for us, outside us. We struggle, at the last moment, caught in the net."

"I cannot admit that," I said.

"No, do not admit it! That is right!" she cried aloud. "Help me not to admit it, to deny it. It is a lie. We decide our own fates! Ah, me!—listen. Let me speak quick. He came to me oftener in my dreams. And he spoke to me. Things he said, deep and solemn, few and strange. When I woke, they went with me through the day. He found faults in me I had never imagined before. And he said to me words such as no one had ever spoken to me before. All around me noticed the change in those years; the servants—don't let us speak of it. Fifard found me out one day with my portrait before me. I confessed."

"You could not have found a worse confidante," I cried, angry and distressed.

"Poor thing, she was so pleased! She talked to me for hours of my beautiful knight. But I did not like that. I prayed her to be silent. I crept away from her tattle into the woods, and I heard him there. I met his face in crowds, suddenly, come and gone. And when I sat down to the piano, I caught his voice in the music. I caught it distinctly; I could have recognized it anywhere. I would look round, suddenly stopping; I knew him to be behind me, I felt him—just as I turned, he was gone."

She had risen from the couch; she stood, trembling, a tall figure in the starlight. Her voice pulsed with emotion. What could I do but let her hasten on?

"I will tell you what I never thought to tell even to you," she gasped. "One sentence he said so often to me in dreams, aye, in daylight, in whispers at my ear, so distinctly, the sounds remain graven on my soul, though I do not know their meaning. I do not know the language; I have never dared to inquire which it was, what they meant. Let me speak them to you. Listen!" She came close to me and enunciated slowly, "'Je näher mir, je näher Deinem Grab.'"

I started involuntarily. The words came to me like an echo out of some song of Schiller's. Even in the softened darkness she saw, or felt, the start.

"I fancy they are German," she continued. "Now you know why I have always refused to learn that language, though you were so anxious to teach me. You are not angry with me, are you now? I sing Italian. I don't want to understand those words; I believe they must mean something very terrible. When he said them his face and voice always grew terrible—terrible. And the last word, I imagine, must have something to do with 'grave.'"

"No!" I cried, "no!" for a great fear was coming upon me. The night was too silent. Her voice was too laden with awe.

I knew that she smiled. "Do not tell me; I do not want to know," she said. "No, dear; we never will read Goethe or Heine together. I will never ask you for the meaning of that sentence. Others he said in English; I recall them: 'I am living for the future.' 'The present is nothing; the future alone is eternal. Wait and work. I also am waiting; wait and work.'"

"These are no wonderful sayings," I exclaimed, recovering somewhat my self-possession, which had been upset by the German quotation. "It requires no supernatural wisdom to produce them."



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"'I KNEW HIM TO BE BEHIND ME.'"

She caught at the word "supernatural"; it struck her down beneath its weight. She sank under it. "There was nothing," she said, "perhaps, positively supernatural till we met him on the boat."

"What?" I screamed. I could not help myself.

"We met him here, between Bellagio and Como, on this lake, on the boat."

I had steadied myself somewhat for her sake. "It was a fancy," I murmured.

"And Fifard? You forget Fifard, who had seen my dream-drawings. It was she that first saw him sitting by the side, and pointed him out to me. Yes, he was sitting there; we first saw him at Cadenabbia."

"A fanciful resemblance."

"It was an hour before I ventured to get up and walk past him. He sat there in his long black cloak, and he took off his hat to me. I do not know why, nor did he, he said. Before we knew how, we were talking together. We talked of many things, art, literature, beauty, religion—the deepest, the sweetest—I was ignorant as a child, he omniscient, so it seemed to my ignorance—he got out at the next landing-place; it was all over in twenty minutes. All over and more dreamful than a dream."

"It was a dream. I mean the resemblance."

"In the midst of our conversation he said to me: 'I am living for the future. The present is nothing; the future alone is eternal.' Was that a dream?"

"Yes," I said falteringly. "He did not actually speak those words."

"And in taking leave, as he held my hand and looked into my eyes, 'Wait and work,' he said. Was that a dream? There were but few sentences before in our dream-meetings. And these he spoke."

"So you thought then or afterward."

"And his voice! Oh, my God, the likeness of his voice!" After that she lay silent. The lights had died away upon the water; the bells had long been still.

"Soon after we came back from our trip, I met you," she said presently; "a new world was opened to me; the old seemed to sink from sight. I have loved you, my husband—say that I have been a good wife."

I drew her resisting in my arms and kissed her on both half-closed eyes. She opened them languidly.

"But I, have I been a good husband?" I said.

"You have been my earthly star."

"But the heavenly?"

For a moment she did not answer, and all the fear and dread that had been closing in upon me took solid, overwhelming shape. I went out to the balcony, stood leaning heavily over the balustrade.

When I looked round, she was gone.

Next morning I said: "I am going to take our tickets after breakfast. I should like, if you don't mind, to go on to Milan to-day."

She looked up quickly. "By Como?"

"Well, no; we might just as well go round by Lugano."

She flushed. "Maarten, you won't think me humorsome, will you? I should like to take the usual route." I did not endeavor to dissuade her, anxious to avoid the appearance of attaching importance to anything connected with the place. Anxious above all to get away from it.

My wife talked of other things, and yet I could see she was preoccupied. Once she reverted directly to the subject. "I should never have spoken of it," she said suddenly, "had we not come here."

"I am glad we came here, then. There should be no secrets between us."

"This is not a secret between us, Maarten. It is a secret outside us. I don't know whether you understand what I mean. I think I do."

"You mean that it is a secret outside me," I replied, a little irritably.

She did not refute what was almost an accusation. She painfully put her hand to her head. To me she has always seemed most entrancingly beautiful because of that statuesque symmetry of form and movement, which had something classical in them, while the modern unrest of intellectuality—disgusting word, but it expresses my meaning—leaped and played underneath like a flame in an alabaster vase.

It was only when we were in the omnibus driving down to the pier that she seemed to awaken from enforced repose.

"Supposing," she said—and her big eyes dilated—"supposing that—on the boat——"



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"'I SUDDENLY SAW HIM COMING TOWARD US FROM THE STERN.'"

"I would it were so. I would give anything it should be so," I replied.

"What?"

"If this man you met on the boat were there again, it would prove him to be an ordinary inhabitant of these parts. It would explain your whole story, which, of course, really needs no explanation. A fancied resemblance, that is all."

She gave me no answer, feeling, perhaps, that it was hopeless—unwilling to repeat all she had said about similarity of voice and words as well as of figure and face. To her, evidently, this being who had come into her life was of a higher essence, or, at least, of a higher intellectual and moral rank, than either she or I. Somewhere in this passing dream which is the world he was struggling on through daily self-development toward that loftier future which passes not. What the link was, yonder, between him and her unworthiness she could not have told. Nor did she desire to retain such link, could she have severed it, and the while she still clung to its fascination with trembling, terrible joy.

I am sorry now that I tried to explain away the whole story. Sorry in the face of what happened immediately after. And yet what else could I have done that had been better?

There were a number of tourists and country people on the boat when it came up from Menaggio. With some difficulty we found a seat near the bows. People, of course, were talking and laughing everywhere. There was a certain amount of confusion, especially about the luggage.

My wife looked round nervously; then she sat down and fastened her eyes on the hills. We talked of one place and another. I looked out particulars in "Murray," and we quarreled in connection with a new villa nearly completed on a promontory—over several questions of taste. We were often divided in our admirations, and enjoyed discussions on such subjects, not demanding that either should be convinced.

When I looked up from a close survey of the map, I perceived that our part of the deck—the first-class top platform—had emptied. Rugs and bags lay about everywhere by unoccupied seats. A bell had rung some time ago, without our observing it, for the table d'hôte luncheon. We had eaten something before leaving the hotel.

I got up to stretch my limbs, and my wife immediately came with me. We descended to the lower deck, which seemed also deserted, and we sat down there just above the engine-house.

It was then that I suddenly saw him coming toward us from the stern. I do not know how he came into sight—whether he had turned some corner I cannot tell. I looked round desperately to meet my wife's gaze, to draw off her attention—what shall I say? I was too late; already she, too, had seen him.

He came up the silent deck in his long black cloak and slouch hat; I knew at once that it was he. The next moment my heart gave a leap as I realized this natural solution I myself had desired. Some lawyer or doctor of the neighborhood. The village apothecary.

He came up the silent deck. He was close to us. And, all of a sudden, his face lighted up with a great, glad smile. His eyes were fixed on my wife; I do not think he saw me. He lifted his hat with a sweep against the sky, but passed very slowly on.

And, as he passed, he spoke the words—I heard them distinctly—he spoke them in fluent German, not such as an Italian would speak:—"Je näher mir, je näher Deinem Grab."

He passed us. My first thought was for my wife. I caught at her, to support her if necessary, but she remained sitting calmly erect, her eyes—and mine—following the stranger. He passed down the companion-way and disappeared.

I started up to follow, furious at what I thought must be a trick of some sort, a practical joke. We seize at these explanations even when they are palpably impossible. By the time I had rushed after him, the man was gone from sight. Below us the clash of knives and forks, everybody busy with the dishes; stewards rushing hotly to and fro. I searched the ship in vain amidst the confusion; I hurried back anxiously to my wife, unwilling to leave her to herself; I found she had fainted.

The next station the boat stopped at was

Cernobbio. I got her off at once and away to the hotel. I was anxious that she should not open her eyes among the surroundings upon which she had closed them. Nor did it appear that she would soon recover consciousness. I hoped to drive on to Como later in the day.

It was the 18th of September last, at half-past one o'clock, in the full light and sunshine of a peerless Italian afternoon.

At Cernobbio we found a local doctor, more than sufficient for what first required to be done. I telegraphed, by his advice, to a professor in Milan. An English physician joined us in the course of the following day.

During the first night, as I was sitting watching by the bedside, she stirred from her state of complete unconsciousness, moved and spoke. But the words were, to begin with, incomprehensible, then incoherent. A couple of hours later she was manifestly delirious.

For ten days she lay raging in a brain-fever. In her utterances, all on one subject, the German word "Grab" sounded ceaselessly like an echo and a knell. Once or twice I saw in her eyes that she recognized me, and that was worst of all.

On the tenth day she died.

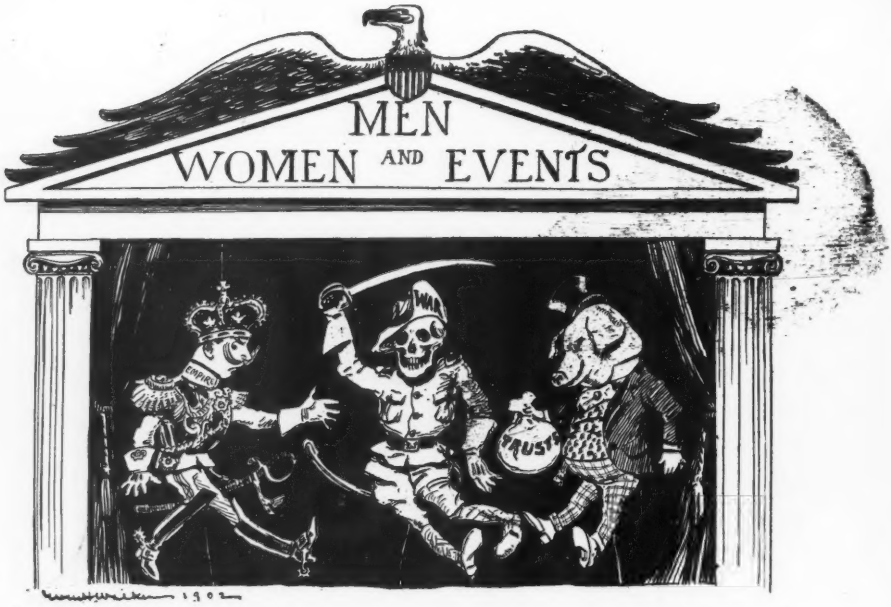
I hastened back with the dear remains to my home in England. Amidst all the torment of my loss, one strange fever consumed me—the longing to face with my own eyes those old drawings and paintings she had spoken of in the night at Bellagio.

I am sitting before them now, in front of her bureau; the long drawer is open; they are scattered, right and left, on the desk. Sketches, water-color drawings, crayons, large and small, of a knight in full armor, in different poses, amid different surroundings. But the face is always the same face: it is the face of the man who passed me on the boat.



Drawn by George T. Tobin. "ON THE TENTH DAY SHE DIED."

I have written it all down, and, inevitably because that form came most natural to me, the recital has taken the form of a story. It is an account of facts. I offer no explanation, for I can find none. I know that during those seven years of our marriage my wife loved me as loyally and as deeply as man was ever loved on this earth. Of such things I cannot speak in public. Nor shall I. For these lines are the last I shall ever write, and they will not be published till after my death.



GET OUT, OR GET IN LINE! If all the letters, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed, except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a pretty good index to the heart of the Rail-Splitter.

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindliness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticized Lincoln, his Commander-in-Chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words, the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger; but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

Perhaps we had better give the letter entire, and so here it is:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, January 26, 1863.

"MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

"GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

"I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like.

"I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

"You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality.

"You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

"I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

"Yours very truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for it suggests a condition that springs up like deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at and criticizing those who are above us.

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified and misunderstood. This is a part



of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being, but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him! "Neither you, nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." Hooker's fault falls on Hooker—others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a Yale student home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true Yale spirit, for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. President Hadley came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data, with times and places, for "a peach of a roast."

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with Yale, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had got so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. Yale is not a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that President Hadley and most Yale men are quite willing to admit; but Yale does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: *Get out, or get in line.* You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice.

If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, and then the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none.



If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the

tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter only says, "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will usually find that they are full of railing, bitterness and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of fault-finding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel, and had to be dynamited. They were out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every employer is constantly looking for people who can HELP him; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help you must have sympathy.

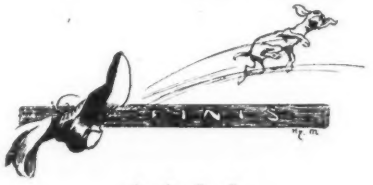
You cannot help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will soon give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon, you reveal the fact you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings; but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a Silent Man, who criticized no one, railed at nobody—not even the enemy. And this Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business, and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion.

Let us mind our own business, and work for self by working for the good of all.

ELBERT HUBBARD.



* * * *

ON BRITISH HUMOR.

The city of Galway, in Ireland, lately chose Col. Arthur Lynch for its representative in Parliament. Colonel Lynch had endeared himself to the men of Galway by his military services in South Africa. He fought there, it seems, for about a year and with much notoriety, in command of a regiment. Galway men like a good fighter, and like him especially if he fights the English. That was what Colonel Lynch did in South Africa. The regiment which he raised and led fought on the Boer side. He came back to Europe and at last accounts was in Paris. The papers lately quoted him as saying that he would not take his seat in Parliament at present, because he had reason to believe that if



he went to England he might be hanged. Joking about it, he expressed his surprise that a nation that thinks itself a nation of sportsmen should be so unsportsmanlike as to try to pot him in cold blood when it might have had him in warm blood in the Transvaal.

The English will probably never have their sense of humor so highly developed as



the men of Galway and Colonel Lynch. The Colonel is probably safer in Paris than in London, albeit his example as a fighter who knew when to stop might well appeal to his fellow members of Parliament as timely and useful. WARD SANDFORD.

* * * *



The Woes of the Prosperous Person might make a book that would touch men's hearts. The fault-finding, nagging, whimsical woman whose life is full of trouble, that she relates on small excuse, is usually one who is well protected, and who has but to touch an electric button to have whatsoever she wishes laid at her feet.

And when you find a person who has reached middle life, who has no complaints to make, who has a more than usually gracious manner, a serene temper, a sympathy seemingly without limit and a hope that is infectious, depend upon it, you are in the presence of one who has come by the thorn-road, who has carried his cross with bleeding feet, who has known Golgotha, and who out of the depths of black despair has entered into peace through accepting the wormwood and drinking all of it.

Social success, business prosperity, perfect environment, the applause of the multitude, never give that placid countenance through which the soul shines in quiet blessing and benediction.

* * * *

AN ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP RYAN. The man who has had the pleasure of meeting Archbishop Ryan, kindliest of prelates, who carries the stamp of goodness on his face—and, by the way, it is to be regretted that such an able-minded and otherwise ideal man should not also have been a vigorous thinker, elevating the more commonplace minds about him by his open explanations of scientific truth—will appreciate a little story which has been going the rounds. Standing in the Baltimore depot for the Washington train, wrapped in a heavy coat so that neither clerical collar nor purple vest was visible, he was accosted by a good-natured Westerner. "Your face is familiar to me. Where in hell did I know you?" With a sweet smile and a perfectly friendly accent, he answered: "I don't quite remember. What part of hell do you come from?"

* * * *

UP A TREE. The latest news from the scene of conflict in South Africa suggests that the present situation of Great Britain is painfully analogous to that of the rash Irishman who had climbed up a tree in pursuit of a small but irate wildcat. His friend, awaiting him below, heard in dismay the uproar of a fierce combat. "Pat," he shouted, "Pat, will I come up and help you catch him?" Above the crash of breaking branches came a groan, "No, for Hivin's sake come up and help me let him go."





Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, King incidentally of Castile, Leon, Aragon and of various other realms and regions, shortly attains his majority. He then will get his crown. From it we have plucked a few jewels, Cuba, for instance, the Pearl of the Antilles, and Porto Rico, which is the opal. In the circumstances it is regrettable that when, after his crown, he gets a consort, the laws of ethics, etiquette and political economy prevent us from giving him one of our girls—two of them for that matter, enough even to go around in the realms and regions of which he is lord.

But XIII is an unlucky number. Instead of a cargo of captivating Columbian consorts, some one or another of the angular Austrian archduchesses will probably be his lot. It will be pot-luck. While we are sorry for him, we are sorry for ourselves. The pride which we take in seeing our little girls on high seats is righteous and republican. But the legitimate gratification of that pride is infrequent. Miss Leiter, of Chicago, did well by us. So, too, did Miss Heine, of New Orleans. The former got on the viceregal throne of India, the other on the sovereign dais of Monaco. These instances are magnificent, but they are scant. Moreover, they are not royal. The seats are high, but not high enough. Of all our girls, there is at present but one who has succeeded in becoming queen. One is a good beginning. The beginner is Miss Smith, of Manhattan. How she managed it constitutes a charming tale.

For accessories to it there are palm-trees, amber mists, groves of sandal, coral reefs and summer quasi-eternal. Into this paradise a young American burst, a few years since, on a wave. Here the plot thickens. To seek his fortune he had a little before gone from New York, with two small trunks and the heart of Miss Smith for assets. The search led him to the Golden Gate and out of it to the austral ocean. There the ship on which he sailed was wrecked. Of all on board, he alone survived. Precipitated on an island, captured by natives, his survival promised to be brief. The natives proceeded to fatten him. They would have eaten him, too. But here the plot grows thicker. A cannibal princess passed that way. She was the King's daughter, sultry, star-eyed, serene. At once through the long grass and sandal-groves to where her father dwelled she fled, knelt to the monarch, prayed to him, wrung her little chocolate paws, and with the guilefulness of innocence declared that the white man was a kinsman of Omalea, the Great White Soul. At this, on his bamboo throne, the old King shook with fright. The prisoner, summoned before him, was examined, questioned, freed. To the south and east there were turbulent rebels. The prisoner told the King how the rebels could be quelled. At once from prisoner he convoluted into primate. Had he yielded to the sultry eyes that sought his own, he would have become bridegroom also. Yet that memories prevented. Whereupon the Princess sobbed herself to sleep. When her handmaids sought to arouse her, they found her slumber was deathfast. On his bamboo throne the old King sat and wept. But when the rebels were quelled, he forgot and caroused. So did he eat and drink that he died of it. Then it was that the primate took his place. Again he sailed the austral sea, proceeded to Manhattan, found Miss Smith and with her set forth for the lovely land of which to-day she is queen—the one American queen on record.

One is a great many. But it is a surfeit we want. There is nothing too good for our girls. Hence our regrets in regard to the thirteenth Alfonso. Perhaps, though, the visit of the Kaiser's brother may result for them in a better chance. In Germany there are a baker's dozen of mediatized princelings and kinglets who could not do better than get their brides from here. The blood of the latter is good and red, which is more than can be said of their own.

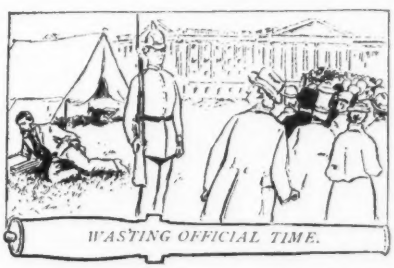
EDGAR SALTUS.



IT'S A POOR RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

JAPAN TO CHINA: "Why not have a Monroe Doctrine of our own?"

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WASTING OFFICIAL TIME.

For years the manner in which the time of heads of departments of the government is wasted by office-seekers has been commented upon by every one visiting Washington. A gentleman, upon becoming Secretary of the Treasury, asked one who had had long familiarity with Washington affairs for advice regarding his administration. "Borrow a tent from the War Department," was the reply, "pitch it on the lawn below the Treasury Department, go there every day for the three hours during which office-seekers do most harass the Secretary's door, have a sentinel keep guard, lie on the grass and think about the great problems of government finance." The gentleman to whom this was said made a very great success as Secretary of the Treasury. It is not known whether any part of it was due to his securing for himself three hours a day to devote to unbroken study of financial problems.

J. B. WALKER.

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THE POWDER-MONKEY.

A theory, by scientists defended,
Declares that we from monkeys are descended.
This being thus, we therefore clearly see
The Powder-Monkey heads some pedigree.
Is't so, from him descend by evolution
The Dames and Daughters of the Revolution?

Carolyn Wells.



CUPID: HIS TASKS

EVER so many years ago,
When Cupid was quite young, you know,
There were no schools at all, and so
Athirst for information,
Each day the funny little chap
Would climb up in Dame Venus' lap,
And study from a book or map
To get his education.

He traced in his Geography
The Primrose Path to Arcady;
He bounded Agapemone,
And Flowery Fields Elysian.
Then, his Arithmetic begun,
He learned that one and one make one,
That one from two leaves simply none,
And Love abhors division.

A Magic course he had to take,
And for sad hearts that ache or break
Love-philters strange he learned to make
From musk and myrrh and myrtle.
He studied deeply souls that yearned,
Investigated hearts that burned,
And all the tricks and habits learned
Of doves, both ring and turtle.

And so Dan Cupid is no fool,
But he's well versed in love and rule,
Although he never went to school
And never went to college.
He's blind, and yet the rogue can see
A thousand times as well as we;
And that's how Cupid comes to be
A Paragon of Knowledge.

CAROLYN WELLS.



From Botany he learned to know
The value of the mistletoe,
And why a rose is cherished so,
Even when it is faded.
Rhetoric taught him how to say
Fair speeches in a pretty way;
And if a lass should murmur "Nay,"
How she must be persuaded.

On History's thrilling page he met
With Romeo and Juliet,
Brave Aucassin and Nicolette,
And other hearts devoted.
Then in Astronomy he found
What 'tis that makes the world go round,
And why the moon is so renowned
And shooting stars are noted.



In Grammar Cupid had to say
"I love, thou lov'st, he loves," each day,
And learn of hearts declined, that they
Can still be conjugated.
He studied the Industrial Arts,
Became adept at mending hearts,
Right skilfully he fashioned darts,
And wondrous love-knots plaited.

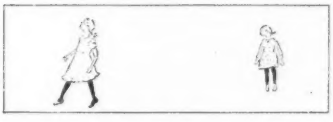




While Fortune turns her gaze away,
And stubborn Doubt still lingers near,
They do not come to us and say
Kind words they wish the world to hear;
They do not come with gay good cheer,
Reminding us of long ago,
But hurry from us, as in fear—
The people that we used to know.



If luck lies in the ways that they
Have chosen to pursue, and mere
Toil waits for us day after day,
They turn their backs when we appear;
They do not care to dwell on dear
Old times and scenes, but, frowning, show
Us faces cold and miens austere—
The people that we used to know.



At last, when Fate has turned to lay
Her tribute in our hands and clear
The way for us, and all the gay,
Glad triumphs we have sought are near,
Then they come in with smirk and leer,
And we cry from the depths of woe:
"Lord love us! How did they get here—
The people that we used to know?"



L'ENVOI.

Ah, this would be a fairer sphere
If we who mount up from below
Could always leave far in the rear
The people that we used to know.

S. E. KISER.

COOLNESS IN DANGER. There is a little Willie story about Joseph Vernet, the greatest landscape and marine painter of his day, now lost amid the dust of oblivion along with E. P. Roe and Martin Farquhar Tupper.

The story told by his wiggling, jiggling biographer is this: Vernet was crossing the bay from Leghorn to France in a small packet schooner, when a terrible storm arose.

The winds howled through the creaking cordage, the wild waves leaped mountain-high and threatened to engulf the ship with her precious crew.

The lightnings glared—the thunder roared.

Each moment the ravenous waves leaped higher still, and came chasing each other like charging cavalry across the green waste of troubled waters.

The captain had given up all hope and told the passengers to prepare to meet their God. All were sure that every moment would be their next.

Finally the captain, looking out abaft the mizzen, saw Joseph Vernet, lashed to the mast, with brush and palette in hand, calmly painting the storm—rapt in contemplation of its majesty, absorbed in admiration of its awful power.

The coolness—it was midwinter—of Vernet gave the captain fresh courage. He ordered all hands out to holystone the decks, and in half an hour the good ship was scudding under full sail in a dead calm, and all around the long, smooth, oily swell of the sea arose and fell with subtle, sinuous, silken grace.

* * * *

DIVORCE. The newspapers told us how, when two young Americans who had tried to enjoy life together lately concluded that they could do better separately, one of them went off to South Dakota and got a divorce. There was nothing in particular amiss. They were rich. They went much into fashionable society. Neither of them seems to have had any other object in life than to have a good time, and they got deadly tired of each other and wanted a change. Very likely they will both marry again. Perhaps they will each achieve

several more marriages. There is a certain amount of excitement about getting married, and idle, uneducated, pleasure-seeking people need constant excitements to



make life seem profitable to them. It reminds one of what M. Le Roux, the French writer, says about modern divorce in France. Observing the great increase of divorces in the last thirty years, he consulted some of the great French alienists about it. They all agreed, he says, that the nervous weakness of some of the French people of the time rendered it utterly impossible for them to endure each other long. Divorce, they told him, was a malady: the excess of an unbalanced generation. His conclusion was that if it was a symptom of illness it had better continue, but that the law should add some respectability to it by recognizing incom-



patibility as a lawful cause and save the distracted invalids from having recourse to less reputable shifts.

Our laws serve effectively enough this purpose that M. Le Roux thinks useful. A great many moralists deplore their laxity, and wish that the divorce laws in all the states might be uniformly strict. Many churchmen, too, are constantly struggling to induce the Protestant churches to set their faces more resolutely against frivolous divorces among their members. But, after all, divorce is the symptom of a malady, and the philosopher may reasonably wonder how far its suppression would really benefit society. Honest people who have just grounds for divorce should be able to procure it. As for the idle and frivolous, what society chiefly wants of them is that they shall not reproduce their kind. There is a worse thing than divorce, and that is for a woman to bear the name of one man and the children of another. That is rarely seen in this country, but when it is seen it causes consternation. Better even a South Dakota divorce than that.

WARD SANDFORD.

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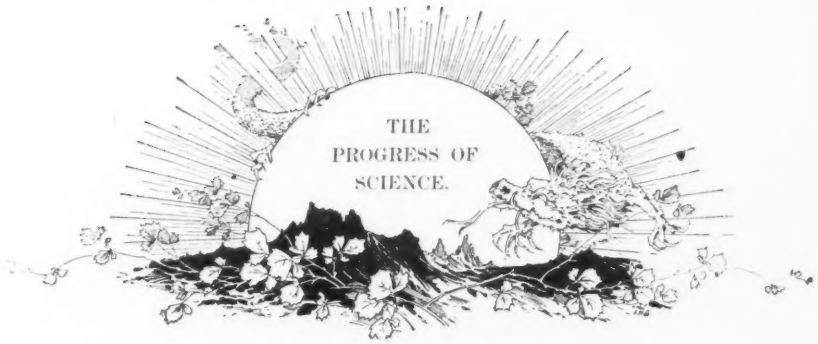
THE BRICK-BAT.

Oft through the stillness of the summer night
We see the Brick-Bat take his rapid flight.
And, with unerring aim, descending straight,
He meets a cat on the back-garden gate.
The little Brick-Bat could not fly alone—
Oh, no, there is a power behind the thrown.

Carolyn Wells.

* * * *

FASHION. Fashion is competitive imitation. A woman who wears upon her hat a bunch of grapes, seven roses and a lark, where before were only two ostrich feathers and a blue-jay, is a true leader of fashion. Fashion keeps a-going one better until things get to perihelion: then she swings back to the other extreme and begins again.



EDITED BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE twentieth century starts out scientific all through. After gathering its strength for a hundred years, Science lifts the whole world on its broad shoulders up into a clearer day. Everywhere the illumination is perceived and the stimulus is felt. Science has an every-day word for everybody. It lends its aid on all sides with magnificent indifference and liberality.

Art, Literature, Industry, Agriculture, Medicine, Statesmanship, Society—in short all forms of human activity and association acknowledge its benefaction. Its growth is like that of the new nebula in Perseus; now one point glows with special brilliance and now another point brightens, but a comprehensive view shows that the real development is on every side and in all directions; it is universal expansion, not linear progression.

The best brains of the world are enlisted in the service of Science, and no efforts that men make are inspired with so much enthusiasm or watched with such eager anticipation as are those exerted toward scientific ends. Here we see the pioneers striving to reach the ultimate seat and secret of life, and to establish a basis wherefrom a more effective warfare may be waged against disease and death. In another direction the effort is to grasp more of the free forces of nature and subject them to the yoke of human control. The astronomer deciphers from the hieroglyphics of the nebula a new story of the origin of the universe. The engineer decuples the already titantic power of his machines. Electricity darts to the head of the procession of mechanic forces and laughs at their lumbering slowness, but yet quickens them with something of its own spirit. We begin to defy diseases that have heretofore terrified the planet. We talk across the ocean, and in our more hopeful moments look wistfully, with sociable intent, at distant worlds. We make the ocean waves work for us, and the winds yield passage for ruddered and motor-driven balloons.

But the story is endless. All these things, and a thousand like them, are the achievements of modern science. In these columns we shall record as many of them as we can.

Can Death Be Postponed? The remarkable experiments of Dr. Jacques Loeb and Prof. A. T. Matthews at the Chicago University have led to the hope that a means may be found, without regard to specific disease, for postponing bodily death. They announce not only that nerve force is an electric phenomenon, but that, to a certain extent, it is amenable to control through the influence of chemicals introduced into the human system. The nerves consist of a gelatinous, or colloidal, substance whose atoms bear electric charges. When positively electrified, the nerve colloids are held in a state of solution and remain quiescent. But if a negative current traverses the nerves, their substance instantly "jellies" and a wave of sensation passes through them. The muscular contractions follow the same law.

Now, some chemical elements when in-

troduced into the system produce a stimulation of the nerves by charging their atoms with negative electricity, while other elements act in just the opposite manner and, by producing a positive current, dissolve the colloids and stagnate the nerves. This explains the action of anæsthetics, which introduce a positive charge and thus deaden the nerves.

The experimenters think they have approached closer than heretofore to an explanation of the changes that end in death, and, beginning with simple forms of vitality, they have attacked the problem of prolonging life. In the case of the eggs of the sea-urchin they have indefinitely postponed death through the stimulant effect of a solution of potassium cyanide.

New Wonders of Wireless Electricity.

One of the most interesting inventions brought to light by the recent development of the principle of telegraphing without wires is an apparatus devised by Axel Orling, a Swede, and J. T. Armstrong, an Englishman, and known as the Armorl system of wireless telegraphy.

In this system the earth is the conductor and the currents are of low potential. Messages have been sent twenty miles at pressures of eight, and even of only four, volts. No masts are employed, as in the Marconi system, and it is not necessary to elevate the transmitting and receiving instruments.

The key of success of the new system is a novel form of receiver, called an electro-capillary relay, which is said to be much more sensitive than any preceding form of electric receiver. It takes the place of the coherer used in the ærial system of wireless telegraphy, and is based upon the influence of electric currents upon the capillary attraction of mercury.

A glass tube, bent in the form of a siphon and drawn to a fine point, is filled with mercury, the large end of the tube being immersed in a vessel of mercury while the fine point dips into a basin of acidulated water. Just underneath the point of the tube is placed one end of a delicate balance, the other end of which is close to a Morse machine, or other telegraphic instrument. At the top of the bent tube the positive wire of an electric circuit is connected with the mercury, while the negative wire connects with the acidulated water. When a current enters the tube containing the mercury, it increases the capillary attraction of the latter so that more of the liquid metal is drawn into the tube and a minute drop, varying with the strength of the current, is forced from the point of the tube and falls upon the arm of the balance which, being depressed, throws the opposite arm into contact with the telegraphic instrument, thus completing the circuit.

So delicate has this apparatus proved that currents too faint to be recorded by the most sensitive galvanometers actuate it successfully.

In applying the apparatus for telegraphy, two iron stakes are driven in the ground, about a foot and a half deep and twelve feet apart, and connected respectively to the poles of the instrument, which is furnished with a small battery. A Morse key and a telephone receiver are attached. At the opposite end of the line, which may be twenty miles away, a similar apparatus is set up. The Morse signals are heard in the telephone with perfect distinctness, the current passing through the earth.

This system has recently been applied to control and guide, in a very surprising manner, the motions of a submarine boat. When a submarine boat is steered by its own helmsman, the latter is compelled to use more or less unsatisfactory devices for obtaining views of the surface of the water above him, in order to judge what direction should be taken. But, in this new system of steering, the people who occupy the boat trust themselves entirely to the guidance of the commander of the vessel from which they have been dispatched. By simply rotating a wheel, which sends electric waves into the water, he can turn the submarine boat to right or left, and cause it to sink deeper or rise to the surface. All this is effected through the influence of the electric impulses upon the synchronized electric apparatus carried in the submerged boat, which apparatus, in turn, governs the steering-gear without any interference by the boat's crew

At the same time, and by similar means, the commander of the warship can ex-

change wireless messages with the men in the submarine boat, instructing them what to do at any particular moment, so that the discharge of a torpedo, for instance, can be accurately timed.

Experience is said to have proved that the electric waves are more perfectly conveyed through the water than through air. The submarine boat may be driven by any form of motor that can actuate a screw, as the electric control over its movements is independent of the motive power.

The transmitting apparatus on the warship exercising the control consists of a small wheel, resembling a steering-wheel, connected with the Armorl electric instruments and in communication with the water through wires which act like the iron stakes employed when the Armorl system is used to send wireless messages through the ground. The turning of this wheel transmits to the water electric oscillations with which the apparatus in the submarine boat is synchronized. As the waves reach the boat beneath the water, the metallic hull of the vessel acts as a receiving instrument, the bow and the stern becoming respectively a positive and a negative pole, and the relay apparatus transmits the impulse to the steering-gear.

Small torpedoes, resembling the Whitehead torpedo, are also guided in a similar manner, the impulses being, in this case, transmitted to the propellers that drive the torpedoes.

Titanic Power of Pigmy Man. The great power-station of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad recently opened in New York city is the largest in the world. Some of its gigantic details are marvelous to look upon. It serves to remind us that man has now reached a stage in the development and control of mechanical energy such as would have been deemed nearly impossible in the middle of the nineteenth century.

While we do not know exactly what concentration of power was in the hands of the builders of those standing wonders of antiquity, the great pyramids of Egypt, yet we can safely say that it was far inferior to the energy assembled under the roof of the new power-station at Seventy-fourth Street and the East River, where one hundred thousand horse-power can be developed from a single engine-plant, consisting of eight combined units, each of twelve thousand five hundred maximum horse-power, and from which sixty thousand electrical horse-power can be delivered to run the endless procession of crowded trains on the great elevated railroad system of the American metropolis.

Sixty-four horizontal water-tube boilers, of five hundred horse-power each, supply the steam. Each of the eight engine units comprises two compound condensing engines, one at each end of the shaft, with a gigantic alternator in the middle. The high pressure cylinder, forty-four inches in diameter, lies horizontally, and the low-pressure cylinder, eighty-eight inches in diameter, stands vertically. Each engine with its two connecting rods grasps a common crank-pin, and the two cranks, being set at an angle of one hundred and thirty-five degrees with each other, impart eight successive impulses to the shaft during every revolution. This gives a uniformity of rotation that renders the use of a fly-wheel unnecessary, the revolving field of the alternator serving in place of the ordinary fly-wheel.

The alternator field is an enormous disk, made up of metal, weighing one hundred and eighty-five tons and thirty-two feet in diameter. Its steel hub alone weighs twenty-five tons. The entire alternator, with its rim, or frame, carrying the armature windings, is forty-two feet in diameter and weighs four hundred and forty-five and one-half tons. And each of the eight units composing the engine-plant possesses one of these tremendous alternators, the largest ever constructed.

The alternators produce a three-phase current, delivered at a pressure of eleven thousand volts, to three conductor cables by which it is distributed to seven substations at various points in the city.

The main building of brick, steel and concrete is two hundred and five feet wide, five hundred and thirteen feet long on one side and five hundred and eighty-seven feet on the other. The northern half of the structure contains the boilers and the southern half the engines, a longitudinal wall dividing the entire building. Overhead, above the boilers, is a row of coal-

pockets capable of holding fifteen thousand tons of coal, which is delivered to them from barges in the East River by automatic carriers, and similar carriers remove the ashes.

What has been said of the immense size of the alternators indicates the great scale of all the machinery. The crank-shaft is twenty-five and one-quarter feet long and about three feet in diameter. The cylinders all have a common stroke of five feet. The piston-rods are eight inches in diameter. Each pair of engines weighs seven hundred and twenty tons and rests on a concrete foundation forty feet square and twenty-one feet in height.

Comparing these engines with the greatest marine engines yet constructed, those of the steamer "Deutschland," we find the latter developing thirty-seven thousand horse-power and having a stroke of six feet, so that they exceed in power any one pair of engines constituting the new power plant, but in the aggregate of power developed the latter is far in advance.

To Load and Unload Trains Without Stopping Them.

The problem how to enable passengers to enter or leave a moving railroad train has been attacked in a novel manner by John W. Jenkins. His invention is a "saddle-car," wherein the passengers wait at a station, and which, straddling the moving train, is carried off by the latter.

In addition to the regular track, two outer rails are laid near the stations to carry the saddle-cars, which consist of a skeleton frame-work, broader and higher than ordinary cars, and running on wheels which travel on the extra outside rails. On one side of the frame-work is a compartment for the passengers, while at the top it is provided with broad-faced wheels intended to run upon special rails on the roof of the moving train.

When a train passes a station where a saddle-car is waiting, the rails on its roof engage the wheels at the top of the saddle, and the saddle-car with its passengers is lifted off the side rails and carried on with the train. The saddle-car rides along the top of the train, but being provided with proper brakes soon acquires the proper momentum, and then is locked fast and the passengers leave the compartment and enter the train.

As the train approaches the next station the saddle is lifted off, because the side rails are made higher at the points where it is desired to remove a saddle-car from a train, and, the lower wheels being engaged by these raised portions of the rails, the car is lifted from the roof of the train and the latter passes on, leaving the empty saddle-car but picking up a new one filled with passengers at the opposite end of the station. Thus every train drops one saddle and carries off another at each station.

The inventor's opinion is that this system would be specially useful for saving time in suburban traffic.

Track Overhead and Cars Hanging Beneath.

Another recent step in railroad construction is the Dangen Suspended Railway, a new German institution. The road connects three manufacturing towns, Vohwinkel, Elberfeld and Barmen, on the little river Wupper in Westphalia, and is a trifle more than eight miles long.

On this novel railroad the passengers are carried in cars swinging from an overhead rail, the trucks being connected with the car roofs. The truck-wheels, mounted tandem, run on a single overhead rail. The cars each carry fifty passengers, and are driven by two electric motors, of thirty-six horse-power apiece, operating through transmission gearing. The motor-trucks receive their current through a slip-shoe and a contact-rail.

Every car is suspended from four wheels, two on each truck, and the oscillation is limited by projections on the truck-frames. In running around a curve the car swings into an inclined position, but resumes the vertical as soon as the track becomes straight. The adjustment of equilibrium is said to be effected imperceptibly to the passengers.

The rails from which the cars hang are supported by a system of longitudinal latticed girders, recalling in its general aspect an ordinary elevated railway. At one point the track crosses the Wupper River. The speed has been temporarily limited to twenty-five miles an hour, but will soon be increased to more than thirty miles.

An automatic block system is employed, the signals being regulated by the cars themselves. There are eighteen stations on the line.

Helping Nature Along. The value of electricity as a stimulant in the growth of plants is just beginning to be understood. Various experiments have been made in Germany to determine the best method of applying the electric influence. Stimulation of the seeds before they are planted has been tried, and also stimulation of the air surrounding the growing plants by means of a system of wires discharging electricity; but the most effective plan seems to be that which was adopted in a market-garden near Paterson, New Jersey, not long ago. This consists simply in passing a feeble electric current through the soil containing the seeds and young plants. The Paterson experimenter got his current from a trolley-power cable. In some cases, it is said, the productiveness of a given area of ground can thus be increased three-fold. Not only are the electrically stimulated plants about twice as rapid as ordinary plants in their growth, but they are also twice as vigorous and luxuriant.

Faster Time on Railroads. The experiments in high speed railroading, conducted under the auspices of the German government on a specially constructed track fourteen miles in length, between Marienfelde and Zossen, near Berlin, are attracting wide attention in this country as well as in Europe. The polyphase electric system is employed, the current being delivered from three wires carried beside the road on poles of novel construction, to motor carriages comfortably seating sixty passengers. Each carriage is seventy-two feet in length, including the space occupied by the electric apparatus at each end.

A speed of one hundred miles an hour has already been attained, and the intention is to increase this to at least one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour.

The potential of the current is ten thousand volts, with a frequency of forty-five to fifty per second. Each car has four motors, mounted on the axles of the trucks, two at the front and two at the rear, and the aggregate maximum horse-power of the four motors is three thousand.

Compressed air is used for the brakes and to operate the electric switching apparatus on the car, the air being supplied from electrically-driven pumps placed under the car.

Each trolley-wire is connected at its supporting insulator with a loop of copper wire designed to become automatically grounded in case the trolley-wire breaks.

These experiments have led to a discussion of the practicability of obtaining similar speeds with steam locomotives. Rolf Sanzin, a German authority, discussing the essentials of a locomotive capable of running one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour, says the most important thing is the boiler, and, since the power must be as great as possible in proportion to the weight, high steam pressures, superheating, multiple expansion devices, and all other means of increasing power without proportional increase of weight are the things chiefly to be considered.

He suggests a locomotive of sixty tons, with a forty-ton tender and one thousand five hundred horse-power. The American "Atlantic" type seems to him good for the purpose of high speed, and, with this design, he thinks a locomotive of two thousand horse-power, with a total weight of one hundred and ten tons for engine and tender, could be built, the water supply being replenished from track tanks.

The road-bed is also an extremely important element in the problem. For the experiments near Berlin the road-bed was specially prepared. Make all road-beds good, and Sanzin thinks a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour should be obtained by steam locomotives without any material revolution in design.

Efficient Method of Restoring Life. A Parisian physician, Dr. J. V. Laborde, has perfected a method of restoring life in case of drowning and suffocation which appears to be more successful than any method hitherto practised. Persons who had been apparently dead for three hours or more have in this way been brought back to life. It is called "rythmical

tongue-traction," and consists in the periodical pulling of the tongue from twenty to twenty-five times per minute. This can be done with the hand, a handkerchief being wrapped about the tongue, but it is more easily and regularly performed by means of a simple machine driven by clockwork. The method has come into use in many hospitals in this country as well as in Europe, and the results are regarded as very valuable. The effectiveness of tongue-traction is based upon the fact that it directly excites the pneumogastric nerve, which is the nerve governing the action of the heart and lungs. In cases of drowning, tongue-traction is more effective than the old method of working the arms up and down to restore breathing.

Rescuing an Empire From Drought.

The success of irrigation in the desert areas of Southern California and Arizona, and at other points in the West, has encouraged the hope that a similar enterprise on a large scale may soon be applied throughout the semi-arid regions scattered between the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountains. Lieut.-Col. H. M. Chittenden, U. S. A., calls attention to the fact that forty-three per cent. of the total area of the United States is not supplied by nature with sufficient rainfall during the summer to sustain successful agriculture. Yet the soil throughout most of this vast area is good, and much of it is excellent, and only a sufficient supply of water is needed to make of it "as fine agricultural land as the world affords."

Some of this land, in the region of the great outflows of molten rock that took place ages ago, is underlaid by abundant supplies of water which can be reached by artesian wells. In some places the streams run through canyons deep beneath the general surface of the country, but elsewhere the water of the streams flowing down from the mountains could, it is claimed, by a proper and comprehensive system of ditches, be diverted into storage reservoirs, and then fed out to the thirsty land when needed.

Desert areas in the plain traversed by the Colorado River, along the line between California and Arizona, that were but a few years ago as dry as the fearful Death Valley, have been made fairly to bloom with vegetable life, simply through the application of water supplied by artesian wells. The acreage of the rescued dry lands is steadily increasing, and almost an agricultural revolution could be effected by irrigation on a grand scale.

Making the Ocean Work For Man.

To make the unruly ocean, with its ponderous waves and resistless tides, work for man is an old dream that has lured many inventors, yet the city of Santa Cruz, California, possesses proof that it is not all a dream. For four years an efficient wave-motor has been working on the coast near that town.

It stands at the edge of a rocky cliff fronted by deep water. Two well-holes, one eight and the other five feet in diameter, were sunk in the rock, the foremost within five feet of the edge of the cliff and the other directly behind it. These wells extend from a level thirty feet above high tide to a point below ebb tide, and at the bottom are connected by a horizontal tunnel with the ocean, so that the water stands in the wells at the same level as in the sea outside.

In the well nearest the cliff-edge is a counterbalanced float, rising and falling with the swells of the sea. The second well contains the plunger of a force pump, working in a long pump-barrel and actuated by being connected with the rising and falling float.

In this way sea-water is forced on every down stroke of the piston in the pump to a vertical height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, where it enters a five-thousand-gallon tank, carried on a derrick sixty feet above the ground. From this tank it runs off to smaller tanks distributed along the roadsides over the surrounding country, where it is used for sprinkling.

The pump and the float are both carried by guides, supported by a derrick above the wells, and fastened to the end of a round timber sixty feet in length, which is counterbalanced at the butt and provided with wheels running on a short track, so that it can advance and recede as well as oscillate up and down, and thus the entire apparatus is kept in adjustment.

STORIES BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, BRET HARTE, MAARTEN MAARTENS, I. ZANGWILL

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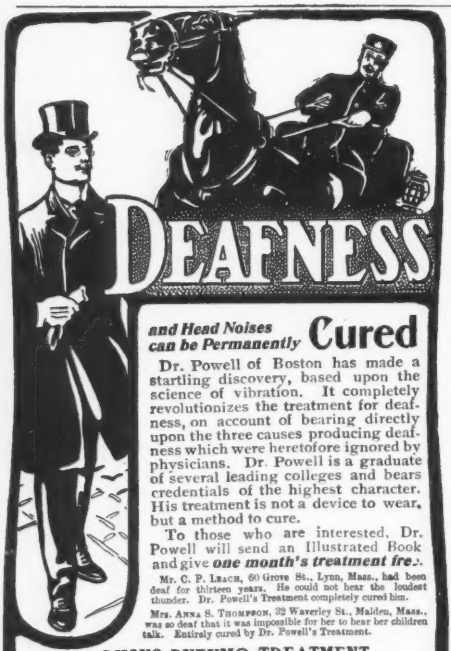
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For years the world has been waiting for some one to discover a system of memory training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F. Urbahns, a student business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it, and above all it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience; has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you should have been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success what need is there to hesitate. Any bank, business house, or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose is unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that any one who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 118 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail.

Readers are requested to write without delay.

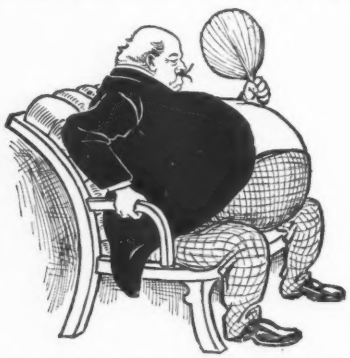
When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Don't Be Fat.

New and Remarkable Home Treatment that Reduces Weight to Normal Without Diet or Medicine and is Absolutely Safe.

A Trial Sent Free to All by Mail, Postpaid, Sealed in Plain Package. Write To-Day.

Don't be too fat; don't puff and blow; don't endanger your life with a lot of excess fat; and furthermore, don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send your name and address to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 538 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich., and he will send you free a



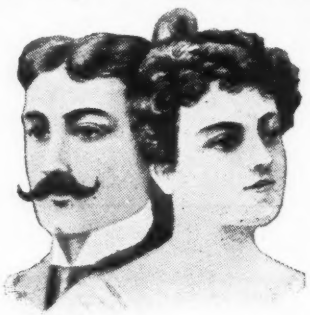
trial package of his remarkable treatment that reduces the weight to normal. Do not be afraid of evil consequences, the treatment is perfectly safe, is natural and scientific and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excess fat. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment. Mr. Arthur K. Wallace, of Abingdon, who tried this treatment says:—"The effect of your method for reducing flesh is one that I can sincerely commend to 'fat' people. I weighed 302, couldn't get up a flight of stairs without blowing like a porpoise, was miserable from morn till night and might have dropped dead any minute I used your method diligently for seven days and was thunderstruck to find that I could breath naturally; in fourteen days I tipped the scales at 287; in thirty days I weighed 269; in eight weeks was reduced to 212 pounds, which Dr. Jones, my physician, said was normal, I am six foot two high and of large frame, and to get down nearly a hundred pounds is remarkable. Dr. Jones says you are a genius; I say you are the wonder of the age, and I heartily endorse your treatment as the best life-saving device ever invented. Am glad to write you and will try to be of as much service to you as you have to me."

Write for a free trial package to-day.

Ladies Cure Tobacco Habit

Secretly at Home—Trial Package Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

Men who have tried time and again to quit tobacco have been instantly cured of the habit by a harmless compound discovered by a famous Ohio chemist. It stops at once and forever the craving for the weed and makes it impossible



No More Smoke or Dirty Spittoons in the Home.

for any man to chew or smoke. The marvelous part of the remedy is that it is odorless and tasteless. It is taken in milk, water, tea, coffee or food without any bad effects, and many women have already cured their husbands and sons of the tobacco habit without the slightest danger of detection. It is easy to quit tobacco and if you will write Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 3053 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, they will send a large trial package free, in a plain, sealed wrapper, and it will prove how easy it is to cure yourself or any one else of using tobacco in any form.

ANY LADY *Can Easily Make* **$18 TO $25** weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars free to all. Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money address WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 40, JOLIET, ILL.

SIX CENTS



This is a Gold-Plated Slide Locket

It has places for **two photographs.** The design is the very latest floral French art effect. It is now all the rage, worn round the neck, with chain or ribbon. It is worth fifty cents, but we send it postpaid to your address for **SIX CENTS** in postage stamps. We send catalogue of Jewelry. Address **LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York.**

MORPHINE

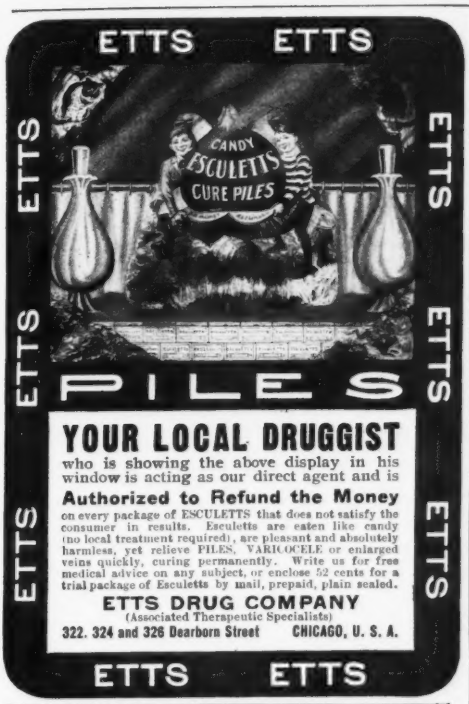
PAINLESS AND PERMANENT Home Cure

A Trial Treatment Free

Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We **restore the nervous and physical systems** and thus **remove the cause.** Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians having refractory cases.

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who is showing the above display in his window is acting as our direct agent and is

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on every package of ESCULETTS that does not satisfy the consumer in results. Esculetts are eaten like candy (no local treatment required), are pleasant and absolutely harmless, yet relieve PILES, VARICOCELE or enlarged veins quickly, curing permanently. Write us for free medical advice on any subject, or enclose 52 cents for a trial package of Esculetts by mail, prepaid, plain sealed.

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(Associated Therapeutic Specialists)
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SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES



Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

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CIN-CONE, the newly discovered cure for the liquor habit, is such a powerful and effective remedy that the large trial bottle, sent free, will cure almost any light case.

CURED FREE.

CIN-CONE is purely vegetable, contains no narcotics, opiates, poisons or minerals. We use no hypodermic injection of gold, nor any dangerous secret compound to be given in tea, coffee, &c. No lost time and no suffering is necessary. We guarantee that we can cure the liquor habit or drunkenness by our remedy and new home treatment, which is totally unlike any of the so-called cures, and permit the patient to live as master of liquor and not its slave. CIN-CONE leaves no bad after effects.

TRIAL TREATMENT FREE

To prove that CIN-CONE will cure any case of liquor habit, a large trial bottle will be sent absolutely free of cost to any reader of The Cosmopolitan who will write the PERU REMEDY COMPANY, suite 509, 1193 Broadway, New York, and mention having seen this liberal offer in The Cosmopolitan, the genuineness of which is fully guaranteed. All correspondence sent in plain envelopes. All goods shipped in plain packages.



Have you Bright's Disease or Diabetes?

Don't you know that the physicians of the world cannot cure you?

Do you wish to know of treatments that will cure both diseases?

You surely are not too skeptical or prejudiced to at least read what prominent men say of our treatments—not what *we* say.

Can you afford to drown because you will not reach for the Life Preserver we throw out to you?

Every day tells, as you know. Do not waste valuable time.

Would we urge investigation if we did not have what we claim?

If you suffer from Bright's Disease or Diabetes, you need us more than we need you. Our treatment is not a "patent medicine" and cannot be procured from druggists, but is administered under the direction of Dr. Tompkins after a careful study of your case. You can be treated at your own home.

Will you allow us to send you convincing proof of what we have done and are now doing?

We will gladly send our book with letters and full details on request. We never publish names or letters without consent. Professional etiquette observed in all cases.

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To all who suffer from SPINAL DEFORMITIES.



85 per cent cheaper than the old methods. **100 per cent better.** Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For men Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be relieved. We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this unsightly condition; cured the inventor Mr. P. B. Sheldon, of curvature of the spine of THIRTY YEARS standing.

Throw away the cumbersome and costly plaster-of paris and sole-leather jackets.

Our appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Write to-day for measurement blank. Don't wait.

Steamburg, N. Y., February 9, 1901. After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes, Yours truly, Ida Blood.

The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8 1-4 lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces--a difference of over 7 pounds.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 51 Fourth St., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



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Morphine, Laudanum and Drug habits **permanently cured** by a reliable, secret **Chinese cure** used in the **Empire** for **hundreds of years.** This Remedy is mild, harmless and invigorating, giving strong support and sustenance to the mental and physical system. The most successful cure ever used in the treatment of these habits. No other treatment was ever known to give the permanent relief which is obtained by this wonderful cure. It removes the very last atom of the drug from the system, giving absolute freedom from the habit, and destroying all craving whatsoever for the drug. **Free trial sent by express** to all. We co-operate with physicians. Correspondence confidential. Address

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Gentlemen : — Your Remedy cured me permanently of the morphine addiction. It gave me strong support through the whole course of treatment restored me to vigorous health. I have had absolutely no desire for the drug for more than six months.
Permit me to thank you for the able manner in which you handled my case.
Yours truly,
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By the **Great "Actina,"** an Electrical Pocket Battery which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc. Cures Granulated Lids. **Restores Vision.** Positive proof of cures given. **No Cutting or Drugging.** Eighteen years' success. Write for our 80-page Dictionary of Diseases. **FREE.** Address

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Cancer or Tumor (internal or external).

Cured with Soothing Balmy Oils.

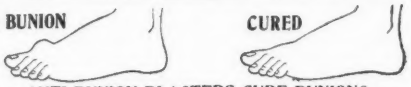
Home treatment sent in most cases. Write for Book.

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Opium, Laudanum and kindred habits cured at home by a treatment wholly new in method, action and results. No pain, suffering or prostration. You continue your regular work every day. No dreaded last stage, or substitution, but a thorough lasting cure. Free trial treatment and sealed booklet sent on request. Write to-day to

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Nothing else will. For 10c we mail a sample plaster and a handsome 16p. illustrated booklet on "How to Have Easy, Healthy, Shapely Feet." It treats of the hygiene of the feet, the cure of bunions, the prevention and removal of corns, ingrowing toe nails, etc. Address **FOOT REMEDY CO., 59D Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**



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The J. B. L. Cascade Treatment insures both.

This wonderful treatment is in successful use by 150,000 people. It is endorsed and prescribed by eminent physicians. An abundance of letters from grateful people bear witness to its astonishing merit. Its value cannot be demonstrated here, therefore we ask to send you, with our compliments, a book of facts. It tells the real secrets of how to acquire health and maintain it without the use of drugs We will also give the names and addresses of Hospitals, Health Societies, Physicians and prominent people that have used and highly recommend

THE J. B. L. CASCADE TREATMENT,

Address Tyrrells Hygienic Inst. Dept. 50 H, **1562 Broadway, N. Y.**

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Terms to suit your convenience

"Neglected lie the polished darts,
When Cupid toys with glittering gems."—Byron.

Cupid has laid aside his "polished darts" to make a capture with his Diamond lasso. When Diamonds lose their power to win a woman's favor, the game is closed.

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Write to-day for our illustrated CATALOGUE "R" which explains our Confidential Credit System, and gives prices and terms. We send to all inquirers our unique Souvenir Pocket Piece *and* Calendar.

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GO INTO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL.

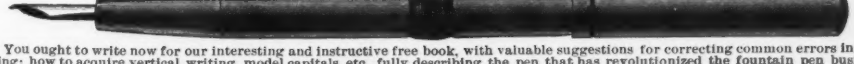
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WE EXTEND YOU CREDIT. Only few dollars down, balance monthly payments. The **BIG PROFIT** you can make and our confidence in the business prompts us to make this very liberal offer. None of your time required except a few minutes evenings. Locate our Newly Patented Mechanical Salesman in public places and they'll **MAKE BIG MONEY** for you. Hundreds are doing it, so can you. Men, women and children patronize the machines, and get Shelled, Roasted, Buttered and Salted Peanuts. Nutritious Delicious and Appetizing. Everybody likes them. Nearly all profit **GREATEST MONEY MAKER KNOWS.** Machines return cost in four weeks. Try one machine and you'll be sure to order more. Write to-day and we'll tell you all about our instalment plan.



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SIMPLY PRESS THIS  **"The Pen That Fills Itself."**

You ought to write now for our interesting and instructive free book, with valuable suggestions for correcting common errors in hand writing; how to acquire vertical writing, model capitals, etc., fully describing the pen that has revolutionized the fountain pen business.

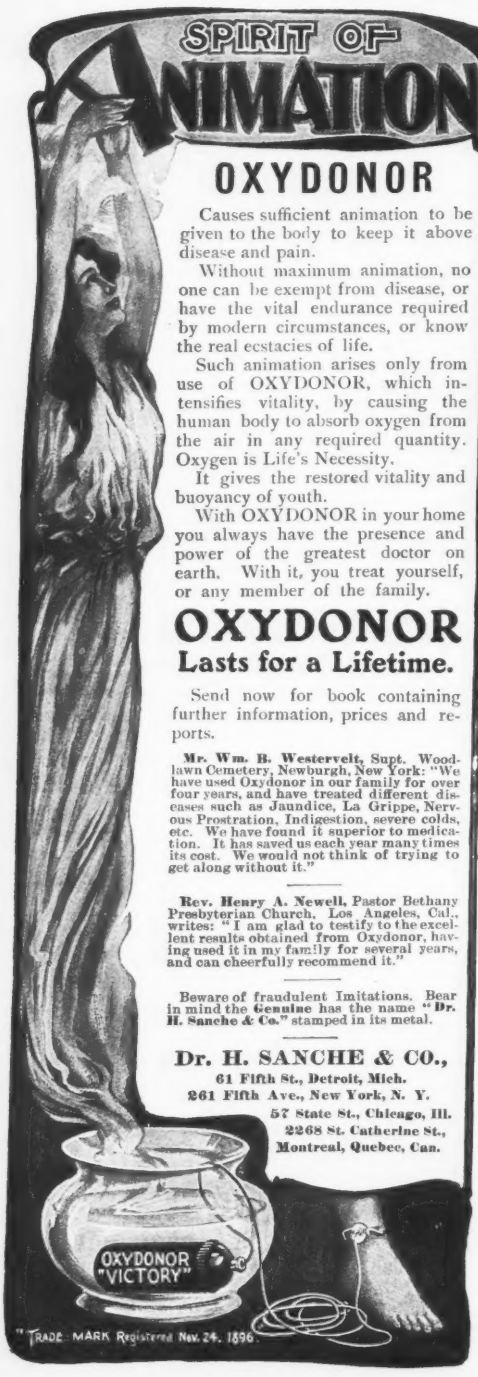
CONKLIN'S SELF-FILLING PEN.

No dropper, no unscrewing of joints, no pulling of plugs, no soiling of fingers, no taking apart to clean, no overflowing or dropping ink, no jarring to start flow; will not roll off a sloping desk. Costs no more than ordinary fountain pens of equal grade. Regular pen, $3.00; large, $4.00; extra large, $5.00; prepaid anywhere; guaranteed. Use it 30 days; your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. **We are sure to fit the most particular hand, as we can match in fineness and flexibility any steel pen you send us.**

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OXYDONOR

Causes sufficient animation to be given to the body to keep it above disease and pain.

Without maximum animation, no one can be exempt from disease, or have the vital endurance required by modern circumstances, or know the real ecstacies of life.

Such animation arises only from use of OXYDONOR, which intensifies vitality, by causing the human body to absorb oxygen from the air in any required quantity. Oxygen is Life's Necessity.

It gives the restored vitality and buoyancy of youth.

With OXYDONOR in your home you always have the presence and power of the greatest doctor on earth. With it, you treat yourself, or any member of the family.

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Lasts for a Lifetime.

Send now for book containing further information, prices and reports.

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Now recognized as the only practical, durable low priced calculating machine. Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies and Divides without mental labor or error. Fastest, simplest, handiest, easily learned. Can not get out of order. Will last a lifetime.

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STANDARD OUTFITS SHIPPED ON APPROVAL



Promptly the First of Every Month
the book-keeper takes the statement of conditions from the Ledger and hands it to the proprietor or manager.
That is—if the **Razall Loose Leaf System** is in use.
It is the modern up-to-the-minute method of accounting—the system that eliminates all dead or surplus matter—the system that brings the live, vital, active features of your business before you.
It is the system for both the progressive business man and the progressive book-keeper or clerk.
It helps both to achieve a greater volume of success.
"**Systematic Accounting**"
is the title of our handsome, illustrated booklet telling all about the method and how it can be applied to your Ledgers and other books. Send for Edition FREE.
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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



J. W. ALEXANDER PRESIDENT

J. H. HYDE VICE PRESIDENT

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ONE MILLION PEOPLE!

This is about the number that will die this year in the United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll be one of them, but it's *possible*.

Had you not better provide against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can provide for your own old age—

By means of an Endowment Policy.

Send for Particulars.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 5
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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $.....if issued to a man.....years of age.

Name .....

Address .....

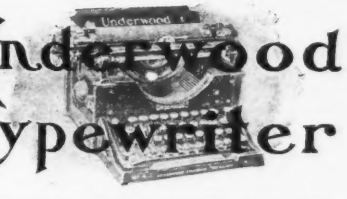
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"Resolved:

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Underwood Typewriter



as a SATISFACTORY and STANDARD writing machine; and be it RESOLVED further that this Association recommend the adoption and purchase of **Underwood Typewriters** for instruction purposes in the schools composing this Association."

(Signed) **M. G. ROHRBOUGH,**
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Highest Speed
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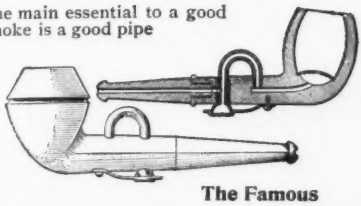
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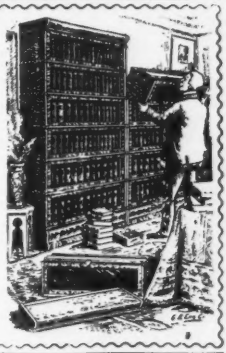
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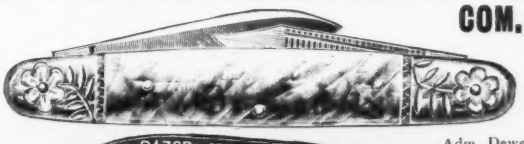
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The "Mobile" Heavy Surrey.

Third. "MOBILE" COUNTRY HOUSE WAGONETTE for eight or

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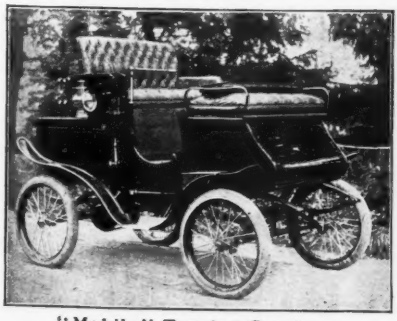
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The "Mobile" Company of America,

Philipse Manor, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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168 MONTAGUE STREET.
BROOKLYN NEW YORK.

February 5, 1902.

The ''Mobile'' Co. of America,

Kingsland Point, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

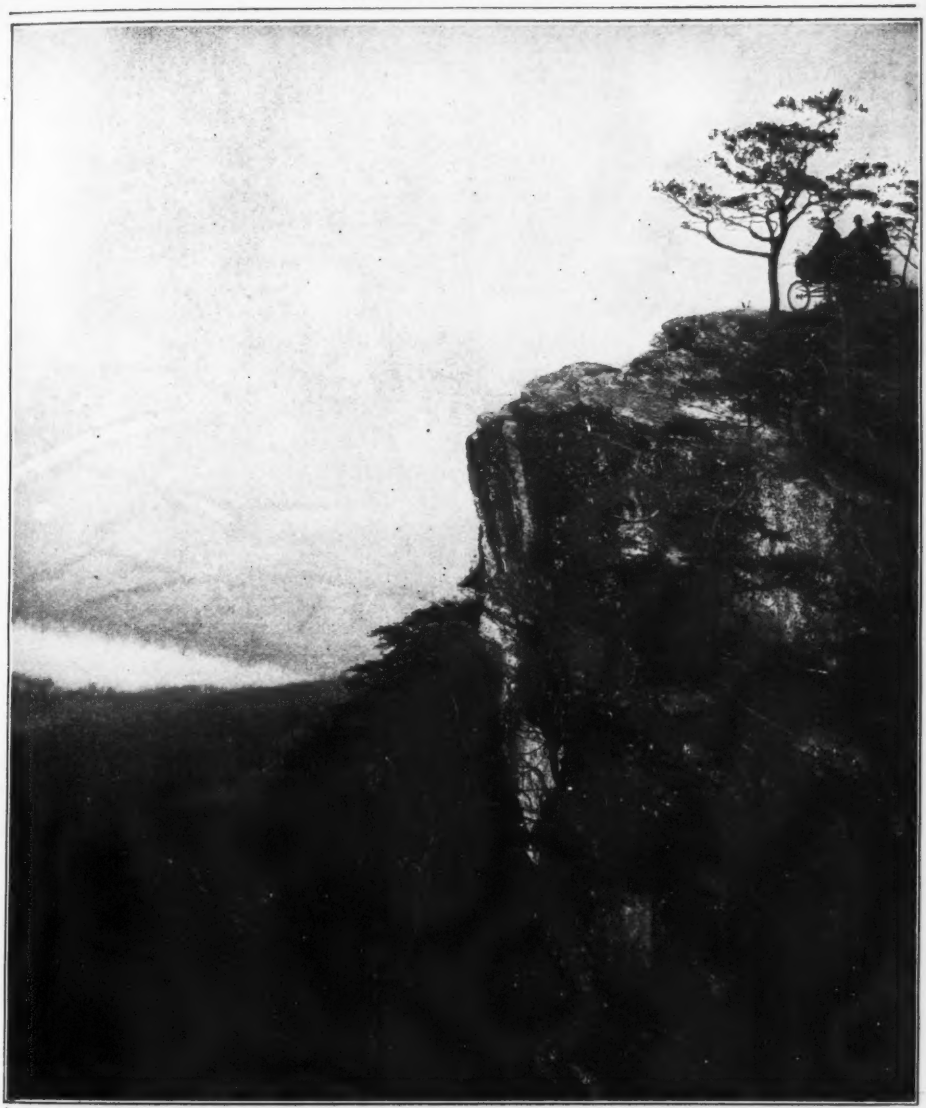
I have your favor of yesterday's date stating that my surrey with the new improvements, is ready for delivery. As soon as the weather moderates so that my chauffeur can bring the surrey to Brooklyn, I will arrange to return the Touring wagon which I have enjoyed very much. It rides very easy over rough pavements. I have also used it in very cold weather during the past six weeks, and I do not know of any repairs having been made during this time. The Automatic Water Feed is also a success. In fact, it is the best Touring wagon I ever rode in or used.

Yours truly,

J. L. Greatsinger

The "Mobile" Company of America,

Philipse Manor, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.



A Locomobile (Surrey) on the Western Summit of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

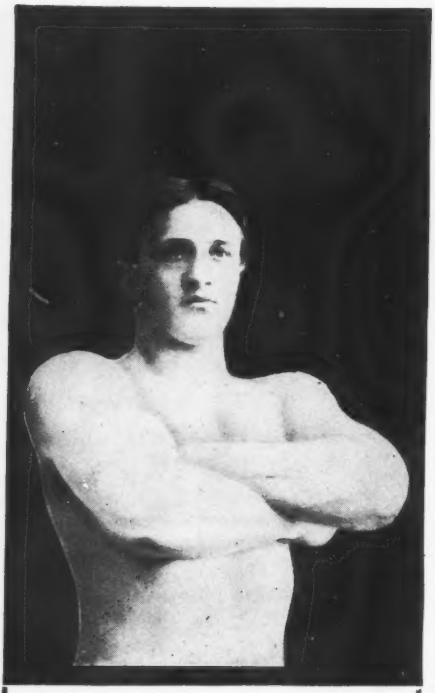
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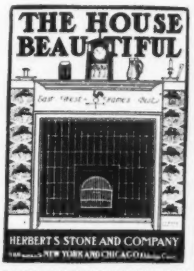
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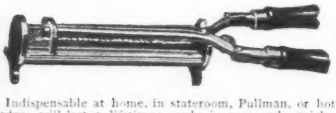
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Enameled Box Calf, Czar Last, Single Sole
Sizes, 5 to 11. Widths, A to E

THIS is one of our handsomest styles. It has medium sole, medium extension edge, comes down flat-footed. The enamel calf leather is light and flexible, with high-finish pebble surface.

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All Ralston shoes are good shoes, very comfortable, very stylish. No better have ever been sold for $5, and no shoes sold at $3.50 can compare with them. FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

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It tells about twenty other styles in six leathers, eight toe-shapes, etc.

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Campello, Mass.

Sweethearts for 59 YEARS

Have been wooed and won with

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Chocolates and Confections.

Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

Made in a minute with boiling milk.

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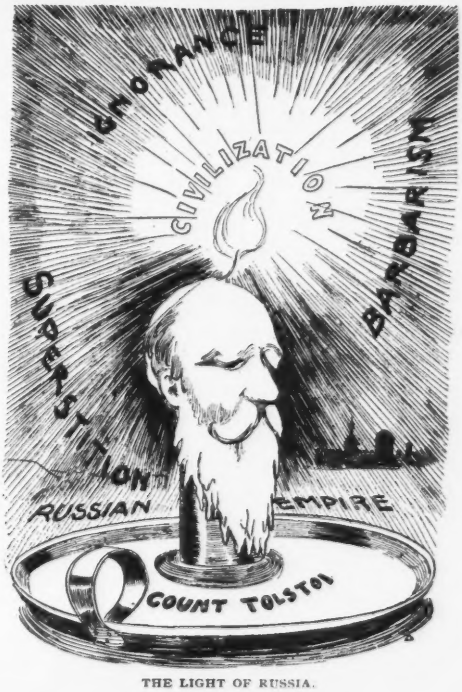
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From Judge, of New York.



THERE ARE OTHERS.
JOHN BULL: "You needn't talk. You're not as hearty as you used to be."
From the Philadelphia North American.



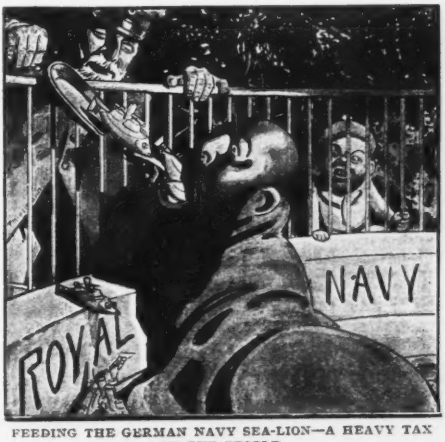
Drawn by Dan Beard. **WHICH CROSS?** *Copyright, 1902, Funk & Wagnalls.*

From "Captain Jinks—Hero."



IN HELPING HIM OUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO STRANGLE HIM.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

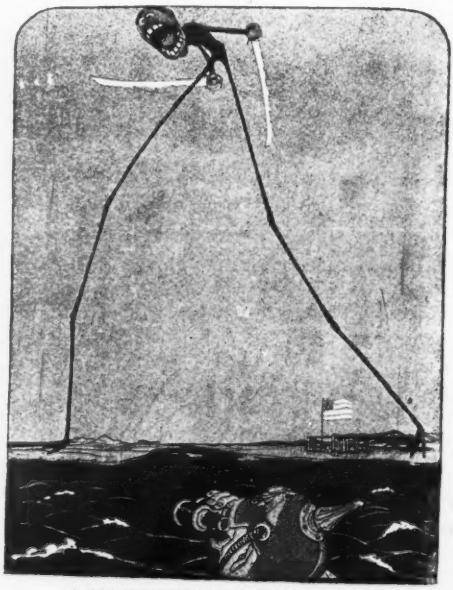


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From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.



KRUGER, THE ANGEL OF PEACE, AND THE DEVIL—A PHANTASY.
From Floh, of Vienna.



A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN POLICY.
"As a blusterer I cannot be beaten in all Europe."
From Simplicissimus, of Munich.



THE TRIALS OF THE BRITISH WAR DEPARTMENT.
"Come along, Fido, and be tied up. Otherwise the horrid bogey man will have you."
From Judy, of London.

We Would Give $50,000 in Cash

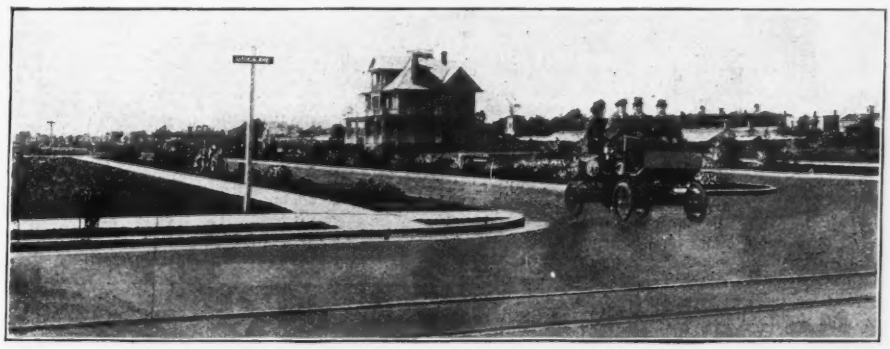
if the people of the United States could in some way be made to realize that the greatest offer that has ever been made in real estate, or probably ever will be made, is embodied in our proposition to sell a lot in New York City with all city improvements for **$480**—because if the situation were actually understood by every person in the country there would not be one single foot of property left twenty-four hours after this knowledge was brought to their attention.

We are selling lots for less than **$500** which are intrinsically worth **$20,000** if you will take into consideration the three elements which have gone to make up values in New York City outside of fashionable districts:—distance from the center, transportation facilities, rate of fare.

The difference is, the **$20,000** lot had transportation to it several years ago, and now is surrounded with houses costing an average of from **$10,000** to **$40,000** apiece, while our land, which has only now just secured this improvement and transportation, must wait until the people realize that these have been secured, and until the solidly built portions (now so comparatively close to us) have reached and enveloped us, and actually brought the values where they rightfully belong.

Illustrations: Lot on corner 146th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 $1,500, sold in spring of 1901 for $70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for $155 in 1853.

Lot on 80th Street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for $500, in 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of $500 every 60 days from 1850 to 1901. (Authority, Real Estate Editor New York Sun.)



Corner of Utica Avenue and Linden Boulevard, Rugby.
Every improvement you see has been made within 6 months.

This increase will be maintained as surely as New York is destined to grow. As surely as equal transportation makes equal values, so surely will this lot be worth as much relatively as the lot in upper Manhattan.

We can prove it if you come to New York. We will try to prove it if you will send us your name and address. Is it not worth your while? We ask nothing of you except a letter or a postal. If we were sure you were in good earnest we would far rather say, send us your name and we will send you tickets to New York. This you know is obviously impossible, but if you will let us put the matter before you we will in some way prove that our proposition is a sound one, if we have to bring you to New York to do it.

What we want is to have you know that we are honest, and that every statement we make is incontrovertible truth. Then we are absolutely certain that we can do business together.

We sell a **$480** lot for **$10** down and **$6** per month. This carries a life insurance, a guaranteed increase of **20%** in one year, a free round trip to New York (east of Chicago, or a like distance), all improvements, your money back with **6%** interest if not found as represented. What more can we do? Now, will you send us your name?

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Congressman Dingley's Son Tells of Marvelous Results from Using the New "Copper Cure" for Tuberculosis

Free Booklet, that Tells the True Facts About the Only Consumption Cure, sent All Who Write.



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Specialist in Tubercular Diseases, Medical Director of the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., Ltd.

Antidotum Tuberculose, or the "Copper Cure," as it is called, is a remedy for the cure of consumption and all tubercular diseases, that is now offered to the afflicted after a ten years' investigation which has definitely determined its remedial value.

It is a liquid compound that can be taken at home without interruption of usual habits or occupations, without travel in search of mild or congenial climate, and without retiring to a hospital or sanitarium.

It is offered at a moderate price that all can afford, and is further backed up by a positive guarantee issued by men of highest standing and thorough responsibility, that in case of its failure to benefit, the money advanced by the patient will be promptly refunded.

What this simple home remedy is, and how it came to be discovered, is set forth fully in a free booklet that it is desired to place in the hands of everyone. What this remedy has accomplished and is accomplishing daily is of the greatest interest to you as indicative of what it will accomplish in your individual case. That can be best told in the words of patients, who have given the new remedy thorough trial, and have come out of the valley of the shadow of death by the use of Antidotum Tuberculose.

At the time this is handed to the printer we are receiving reports of **ten cures daily** from all parts of North America.

Read what some of the cured write us:

"I commenced taking Antidotum Tuberculose in October. I have improved wonderfully. My cough has gone. My weight has increased. I also have a good appetite. I have made a remarkable gain and am greatly pleased." A. H. DINGLEY,
Son of Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, Author of the Famous Dingley Tariff Bill.

"I am now cured, my cough has gone, I have no chills, no fever and no night sweats. The pale, haggard look has left my face. My weight increased 12 lbs. in one month. I cannot speak too highly of your remedy." JOHN J. HELBIG, Coxsackie, N. Y.

"I am so much pleased with my recovery I send you the names of several other sufferers, hoping your medicine will effect their cure." MRS. EMILY A. HART, Arctic, R. I.

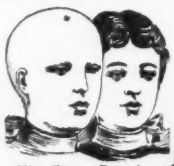
"Everyone should know of your treatment. The price is so that all can take it." JAMES McKEOWN, Anderson, Ind.

A book full of facts regarding Antidotum Tuberculose (the "Copper Cure" for consumption) will be sent free on request. If you have consumption or if you know of others who suffer with the dire complaint, send names and addresses promptly for the free treatise on this sure cure. Address The Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., Ltd., 55 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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A Famous Doctor-Chemist Has Discovered a Compound That Grows Hair on a Bald Head in a Single Night.

The Discoverer Sends Free Trial Packages to All Who Write



Miss Emma Emond,
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MISS HISLOP of New Zealand and her marvelous growth of hair.

After half a century spent in the laboratory, crowned with high honors for his many world-famous discoveries, the celebrated physician-chemist at the head of the great Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 4857 Butterfield Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, has just made the startling announcement that he has produced a compound that grows hair on any bald head. The doctor makes the claim that after experiments, taking years to complete, he has at last reached the goal of his ambition. To the doctor all heads are alike. There are none which cannot be cured by this remarkable remedy. The record of the cures already made is truly marvelous and were it not for the high standing of the great physician and the convincing testimony of thousands of citizens all over the country it would seem too miraculous to be true. There can be no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claims nor can his cures be disputed. He does not ask any man, woman or child to take his or anyone else's word for it but he stands ready and willing to send free trial packages of this great hair restorative to any one who writes to him for it, enclosing a 2 cent stamp to prepay postage. In a single night it has started hair to growing on heads bald for years. It has stopped failing hair in one hour. It never fails no matter what the condition, age or sex. Old men and young men, women and children all have profited by the free use of this great new discovery. Write to-day if you are bald, if your hair is falling out or if your hair, eyebrows or eyelashes are thin or short and in a short time you will be entirely restored.

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$4.00 VAPOR BATH CABINET, **$2.25** each
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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER. IT RELIEVES BILIOUS ATTACKS.

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which give to women a beautiful figure, are produced quickly by **Vestro.** It fills out all hollow and flat places, adds grace and beauty to the neck, softens and clears the skin, adds charm and attraction to the plainest women. **Beautiful Women** everywhere owe their superb figures, perfect health and matchless loveliness to **Vestro.** Absolutely **unfailing.** Full information, new **"Beauty Book,"** testimonials, etc., sealed in plain package for 2c. stamp.

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Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity **without the use of the knife.** As a logical result of our success



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	EACH
Pocket Size (Size of Illustration)	**10c**
Family Size	**25c**
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A person generally knows when he is becoming too fleshy. As a rule, however, he shuts his eyes to the fact, and believes it to be only temporary, until he suddenly realizes that he has gained many pounds and no remedy appears to be forthcoming. To you, who have drifted into this situation, we can offer truths that are beyond the shadow of questioning. We can bring down your weight, not by elaborate and expensive reduction remedies, but by simple treatment that brings health and strength in its train. Our files are filled with hundreds, yes thousands of testimonials to this effect, and are the best guarantees of our signal success. Here are two of many. Mrs. S. Mann, of La Motte, Ia., writes: **Six years ago I lost 70 lbs. of Fat in 3 months by the Hall method, and I have not gained an ounce in weight since.**

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For details of the system, and convincing testimony, write for Booklet "C."

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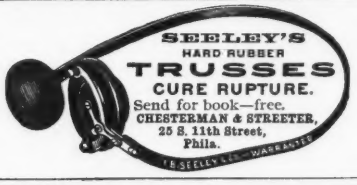
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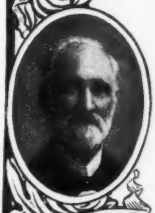
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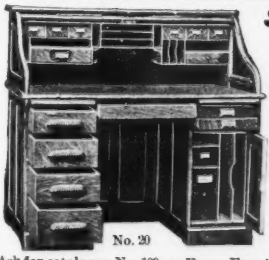
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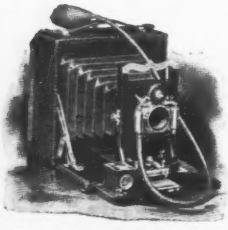


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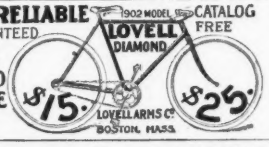
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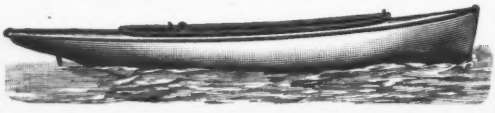
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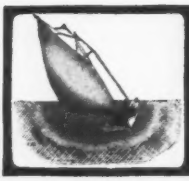
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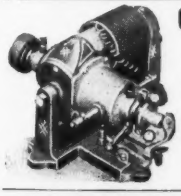
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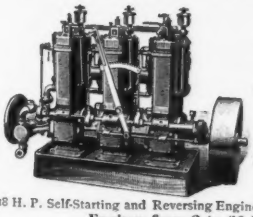
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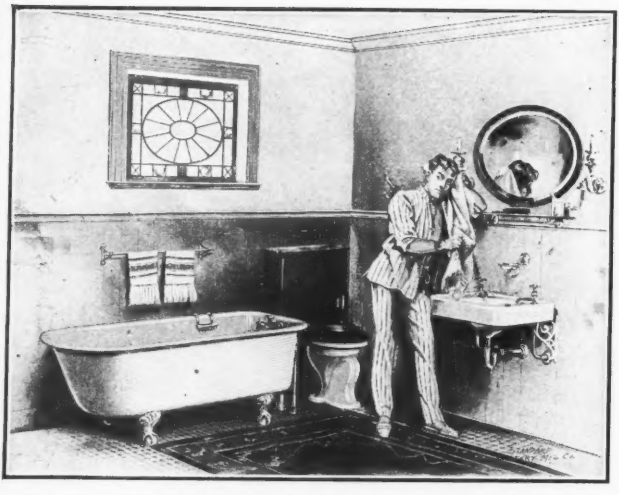
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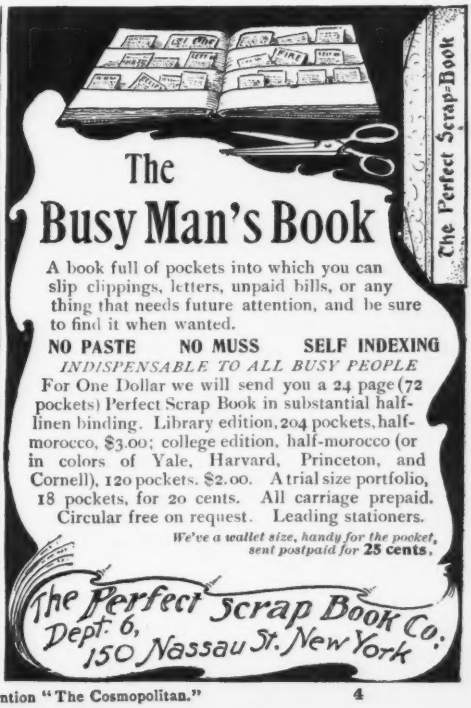
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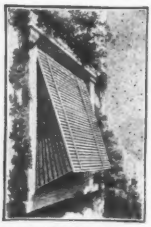
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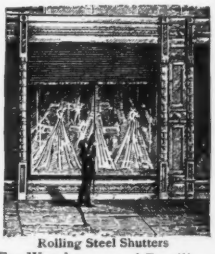
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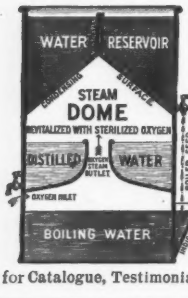
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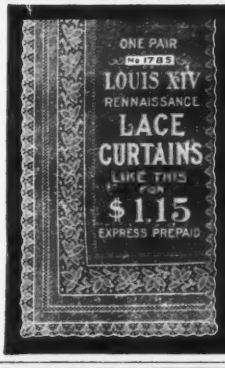
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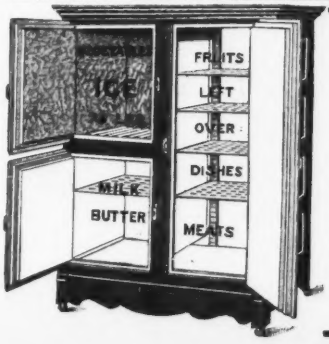


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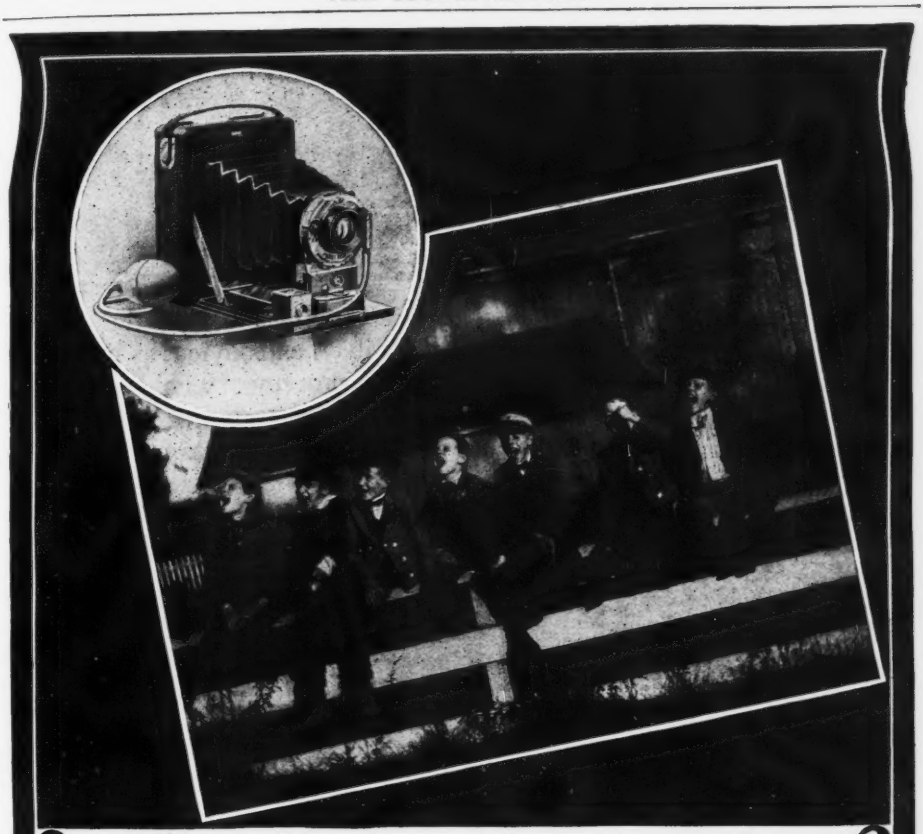
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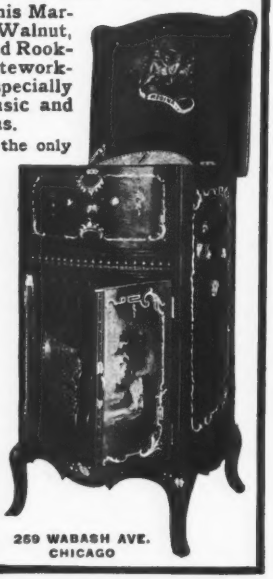
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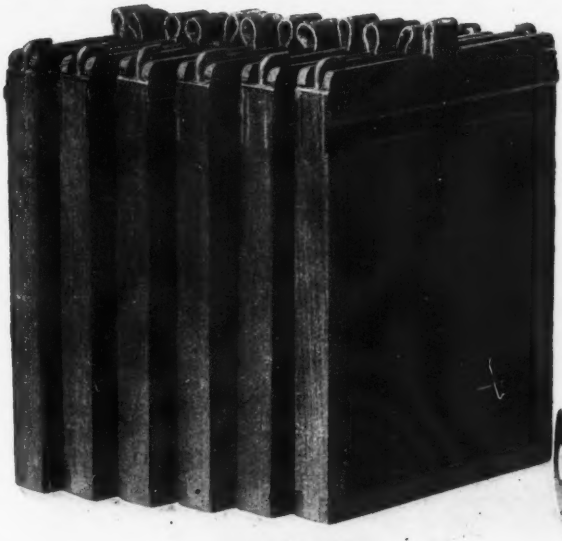
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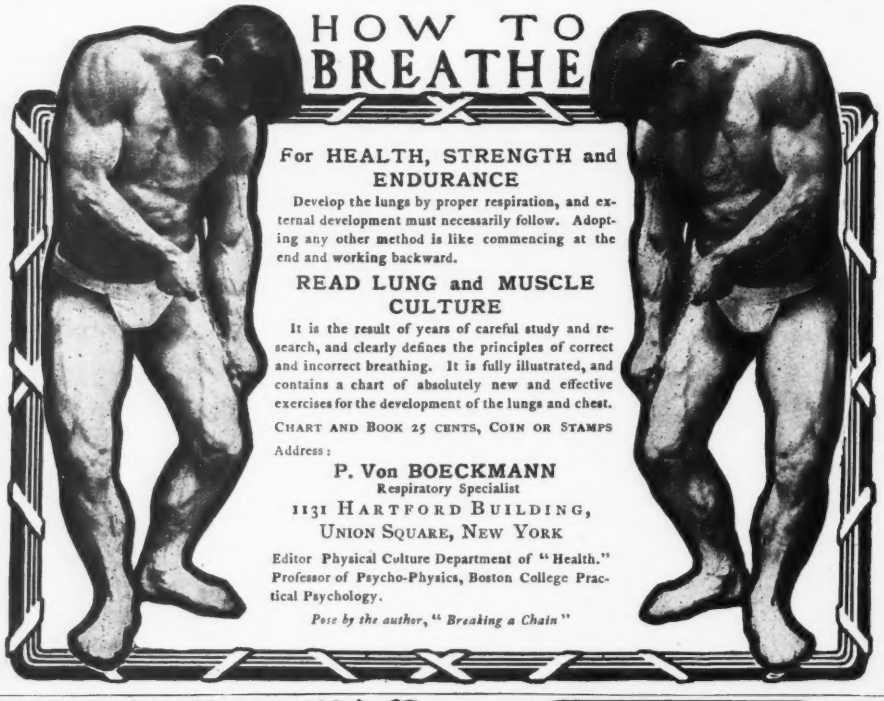
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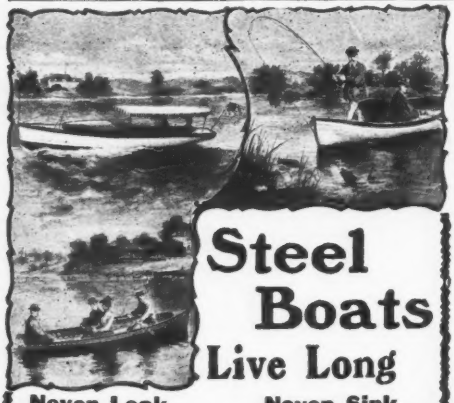
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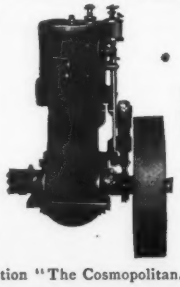
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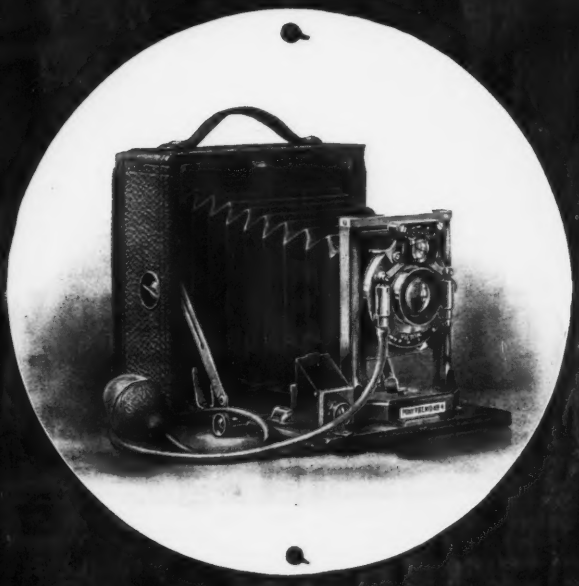
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$15.
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We will refund your money and pay *return charges* if after **thirty nights' free trial,** it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made — "no questions asked."

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All 6 feet 3 inches long.

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

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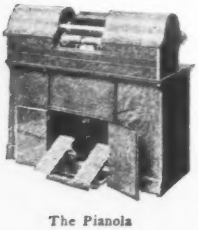
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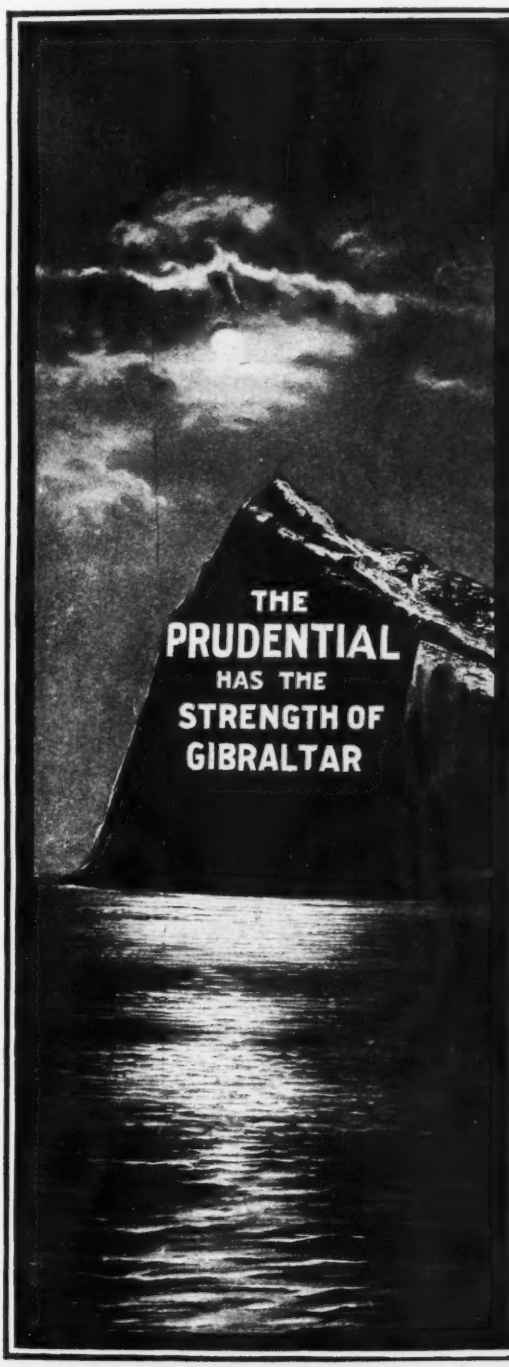
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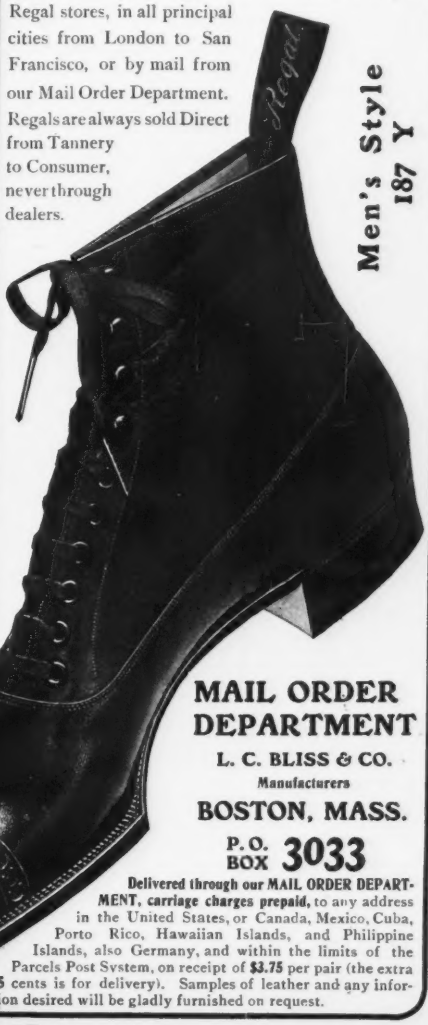
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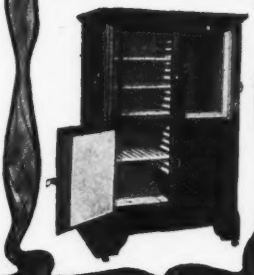
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Pour water through


Empty into dish

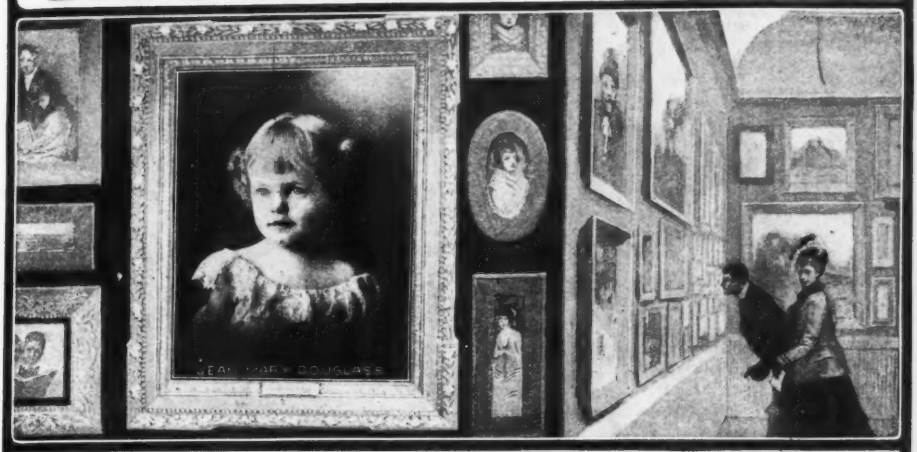
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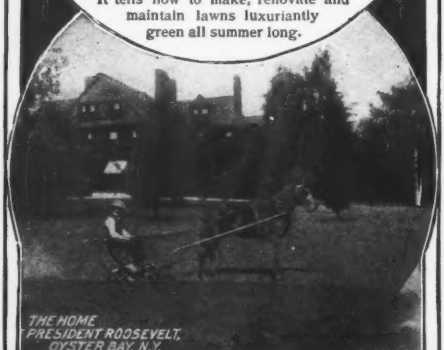
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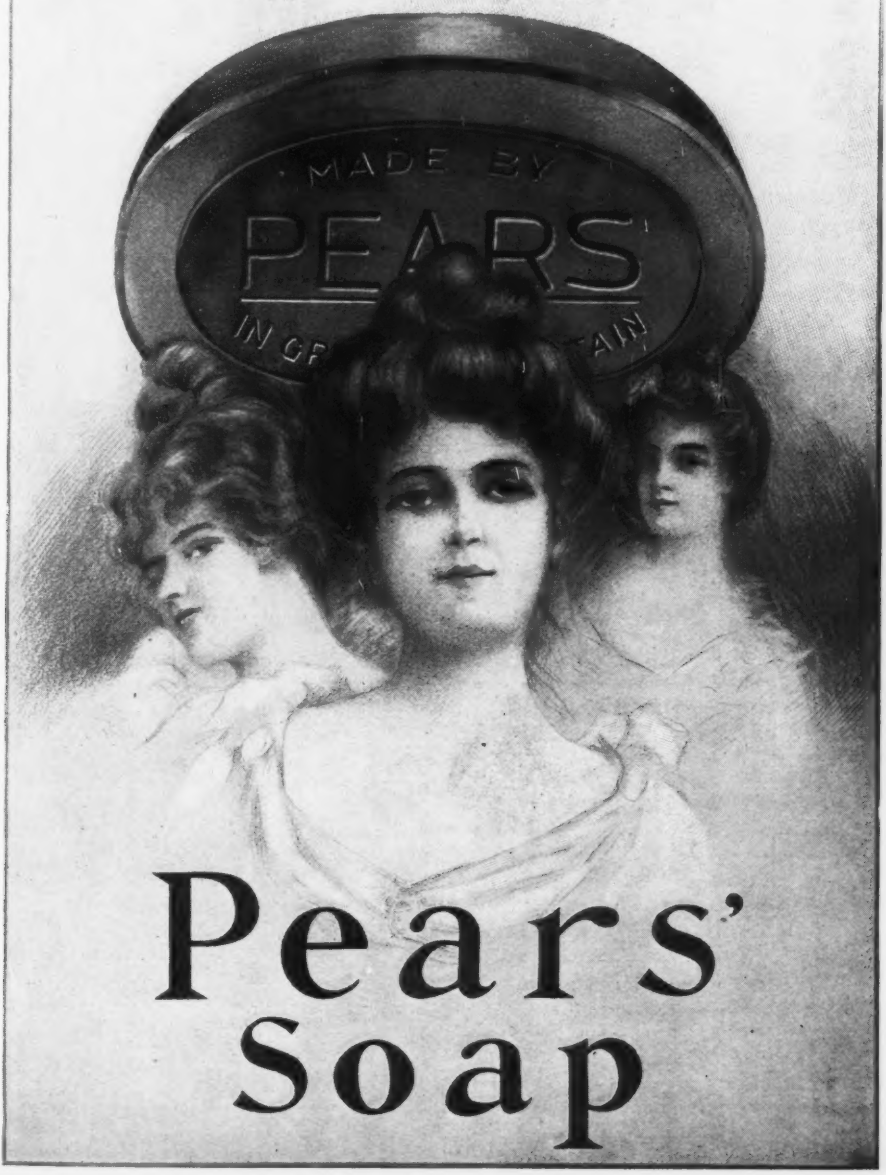
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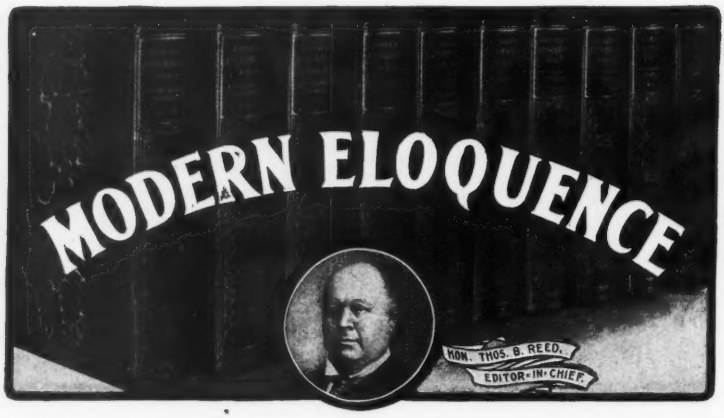


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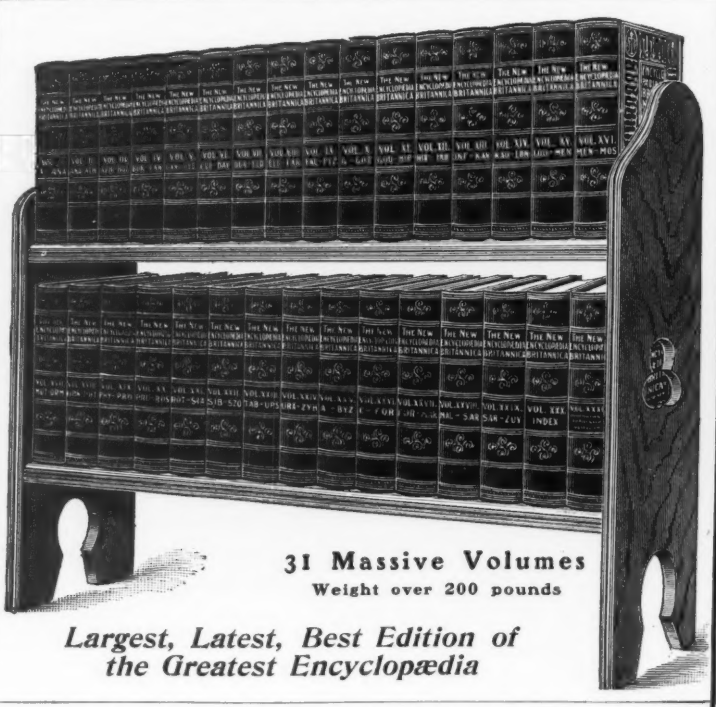
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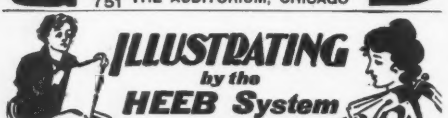
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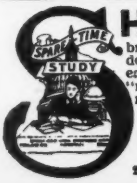
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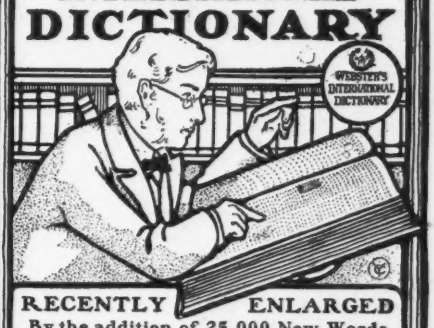
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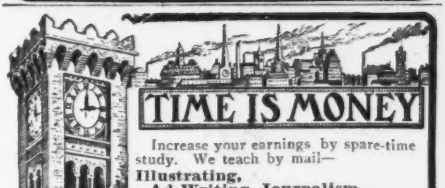
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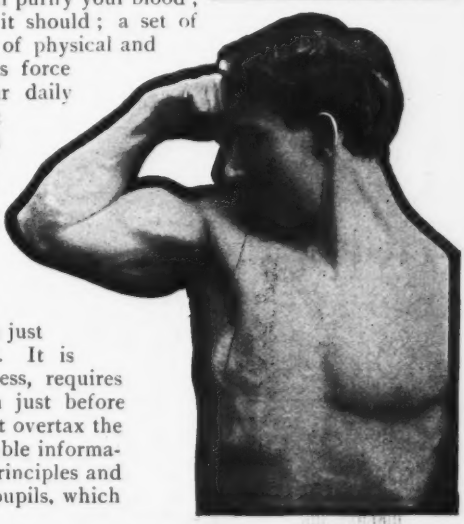


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